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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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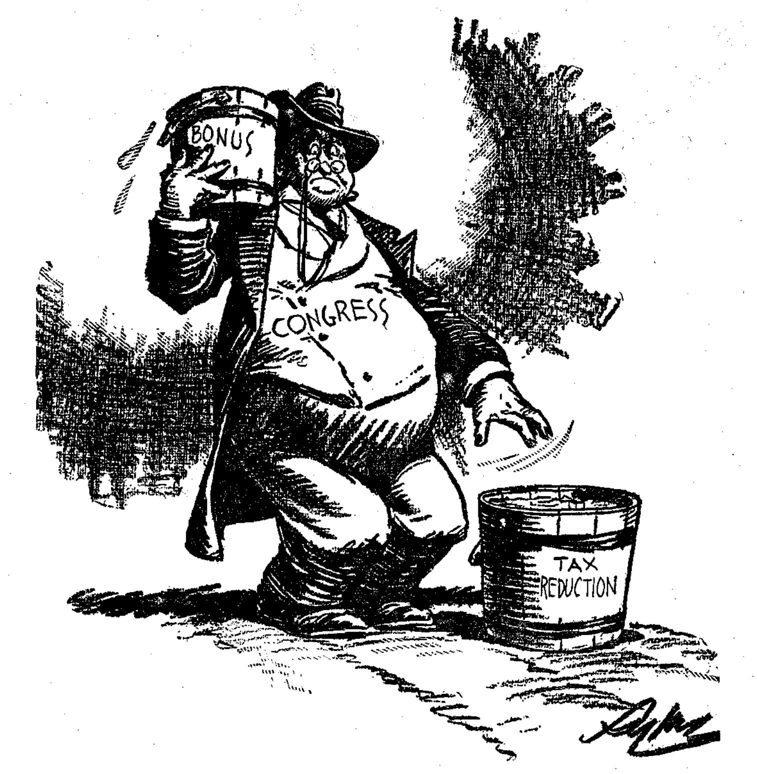
FOR AND AGAINST THE BONUS

STRONG FORCES IN CONGRESS, we are told, are demanding the passage of a bonus bill before they will consider the Mellon plan for tax reduction, despite the fact that many eminent economists, including the Secretary of the Treasury himself, assure us that we can not have both a bonus and a tax cut. In fact, the choice lies, according to Senator Carter Glass, one of Secretary Mellon's Democratic predecessors, between "lower taxes and no bonus, and higher taxes with a bonus"—or, as one paper puts it, between a bonus for all the people and a bonus for the World War veterans. The proposed lowering of taxes, Secretary Mellon has explained, will lower costs for the ultimate consumer; and, as the Boston *Transcript* remarks, "to assume that a policy of national tax reduction is unpopular is a good deal like saying that people would rather pay two dollars for a commodity than one, or that they would sooner do two days' work than one for one day's living."

Yet even the almost irresistible appeal of Mr. Mellon's plan to the pocket-book nerve of the tax-burdened and long-suffering American public, Washington correspondents report, seems unlikely to divert Congress from its program of bonus legislation. "In my judgment they will not succeed in side-tracking the bonus by presenting a tax-reduction program," says one prominent Republican member of Congress; and Senator Hiram Johnson, who has entered the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, declares that, regardless of its economic soundness or unsoundness, the Soldiers' Adjusted Compensation Act "constitutes a promise, a solemn pledge, and we must keep the faith." There is fear in Washington, says a New York *World* correspondent, "that bonus advocates will get their measure through before the tax-reduction program is gone into, and nobody is certain that a veto from President Coolidge will be forthcoming."

What are the facts, arguments and sentiments behind this demand for the bonus which seems to have so deeply imprest Congress? What of the opposition to bonus legislation? And what of those who challenge Secretary Mellon's statement and insist that it is possible for Congress simultaneously to grant a bonus to the ex-service man and relief to the taxpayer? Let us examine these three groups of opinion in the order named.



IT'S A GREAT STUNT, IF HE CAN DO IT

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

The demand for a bonus made such an impression upon the last Congress, it will be recalled, that it passed an Adjusted Compensation bill which was later vetoed by President Harding because it lacked provision for raising the necessary revenue. According to Senator Hiram Johnson, "the responsible heads of the dominant political party, with the dissent of a minority, have for some years pledged the party" to this legislation, a measure which he describes as "emotionally and morally compelling." This view is held also by many Democratic leaders, and by many journals, regardless of their political affiliations. No papers have been more insistent in their demand for an ex-serviceman's bonus than those owned by William Randolph Hearst, whose New York *American* declares that the bonus should pass because "first, it is right, basically just, a too-long-defaulted debt of national honor," and "second, the people want it." "Either of these reasons is alone sufficient," it avers, and "in combination the two are unanswerable." Let us recall the facts, continues this paper, which proceeds to do so as follows:

> "Four million of our boys were called to arms, the great majority by selective draft. They were the pick of the land, for only the able-bodied were taken.
>
> "In camp they got from the Government in pay *one dollar a day.*
>
> "The two millions who went overseas and risked their lives in the trenches and on the battle-fields of France and Flanders received *a dollar and ten cents a day.*
>
> "Among the left-at-homes few during the same period,

however inferior to those picked for arms, received for non-hazardous service less than *five dollars a day.*

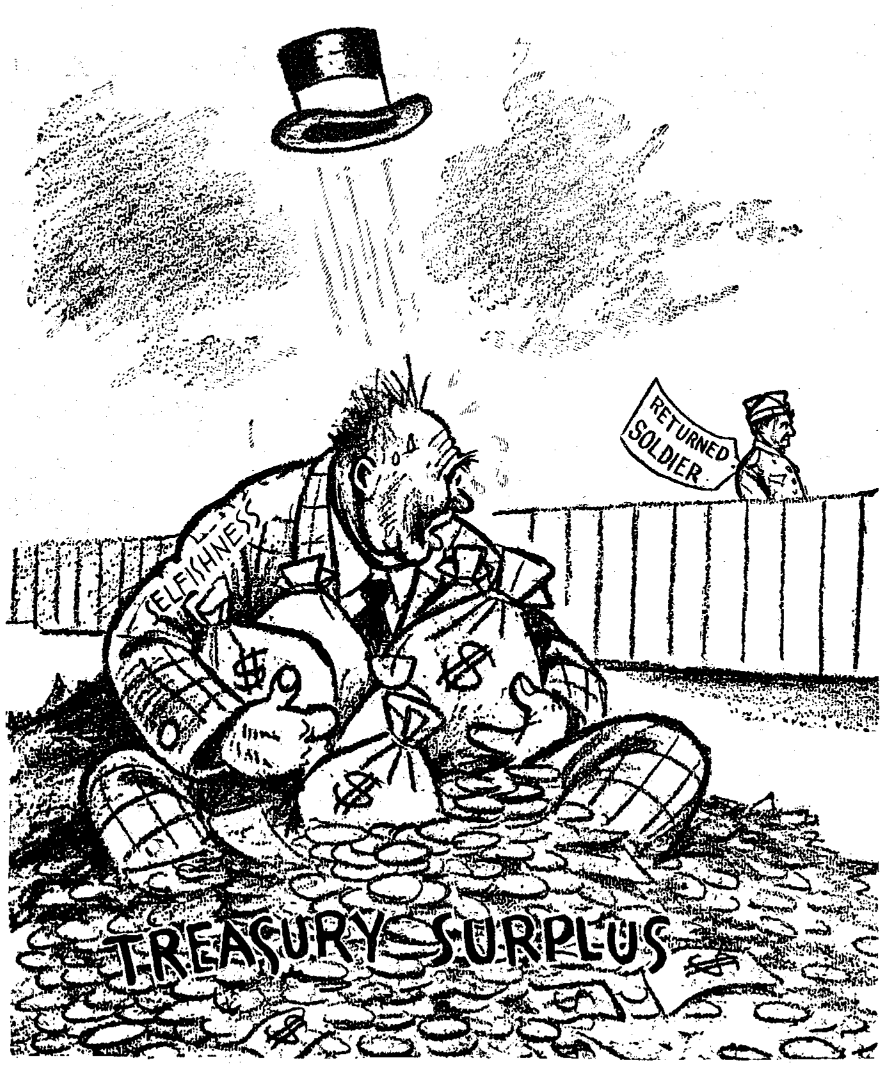
"Because of the labor shortage, due to war needs, many received, for safe and easy toil amid all the comforts of home, TEN OR MORE TIMES what the boys were receiving in the cootie-infested dugouts.

"Now face this simple question and answer it man to man:

"Why should NOT the dollar-ten-a-day man who risked his life expect some adjustment of compensation, some recognition of his sacrifice?

"When you cheeringly sent him away you promised everything. Nothing was too good for him as he went marching to the trenches where hardship and danger awaited all and many found death.

"Now a lot of you are again asking the country to welsh."



"PERISH THE THOUGHT!"

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

Moreover, continues *The American*, during the war "every firm, corporation or trust engaged in an essential business in this country," protected by "the hazarded bodies of our dollar-ten soldiers," was earning, often by direct Government warrant, twice, and in many instances quadruple, the usual profits." Would this wealth, it asks, now deny the soldier his adjusted compensation? "Stript of all camouflage, the fight against the bonus originated among those who have the money, but who don't want to pay it," declares the Birmingham *Age-Herald.* "The singular part of the opposition to the bonus is the fact that it comes from corporations and bankers who have enjoyed great prosperity and who are best able to bear the burden of taxation," remarks the Brooklyn *Citizen.* "Congress will pass a bonus bill, and if President Coolidge vetoes the bill, Congress will pass it over the veto," declares the Wichita *Eagle*, which dismisses the argument that the soldiers have already been taken care of under State bonus laws, with the reply that "if the soldiers had decided that they had done their full duty toward the folk back home when they had gone a certain distance, the Germans would now be masters of Paris and London."

Because "we called them heroes when we sent them away and treated them like tramps when they came back," we owe our ex-service men "a bonus and an apology combined," says Amos Pinchot, brother of the Governor of Pennsylvania. A fact that undoubtedly weighs heavily with Congress is the official indorsement of the bonus by the American Legion. The nature of the fight that this ex-service men's organization intends to make against the Mellon program, says Angus McSween in the Philadelphia *North American*, is indicated in a letter sent by John Thomas Taylor, of the National Legislative Committee of the American Legion, to Acting Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee. The letter says that the issue raised is simply this: "Shall 22,000 millionaires, men who profited greatly out of the war, have their income taxes further reduced by $85,000,000 a year; or shall five million soldiers and their families be now paid the just debt owed them by the nation for five years?" Characterizing Secretary Mellon's statement that there can be no reduction in Federal taxes if the adjusted compensation bill becomes a law as "absurd on the face of it," this letter continues:

"According to the figures prepared by the Treasury Department for the Senate Finance Committee, the soldiers' measure will cost $242,000,000 in the first three-year period, or an average of slightly more than $80,000,000 a year.

"Through his inaccurate and misleading use of figures, Mr. Mellon has sought to make the public believe that the question up for consideration is whether 14,000,000 citizens may have their income taxes reduced, or whether the soldiers' adjusted compensation bill can be paid. But out of his own mouth and his own official statements it is shown that these tax reductions, which he scheduled for 14,000,000 taxpayers, who are not millionaires, can be reduced exactly as he indicates, and the adjusted compensation bill can be paid at the same time. The real nub of the situation is the $85,000,000 a year which Mr. Mellon wants to again cut off from the income taxes of the war millionaires.

"His purpose is, of course, apparent. He wants to again fool the people. He wants to get their backing, under a misapprehension, for his plan to cut the big millionaires' taxes, so he is forced to include the little fellow. Then, having included the ordinary taxpayer for once, he attempts to deceive him into thinking that he will not get his taxes cut if the honest and square thing is done by the former soldier."

But it is by no means clear to what extent the American Legion with its membership of about 600,000 expresses the sentiment of the more than four million American veterans of the World War. Even within the Legion, we read in the New York *Times*, pro-bonus sentiment is by no means unanimous, at least one Post having telegraphed Secretary Mellon its unalterable opposition to the bonus as an "insulting gratuity." There is also in the field the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, an organization founded and directed by able-bodied veterans who served in the World War, whose motto is "For the Disabled, Everything —For the Able-Bodied, Nothing." This league, its literature informs us, "is opposed to the granting of any form of bonus to able-bodied ex-service men on the grounds that to serve one's country in time of war is a privilege as well as a duty, and that to seek a material reward therefor is an act repugnant to the spirit of true patriotism and a violation of the fundamental principles of American citizenship."

The axiom that all good politics in government is based on a foundation of sound economics gives the opinion of leaders in industry and commerce particular weight in a decision of so complex a political economic problem as the soldiers' bonus and taxes. That is why THE LITERARY DIGEST has sought the verdict of such business leaders as represented in the following messages. George Eastman, of the Eastman Kodak Company, wires:

> "I do not believe in making mercenaries of our patriotic boys. Everything should be done for the disabled; but to hand out a dole to the able-bodied is wrong in principle. It will benefit the country at large much more to reduce taxation."

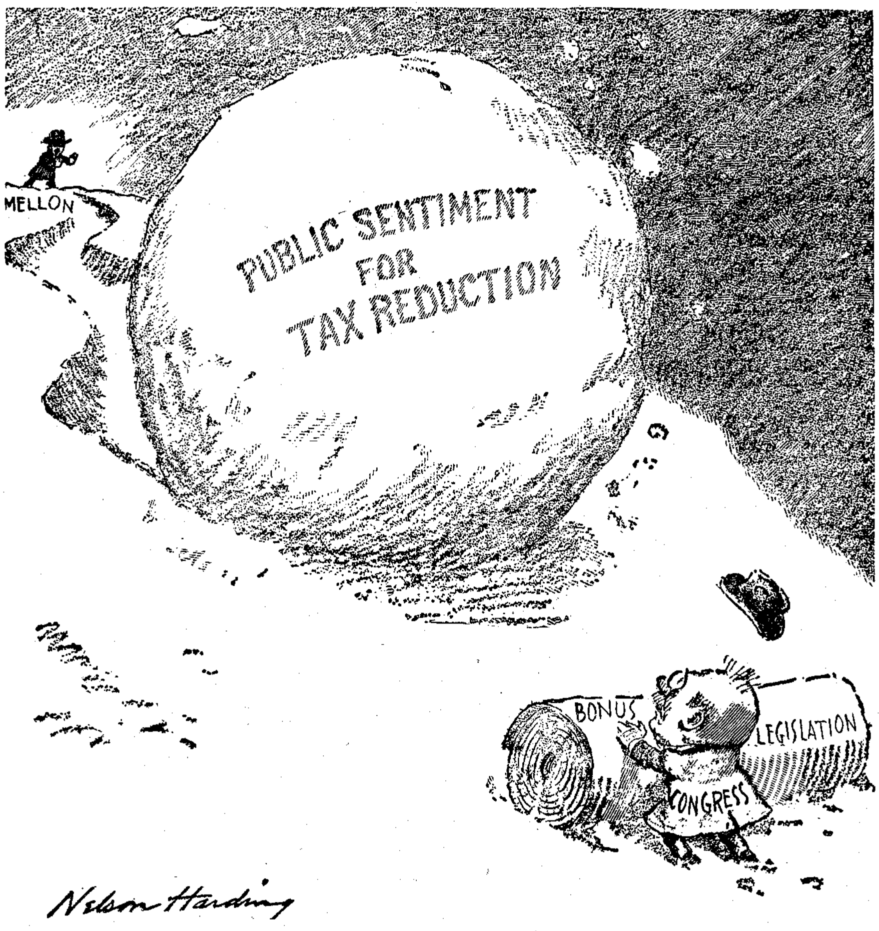
Similar is the view of Eldridge R. Johnson, President of the Victor Talking Machine Company, who believes that taxes should be reduced because "present taxes are uneconomic," and he adds: "A bonus is uneconomic; but veterans who were injured, or suffered losses, should be compensated." Pierre S. Du Pont, of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Company, declares emphatically that "we should not have a soldiers' bonus," and his argument is that:

> "The returned soldiers who were in sound condition are by their good fortune the most favored class in the United States, having health, youth and opportunity. The women and elderly people, who lost their jobs to these soldiers, other old people and those who suffer from physical and mental defects, are more deserving of a bonus.
>
> "In answer to those who claim that the bonus is a fair means of equalizing the small service pay of our military men with the larger pay of those who remained at home, let the tax be levied on those men of military age who did not cross the water.
>
> "If the excuse for a soldiers' bonus is the gratitude of a nation, this is ill exprest by taxing a few individuals, however well they may be qualified to pay. If a grateful nation must express its gratitude in this unbecoming manner, let the whole nation foot the bill by a sales tax.
>
> "Reduction in taxation will not only return diverted capital to business channels to the advantage of the capitalists, but, more important, this capital will supply much needed housing and commodities not now produced in quantity sufficient to meet demands, and which, therefore, command high prices."

John T. Dorrance, of the Campbell Soup Company, calls attention to the fact that "the great majority of the men who would directly benefit by bonus legislation are of the so-called younger generation," and this generation is "the one that would in reality benefit most by the Mellon plan of tax reduction, as the increased commercial and industrial opportunities would many times offset any amount the members of this generation would receive as extra compensation." Mr. Dorrance goes on to say:

> "In my opinion, if the Federal Government carries out the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act, and gives every care to the disabled veterans, it is fulfilling its whole duty. I believe that any further question of bonus is one for State consideration, and with this in mind, I supported the plan of granting the bonus to the ex-service men of my own State—New Jersey.
>
> "The vote in New Jersey and in New York, in my belief, supports this view and should not be mistaken for a public expression in favor of any Federal bonus suggestion."

Roy D. Chapin, of the Hudson Motor Car Company, believes "the passage of a Federal Bonus Bill now will come too late to be of any real service except to those who are dependents."



HE STARTED SOMETHING

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Noted for his habit of downright utterance, Charles G. Dawes, of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, wires as follows:

> "To give a bonus to the able-bodied ex-service man for coming to the defense of his country in its time of need, something that every patriotic young man is not only willing but anxious to do, is unwise, from the standpoint of the soldiers themselves, and as an infraction of the best principles of common citizenship."

Turning to the anti-bonus attitude as exprest in the daily press, we are assured by the Newark *Evening News* that the proposed soldiers' bonus is "a fake, an apparently generous gesture inevitably taken back again by raised or continued high prices."

"If once the bonus gates be opened, what then?" asks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and it replies:

> "Then, or soon thereafter, will see the start of the drive for pensions for more than 3,000,000 veterans who will be living. When and where and how this will end, once started, no man may say. In 1914, forty-nine years after the Civil War, there were 785,239 persons on the pension list, drawing a total of $174,171,661. In 1921 pensioners numbered 547,016, and they were drawing $253,807,583.
>
> "The present bonus demand alone will overtop all the pensions paid veterans of the Revolution, of 1812, of the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Indian Wars and the war with Spain, over a period of 123 years! The total enrolment of men in all these wars was not so great as that of the recent war.
>
> "Once Congress begins a program of bonuses, pensions loom

> and the prospect becomes appalling. If a bonus for able-bodied men can be shoved through, pensions for the veteran can also be shoved over. Once the Treasury doors are opened as they were after the Civil War, pensioners will be numbered by the millions and the financial backbone of the nation will be smashed."

Estimates of the costs of the different forms of bonuses have run from $1,600,000,000 to more than $5,000,000,000, remarks the New York *Times*, which agrees with *The Ledger* that "after bonuses would come pensions." The ex-service men are reminded by the New York *World* that "they are as much interested in financial sanity as the rest of the people." For, says *The World:*

> "The average veteran is a man still young, sound in body, and earning or seeking a livelihood. He has a good job; or he has a job not so good; or he has no job at all and is looking for one. If he has a good job he will lose more in taxation in the long run than he can hope to gain by the bonus. If he has no work at all, or is working for the present under conditions with which he is dissatisfied, his chances of doing better are all bound up in the business conditions of the country; and nothing conceivable could do more to encourage industry and bring better times than the cutting down of the burden of taxation."

Champions of the bonus have frequently charged the United States with doing less for her war veterans than other and poorer nations. This charge seems to be disposed of by statistics compiled by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. These figures show that our World War veterans have already received bonuses from the States and the nation amounting to $650,600,000. To quote a summary in the New York *Times:*

> "States have paid or have authorized to be paid, up to November 1, 1923, bonuses to World War veterans, totaling $380,600,000. The bonus paid by the Government to the veterans at the time of their discharge from the service aggregated $270,000,000. This gives a total of $650,600,000 in bonuses up to this time, or a sum larger than the combined bonuses paid by Great Britain and France.
>
> "The study by the Chamber of Commerce also shows that 2,348,655 of the 4,582,393 men called to the service benefited by the bonuses paid or authorized by the States."

As to the bonuses paid by other nations, the Chamber gives the following figures:

Great Britain—$275,910,446.	Australia—$105,000,000.
France—$373,371,150.	New Zealand—$18,290,650.
Canada—$147,600,000.	Belgium—$10,592,250.

Moreover, the New York *World* reminds us:

> "Hospitalization, compensation, training of disabled veterans have cost $500,000,000 a year, more than two billions in the aggregate; and not one dollar of this expenditure has been, is or will be grudged by any American—except dollars that have been wasted, or worse. President Harding estimated that 'the discharge in full of our obligation to the diseased, disabled or dependent' would in the long run 'probably reach a total sum in excess of $25,000,000,000.'"

Once upon a time a man went into a restaurant and ate a meal. When he came to the dessert he was asked whether he wanted pie or ice-cream. He promptly answered, "Both." To the waiter, at first sorely puzzled, there came after a moment a bright idea. He invented "pie à la mode" to satisfy his patron, and added a new dish to the national bill-of-fare. So when some of our political leaders are told to choose between tax-reduction and the bonus, they reflect upon the strong demand from their constituencies for each of the two things, and they promptly put themselves on record as favoring both tax-reduction and the bonus, and proceed to devise a tax pie à la mode which they think ought to tickle the palates of everybody. Among these à la moders are such leading Republicans as Hiram Johnson, and Senators Capper and Curtis of Kansas; Democrats like W. G. McAdoo, Senator Joe T. Robinson, and Congressman Upshaw of Georgia; and such prominent members of the progressive group in the Senate as Messrs. Howell and Norris of Nebraska, Senators Magnus Johnson and Shipstead of Minnesota, and Senator Wheeler of Montana; and with them are the Socialist ex-Congressman Victor Berger, and a number of Labor leaders.

The most definite plan for satisfying both veterans and taxpayers comes from W. G. McAdoo. Mr. McAdoo, in a letter quoted in a Washington dispatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, explains that instead of the alternative plans proposed by the bonus bill vetoed by Mr. Harding there should be an agreement on the cash plan which would bring the total cost down to $1,548,000,000. This sum could be obtained by selling fifty-year bonds; then interest and sinking-fund would come to about $77,000,000, a year. Deduct this, says Mr. McAdoo, "from the proposed $323,000,000 tax-reduction and we have a net reduction in taxes of $245,600,000, and the soldiers' bonus will be disposed of with justice to the men and honor to the country." Senator Robinson (Dem., Ark.) agrees with Mr. McAdoo in favoring a bond issue for the bonus. Senator Curtis (Rep., Kans.) suggests that the extra cost of the bonus be defrayed by a customs duty on luxuries. William B. Upshaw, a Democratic Congressman from Georgia, suggests that we use England's payments of her war debt "each year to more than meet our bonus obligation," and Senator Capper (Rep., Kans.) is enamored of the same idea. Senator Wheeler (Dem., Mont.) thinks the bonus "should be paid out of the tremendous amount of money made by profiteers during the war." The New York *Daily News* suggests that "if the Volstead Law were modified to permit the sale of light wines and beer it would provide a source of internal revenue which could not only finance the soldiers bonus but probably allow the reduction of taxes at the same time even below the $323,000,000 proposed by Mr. Mellon." In the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* we read that:

> "Chairman Madden of the House Appropriations Committee proposes a scheme of extended luxury taxes to pay for the bonus. Senator Smoot has in the background a scheme of taxes on sales for the bonus which he does not favor but considers inevitable. The more radical elements in Congress talk of reviving the excess profits taxes and getting at stock dividends and abolishing tax-exempt securities."

But among the editors convinced by Mr. Mellon's arguments that we can not have both tax-reduction and a bonus, the favorite characterization of those insisting on both is "straddlers." Our national financial problem can not be solved by "straddling," argues the New York *Tribune*. As the New York *Evening Post* puts it, "a reduction which had to be measured by a micrometer would be just about as acceptable to the country as the 'downward' revision of the tariff as accomplished by the notorious Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909." "The politicians who advocate a straddle between bonus law and tax-reduction are," we are told in the New York *World*, "urging what is arithmetically impossible—unless bonus and tax-reduction are so scaled down as to satisfy no one, which is the usual fate of cowardly compromises." We can, we read further in this Democratic newspaper "have alleged tax-reduction and a bonus, if at the same time new and real taxation is devised, which would not be tax-reduction at all."

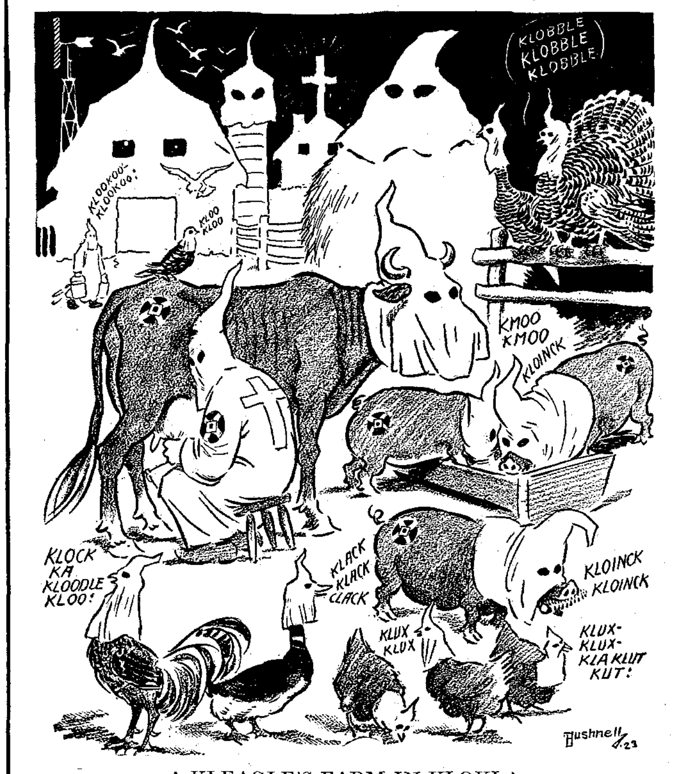
Treasury experts, whose opinions are summed up in Washington dispatches to the New York *Evening Post*, New York *Tribune* and Baltimore *Evening Sun*, contend that the interest and sinking-fund on a long-term bond issue like that suggested by Mr. McAdoo would just about wipe out the $323,000,000 a year that Mr. Mellon thinks the Government could save. No Treasury official, we read in a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* dispatch, "believes for a minute that even twice the McAdoo total of $1,548,000,000 would satisfy the ex-soldiers. They are prepared to show that the bonus cost will run from $3,845,659,481 to $4,486,545,975." And it is explained in these dispatches that this would mean annual interest payments of from $160,000,000 a year to $200,000,000 a year with a sinking-fund of about $100,000,000 a year, meaning a total payment very close to the $323,000,000 Mr. Mellon expects to save.

OKLAHOMA KINGLESS, NOT KLANLESS

"WE WANT NEITHER KLAN NOR KING," shouted a headline across the front page of an Oklahoma City newspaper, when Governor Jack Walton was so spectacularly fighting the Ku Klux Klan with armed soldiers and edicts of martial law. Now the "King" has gone, for Governor Walton has been impeached and removed from office by the State legislature. So, comments the New York *Evening World*, "Oklahoma is rid of the 'King.' Will it rid itself of the Klan?" This is the question put to the lawmakers and people of Oklahoma by papers in New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth, New Orleans, and other cities. In Oklahoma the Tulsa *Tribune* calls upon the legislature to "complete the job." The legislature, it says, "has a duty to fulfil in passing effective laws against the mask and secret political activities of the Klan or other organizations."

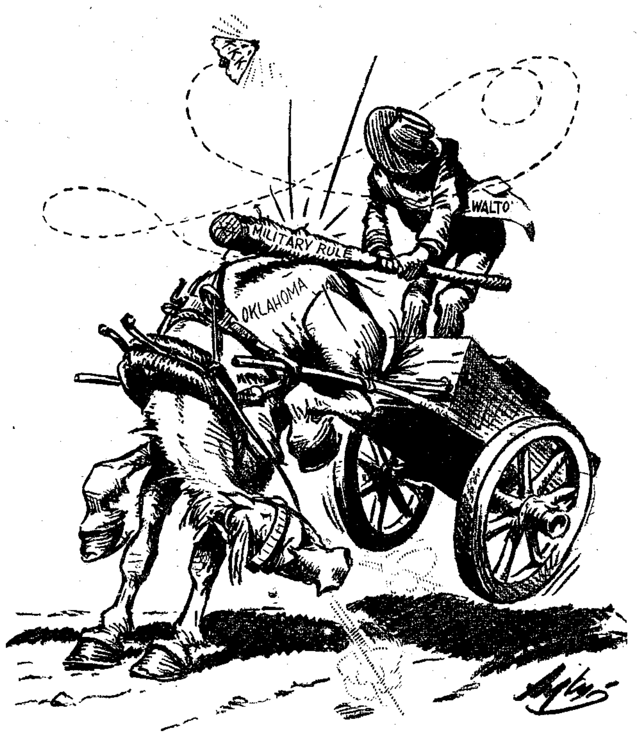
Governor Walton called the Oklahoma legislature in extra session to investigate the Klan. The legislature, as had been announced, and with popular backing shown at a special election, proceeded at once to impeach the Governor. According to the St. Paul *Dispatch*, public approval of the Oklahoma legislature's "determination to deal with the case of Walton first and on its merits" went with "the understanding that the invisible Government of the Klan would follow in its turn."

While the Pittsburgh *Post* is confident that Oklahomans, having been freed of Walton, "will not slacken in their battle against the extremists of the Klan," other papers are not so sure about it. Their doubts, in some cases, are based on the defeat of two publicity bills by the Oklahoma Senate. The St. Paul *Dispatch* is convinced that "it is the evident purpose of the Oklahoma Senate to lash the Klan with a feather and then formally license it to continue its lawlessness." Other doubts are raised by what actually went on during Governor Walton's trial before the Oklahoma Senate. It will be remembered that twenty-two impeachment charges were presented against Governor Walton. He was found guilty on eleven—one, involving abuse of the pardoning power, by a unanimous vote. He was acquitted of five, and six were dismissed by the prosecution. Now, according to an account of the trial in the Tulsa *Tribune*, the Senate, by granting permission to the prosecution to drop these six charges which had to do with the Governor's declarations of martial law, apparently "demolished one of Governor Walton's chief bulwarks of defense. The executive, it is understood, had planned to call hundreds of alleged victims in the State through whose testimony he expected to justify his military régime and thus introduce the Ku Klux Klan issue." The next day Governor Walton withdrew from the trial, declaring his belief that a fair trial was impossible. Two days later, November 19, he was convicted and ousted. Now the Detroit *Free Press* and Milwaukee *Journal* agree in finding something suspicious in the fact that, in the words of the Wisconsin paper, "throughout the trial even the shadow of the thing that brought the Oklahoma situation to a head—the Ku Klux Klan—was banished from the room." Papers like the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, Salt Lake *Telegram*, Buffalo *Express*, and the weekly *Nation* of New York, are convinced that Governor Walton did not have a fair trial. The verdict was a foregone conclusion, asserts the Buffalo *News*, adding:



A KLEAGLE'S FARM IN KLOKLAHOMA MAY LOOK LIKE THIS

—Bushnell for the Central Press Association.



LOGICAL RESULTS

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

> "Governor Walton is out and the Ku Klux Klan is in complete control of the governmental machinery of the State. The outcome of this clash of authority in Oklahoma is merely an incident in the general movement of the masked missionaries to gain complete control of the political machinery of the nation."

On the other hand, there are a host of daily newspapers which can find no evidence that the impeachment of Governor Walton is in any sense a Klan victory. Editors recall that the Governor was convicted unanimously of exceeding his pardoning powers, and that the other charges on which he was convicted with but few dissenting votes involved, as the Troy *Record* sums them up, "corruption in office, neglect of duty, moral turpitude and general incompetency." Governor Walton, declares the Adrian *Telegram*, "was a joke, a disgrace and a peril to the State, for reasons unconnected with the Klan." It seems to the Detroit *News* that "the unanimity of the vote in the Walton case will dispose of any vestige of suspicion that Ku Kluxism entered into his trial," and the Oklahoma legislature is congratulated upon a good day's work by such papers as the New Orleans *Item*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Dayton *News*, and Newark *News*.

DR. COOK'S NEW USEFULNESS

IN GOING TO JAIL, Dr. Frederick A. Cook is doing a genuine service to his country, think a number of our editors, who agree that the most significant fact in the conviction of Dr. Cook, S. E. J. Cox, and eleven others by a Federal jury in Texas, is that it proves the Government is really doing something to stamp out swindling. The value of the conviction is heartily acknowledged in the oil country by the Tulsa *Tribune*, which observes that "following on the heels of about a dozen others" it "will go far toward making the fake stock game unpopular to that despicable class of people who never try to earn an honest living. The place for all slickers of the Doc Cook type is behind the bars." Similarly the Beaumont (Tex.) *Enterprise* declares that while it has taken the Government "a quarter century to capture the oil-stock swindlers," nevertheless, "by succeeding so admirably in this conspicuous case, the effect will be increased a thousandfold. It will hurt legitimate prospecting, of course, but there is too much oil any way, so the country can well afford to pay that price for the victory won at Fort Worth." *The Inland Oil Index* of Caspar, Wyoming, declares that these convictions meet "with hearty commendation from all real oil men." A little farther away from the Southwestern oil-fields, the Omaha *Bee* speaks for a host of dailies scattered throughout the country, in saying:

International Newsreel photograph

"I WOULDN'T SWINDLE ANYBODY"

Said Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of North Pole fame, but a Federal Judge has sentenced him to fourteen years in jail after a jury found him guilty of fraudulent oil-promotion schemes.

> "It is good for business of all kinds, and especially for the oil and mining business, that these harpies have been caught and stand in the shadow of prison doors. While investors will continue to be wary for a long time, the clearing away of the criminal blockade to honest enterprise will tend to restore confidence, and give to a legitimate business a solider foundation, establishing its respectability because of its integrity."

Dr. Cook, it will be remembered, was convicted by the Fort Worth jury of using the mails to defraud, and was sentenced by Federal Judge John M. Killits to pay a fine of $12,000, and serve a prison term of fourteen years and nine months. The particular game that has brought Dr. Cook finally to a prison cell, after a sensational career, which reminds editors of Munchausen, Cagliostro, Titus Oakes, and Ananias, is what is known in swindling circles as "stock reloading." It is explained in newspaper articles that Dr. Cook's letters were so eloquent that they induced shareholders in defunct and profitless oil companies to exchange their stock certificates plus a small amount of cash for corresponding shares in a new merger. The cash went to the promoters' pocket, while the stockholder already loaded with worthless stock was induced to take more.

Of the other twelve convicted swindlers who received sentences involving fines and imprisonment, the most famous is Seymour Ernest J. Cox, who is sentenced to eight years in prison and an $8,000 fine, and he faces trial on other charges in a few months. S. E. J. Cox is spoken of by editors as the "arch pirate" of oil promotion. As we read in an article in the Houston *Chronicle*, he was the first oil promoter in Texas to visit the oil-fields by airplane. He has figured prominently as an aviator, both in this country and in France. The affairs of his oil companies, we read, "have been aired in many Texas courts," with receiverships, injunctions, charges of "improper business practises," and an acquittal in a Federal court. According to information gathered by the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which furnished much evidence for the recent prosecution, Mr. Cox served a sentence for forgery at the age of fifteen in Illinois, was arrested for fraud in Michigan in 1911, was fined for fraudulent use of the mails in 1914, has been connected with a number of companies which have gone out of business with losses to stockholders, and in his potash and oil promotions in Texas, 16,000 stockholders are said to have lost something like a total of $7,000,000. Mr. Cox was an assiduous writer of promotion literature and follow-up letters. A St. Louis business man received a letter in May which began: "Are you sure that you would like to own an oil-well? Are you absolutely certain you care to assume the responsibilities of becoming a millionaire?" In September, another letter of the series from the Cox quarters opened thus: "If you read my last letter carefully, you know there are possible legitimate profits of 1,000 per cent. per annum in the oil business at the present time." Much of his printed matter was of the inspirational type, telling how great wealth has been acquired by those willing to take a chance. One circular reprinted from oil-country papers —with comments in red ink—tempting headlines like "Arkansas Girl Makes $300,000 on Oil Acreage," "Buys Land for $500; Realizes $900,000; Big Profit, eh, what?", "Three

A HIGH FLYER WHO LANDS IN JAIL

S. E. J. Cox, who mixed aviation and oil-stock promotion.

Men Pooled Their All, $25, and Sold Out for $250,000.” After Cox’s conviction the judge, John M. Killits, said to him, “You may justify the despicable business you are in, but decent people never will.” But this was mild compared with what the judge said to Dr. Cook when pronouncing sentence:

> “So you can say nothing. You have come to the point where your peculiar personality fails you. The twentieth century should be proud of you. History gave us Ananias and Sapphira. They are forgotten, but we still have Dr. Cook.
>
> “Cook, this deal of yours is so damnably rotten that it seems to me your attorneys must have been forced to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses to have represented you. It stinks to high heaven. You should not be allowed to run at large. I know that you have your ill-gotten goods put away, but your wife and daughter should not be allowed to touch them. You have stolen this money from widows and orphans. You should start another company and distribute it back to them.
>
> “Cook, have you no decency at all? Are you not haunted at night by these pitiable figures? How can you sleep? I am not going to do justice in this case, for I think that you will get it somewhere else. You ought to be paraded as a practical warning in every State where you have sold stock.”

This “blistering rebuke” from the trial judge seems to meet with the approval of the Tulsa *World*, in one of the great oil-producing States, and recalling Dr. Cook’s attempts to steal the credit for scaling Mt. McKinley and discovering the North Pole, this Oklahoma daily speaks of the evidence of the trial as “again showing the deceitful, conscienceless adventurer seeking wealth at any price,” and concludes that “in the silence and dishonor of a felon’s cell, he surely will have occasion to bemoan the moment when he yielded to the worst elements of a nature that defies analysis.” The Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman* congratulates Judge Killits on his scathing denunciation of Dr. Cook, and asserts that “the Government should not stop with the conviction of Cook and his associates, but should hew down the line until every fraudulent oil promoter is behind the bars.” In Fort Worth, where Dr. Cook made his headquarters, some of the newspapers seem to be a little more cautious in their comment. *The Star-Telegram* observes that it was inevitable that the spectacle of fortunes made over night in oil should have started “the get-rich-quick contagion,” and “attracted those who were skilled to take advantage of such a spirit.” It insists that many promoters who failed really tried to make good, that for every oil company whose methods of operation were crooked, “there were a hundred in Fort Worth who played square with their partners in the oil gamble.” Similarly *The National Oil Journal* of Fort Worth insists that in the oil business “many promoters have honestly believed the impossible,” and it holds that “because of the heavy penalties assessed, the court has created sympathy for those who stand convicted,” while the remarks of Judge Killits strongly remind this Texas oil-trade editor “of a cheap brawl in which the victor, after having knocked his opponent successfully to the ground, stamps the prostrate form.”

United Newspictures photograph

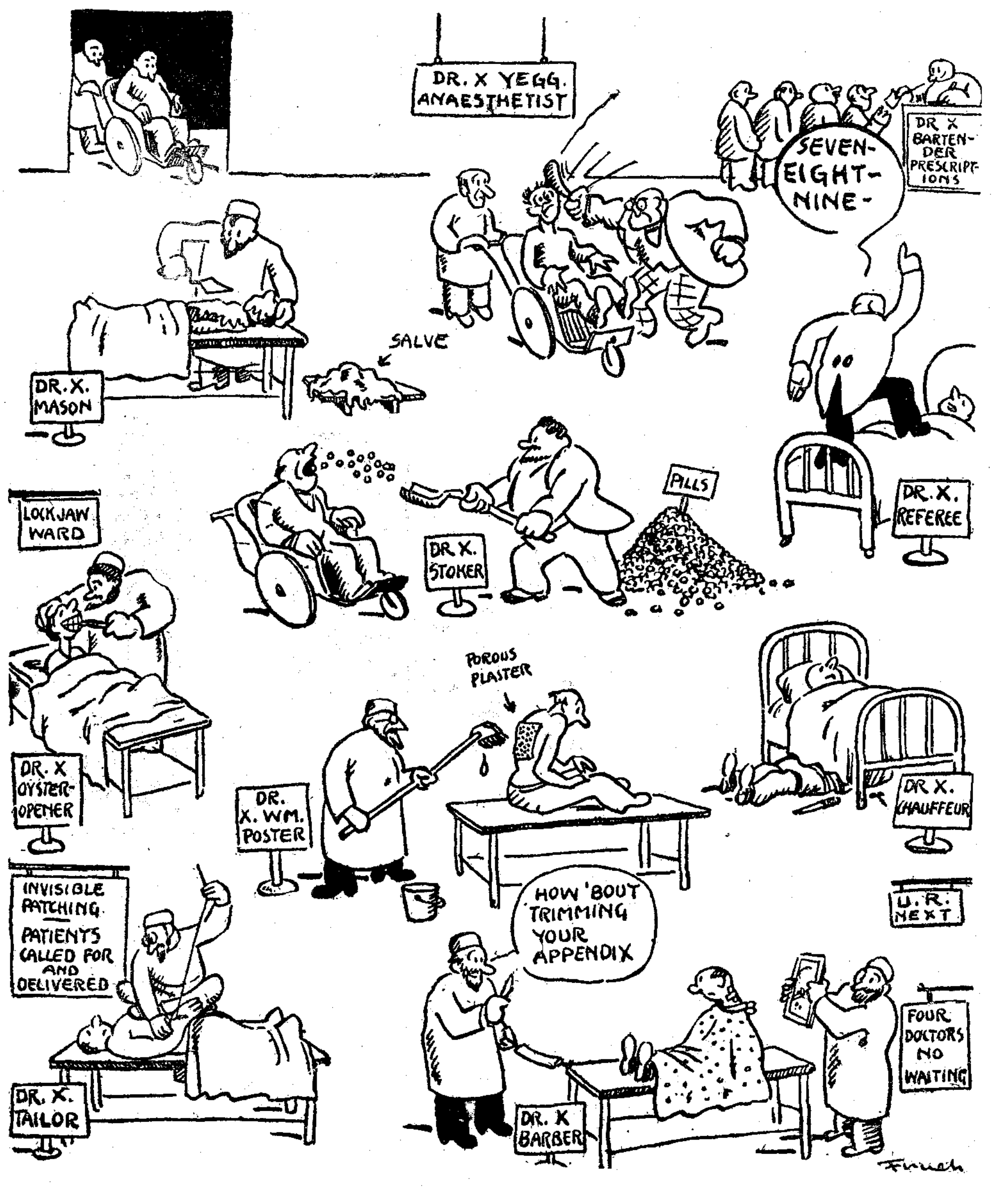
THE STAR REPORTER

Harry T. Brundige, of the St. Louis *Star*, who began the exposé of a chain of medical diploma “mills.”

QUACK DOCTORS BY THE THOUSAND

THERE ARE FEW MORE DESPICABLE CRIMES, declares the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph*, than that of “letting loose a lot of ignorant and unscrupulous persons to prey upon the lives and pocketbooks of the American people.” Yet out in Missouri, notes this paper, “the authorities recently discovered a supposed medical college which, they say, existed only for the sale of doctors’ diplomas, and Connecticut officials say they have traced a connection between this institution and one of their State boards of medical examiners.” “A more cold-blooded exploitation of human need could hardly be imagined,” remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and Governor Templeton, of the State made famous by the manufacture of wooden nutmegs, agrees that the exposure of the “diploma mill” is “the greatest scandal in the history of the State.” An extraordinary grand jury is inquiring into conditions under which certain doctors’ diplomas were obtained. Meanwhile, says a Hartford dispatch to the New York *Times*, the licenses of some fifty “graduates” of one of the “schools” under fire have been revoked by the State Department of Health.

One of the men charged with selling fake high-school diplomas in order that the prospective student’s path to a medical college diploma might be made easier, and now under indictment in St. Louis, according to a Hartford dispatch to the New York *World*, maintains that the “diploma ring” operated throughout the entire country; that it has “turned out” in recent years between 15,000 and 25,000 “doctors,” and that the only States free of the menace are a few with strict laws, like Minnesota. Many fakers have been able to obtain licenses to practise medicine, it is said, by having a competent physician take the examination for them under an assumed name. Another scheme is to buy up the diplomas and licenses of deceased physicians, and assume the name of the former owner. Harry T. Brundige, St. Louis *Star* reporter whose investigations and revelations in Kansas City and St. Louis are said to have brought about the present inquiry, claims to have had no trouble at all in becoming a full-fledged physician in three days. Where photographs are required on licenses for identification purposes, says another Hartford dispatch, unfixt prints which fade to blank white paper in thirty days are used. Three officials of a medical examining board in Connecticut, according to the statement of a witness now under indictment, and published in the New York *American*, furnished the “diploma mill” officials copies of the examination papers to be used on the following day. “The diploma sharks would then retire to a room, find answers to the questions, mimeograph the answers and distribute a copy to each candidate.” We are told in the New York *World* that fake diplomas have been issued from fifteen schools in all sections of the country. Special cars, says *The World*, “were used to bring recruits from St. Louis to Hartford. Four trips were made each year, and the candidates for doctors’ ‘shingles’ included barbers, drug clerks, carpenters, soda dispensers, plumbers, automobile mechanics and traffic cops."



SOMEWHERE IN CONNECTICUT

—Frueh in the New York *World*.

"This is ghastly business," is the crisp comment of the Jersey City *Journal*. "To what extent tombstones throughout the United States tell the story of this hideous fraud will never be known," it adds. "The particularly sinister feature of the Connecticut story," points out the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph*, "is the alleged connivance of members of the medical examining board with the fake medical college." This, in the opinion of the New York *Sun and Globe*, "is as despicable and dangerous an abuse as unscrupulous men have been able to perpetrate." For, as the New York *Evening Mail* reminds us, "the abuse of confidence of which the fake physician is guilty, involving as it does not only the purse but the health—even the life—of his victim, is of the cruelest character." To the New York *Tribune* "the effrontery of these quacks and their cold-bloodedness are beyond normal comprehension." Continues this paper:

> "These parasites and their accomplices give pause to the thought that human nature is being purged of cruelty. Plain thuggery and crimes with special motives of enmity are not so sickening as the homicides of these impostors, who set up as physicians and surgeons knowing that they are more likely to kill than cure.
>
> "To find here and there a man so perverted as to make a profession of malpractise is not staggering, but that an organized service could exist to foist fake doctors on the country would challenge credibility if the facts which have already come out did not support the charge."

"Quackery in surgery or medicine is no new thing," notes the New York *World*, "but these disclosures are important and disturbing in their revelation of the extent to which quackery has been made an organized business." "The Connecticut investigation should lead to a general inquiry," thinks the Buffalo *News*. Moreover, believes this paper, "the various medical societies should take the initiative, for the public looks to them for protection against these dangerous pretenders." "This matter, which has become a most serious scandal, should be probed to the bottom," agrees the Boston *Transcript*, and it adds:

> "It is quite manifest that the laws of Connecticut are decidedly lax in regard to the licensing of physicians. If they were not, it would have been impossible for the 'diploma mill' in Missouri, a State which is the seat and center of this business of foisting false 'doctors' on the community, to insinuate its 'graduates' into medical practise in the East through the agency of a Connecticut licensing board. It may be that the laws of more States than Connecticut, and including Massachusetts in the list, are too lax along this line. The public in every part of the Union is entitled to protection against the operations of fakirs who pretend to be doctors, when they are not, and who are likely at any time to cause untold suffering and death.
>
> "The State of Missouri has reason to be thoroughly ashamed of its record, now long and ghastly in the making of bogus physicians and surgeons. Connecticut certainly does not want to incur a similar shame. The people of that State should be aroused to a contemplation of the discreditable effects of the laxity of the State's laws. It is time for Connecticut to clean house.
>
> "The quack, to be sure, we shall no doubt always have with us. There will always be a numerous class of sufferers who prefer the charlatan. No State can endow its citizens with common sense. But the State can at least prevent such wholesale exploitation of the credulity of the ignorant as now prevails."

In the Connecticut-Missouri scandal the New York *Evening Post* discerns "a striking lesson in the propriety of setting up a single State examining board, and asking the medical profession to keep an eye upon its standards. Connecticut has had six boards, with a resulting lack of responsibility." As *The Post* goes on to explain:

> "Standards of medical education in the United States are now at a safe height. School after school, State board after board, has adopted the rule that two years' collegiate work shall be required before admission to the medical course, till it is in general force. The American Medical Association and the Council on Medical Education declared in 1916 for a standard of four years' actual medical training, followed by one year in hospital, and this has been widely accepted. But we still have to guard against scoundrels who are outside the law, and against representatives of various pseudo-scientific 'isms' who try to climb over the law."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

RAILROADS BOOSTING PROSPERITY

MORE THAN THREE BILLION DOLLARS have been spent by American railroads this year for fuel, materials, supplies and maintenance of equipment, according to their executives, and the expenditures for the coming year are expected again to reach this staggering total. And this does not include any direct expenditures for labor, but, as the New York *Tribune* explains, "has gone to the industries of the country and has thus contributed to the expansion of business and the employment of industrial labor." Moreover, continues this paper, "no greater demonstration of confidence in the soundness of economic conditions and the intelligence and good faith of the public than this could be given." In fact, "the general prosperity of the country is reflected in these figures," agrees the Washington *Star*. "They mean, first of all, that there has been a great volume of business in the country, for the freight records constitute one of the surest indexes of business volume." Whereas weeks in which a million freight-cars were loaded were considered "freaks" previous to this year, for almost six months the country's railroads have loaded freight-cars at this rate. From all this the New York *World* concludes that the roads are not "going to the dogs." Nor is business generally, points out the St. Louis *Star*, for "the fact that the roads are busy hauling freight is a sure sign the factories are busy making it. This is a good barometer of business throughout the nation." As we read in the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record:*

"The railroads are moving the heaviest traffic in their history. Week after week, lately, there have been more than 1,000,000 cars loaded with revenue-producing freight. This freight has been moved expeditiously, altho the companies have not yet received all the new equipment ordered from builders early in the year. Since January 1 last 40,000,000 cars have been laden with paying business, this being an increase of 7,000,000 cars as compared with the same period of last year. Furthermore, statistics have been compiled for the first eight months of this year, showing that the ton mileage of freight traffic in that time amounted to more than 304,000,000,000 net ton miles, an increase of 33½ per cent. over the same period of last year. It is true that traffic last year was reduced by the shopmen's and the miners' strikes, but it was, nevertheless, 5½ per cent. greater than in 1918, when shipments were greatly stimulated by the war, and it was even more than 3½ per cent. greater than in 1920, the previous record year for traffic."

But it is the proposed expenditure of $3,000,000,000 more next year, and its potential effect upon business expansion, that catches the attention of financial writers, remarks the Baltimore *Sun*. "This will make business brisk," predicts Arthur D. Welton, in a Chicago dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. As a consequence, he goes on to say:

"To-day every one is looking forward with hope and confidence. There might have been a conspiracy to force a change, it came so suddenly. Judge Gary caught the ball and carried it back to midfield with the announcement of his satisfaction with conditions and an extra dividend for United States Steel. The Stock Exchange caught a forward pass and gained twenty yards in the face of weakening bear opposition, and since then any one can get through for a touchdown.

"The railroads have so far recovered their confidence that they are planning to spend more billions next year, just as if Congress was not going to do all kinds of fearsome things. If the message that comes through the air is correctly interpreted, Congress isn't going to do anything fearsome at all. It isn't the season for fearsome things. Radicalism thrives only on disaster, and disaster is not popular. Business is going on whether any number of Congressmen like it or not.

"Considered in relation to each other and with all allowances made for extraneous influences, the present condition of business warrants the confidence of the railway executives in adopting such a program of large expenditure."

As an indication of what business in general may expect as a direct result of the new railroad program, we are told by *The Wall Street Journal* that—

"Orders and prospective orders for cars, steel rails, locomotives and tin plate aggregate hundreds of millions of dollars.

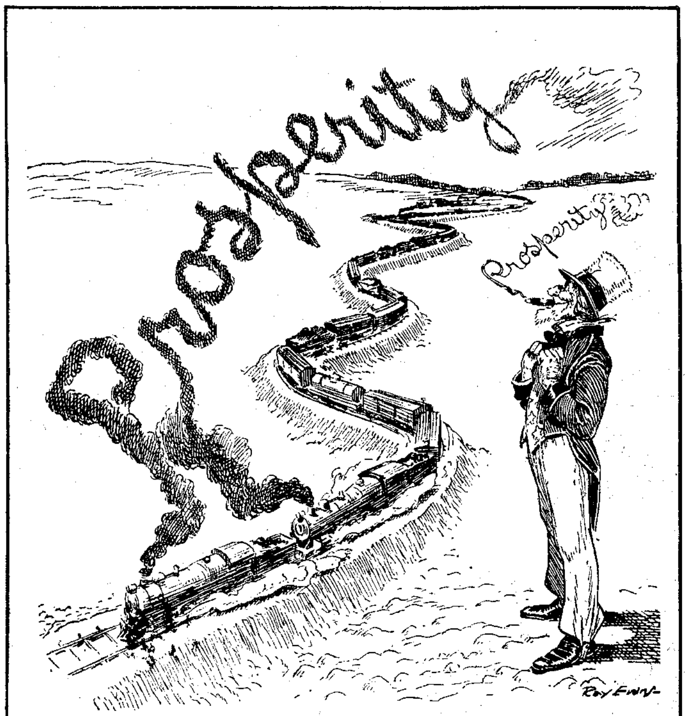
"Steel-rail mills have enough business on their books to keep their rolls turning for the next eight months. Business on books of all rail companies runs close to $70,000,000.

"American Can's order for 6,000,000 boxes of tin plate and that of the Continental Can Co. for 1,500,000 boxes have a total value of more than $40,000,000.

"Actual orders and prospective orders for railroad cars total close to 100,000, with a value around $200,000,000. Car-building companies should be kept busy throughout the first half of next year.

"Copper-consuming companies are buying good quantities for delivery in the first quarter of 1924.

"Pig-iron buying last week totaled between 600,000 and 700,000 tons, indicating the belief of consumers that a good business is in prospect in the next half of next year.



IT'S IN THE AIR!

—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"Chain-stores and mail-order houses are doing a record business, with every indication that this prosperity will continue.

"Labor is fully employed, and the savings of the people are increasing at a rapid rate.

"With 4,000,000 new automobiles produced this year, it is evident there will be no falling off in gasoline consumption next year.

"Automobile companies are operating at a record pace for this time of year, and purchases of steel and other products entering into the manufacture of cars mean manufacturers regard the outlook for 1924 as favorable.

"After two years of depression there is an improvement in the demand for harvester machinery. Incidentally, agricultural conditions show marked improvement."

In the opinion of the Philadelphia *North American*, "the stability of the nation's social and business structure depends largely upon an adequate and properly functioning system of transportation." "And without new cars and new locomotives, and the expenditure of huge sums for repairs," adds the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "the nation's heavy transportation could not have been borne." Furthermore, we are told:

"Increased railroad expenditures for equipment have done more than improve the efficiency of our national transportation system. They have been in part responsible for the added momentum imparted to the machinery of business during the current year. Railroad buying has kept the steel industry operating at a far higher rate than would have been possible in the absence of such an influence, and has in this and in other ways contributed to the general prosperity to a degree only less marked than their improved operating efficiency."

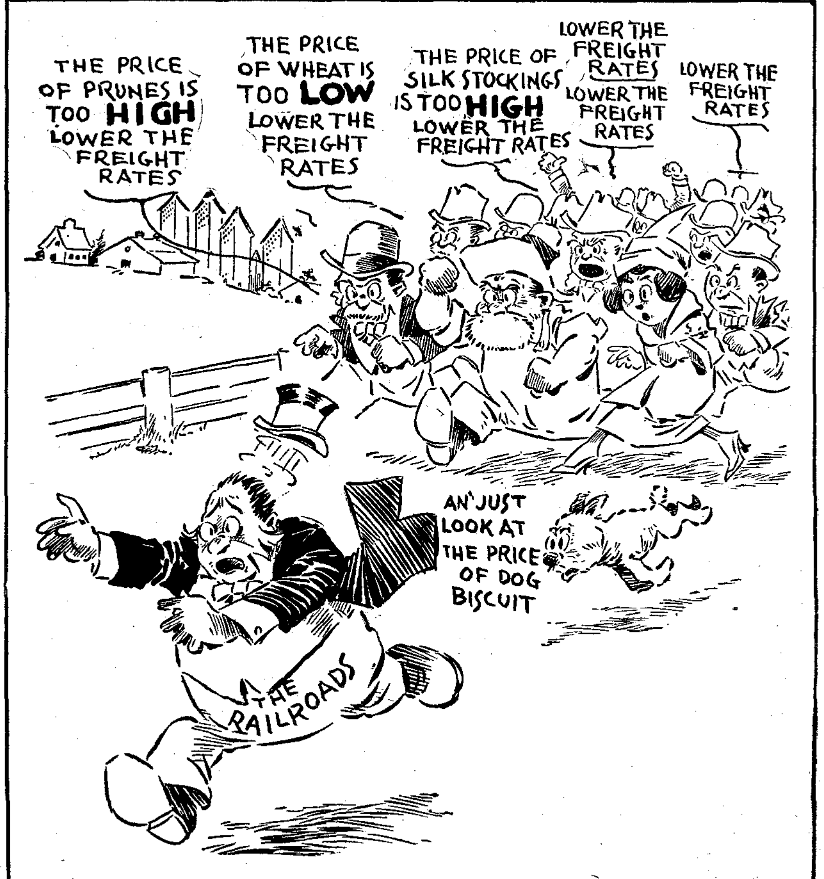
The interdependence of our railroads and the nation's business is noted by the Oshkosh *Northwestern.* Says this paper:

> "This rehabilitation of the railroads and the restoration of their prosperity have been aided, of course, by the general prosperity that has prevailed everywhere, and, in fact, the roads scarcely could have prospered without this favoring influence. The reverse also is true, however, for general prosperity would have been hampered and handicapped lacking efficient service by the transportation lines The railroads are doing well, and they should be left alone until they are well out of the woods. For any slump in railroad prosperity necessarily will have its effect on general business conditions."

This general statement is backed up with figures by the Washington *Star:*

> "During the first nine months of this year 134,636 new freight-cars and 2,693 new locomotives were put into service. At the end of the nine months' period a new low record of 5.46 per cent. for bad-order cars and 13.7 for bad-order locomotives was attained. In the same period 40,545,920 cars were loaded with revenue freight, or 18 per cent. over the corresponding period in 1922, and 10 per cent. over 1920, the previous record year. The average of freight-car travel distance per day was 29.2 miles, which was 4.7 miles above the previous record. A goal of thirty miles daily had been set and was almost reached. The average freight-car carried 511 tons one mile daily, surpassing all records and exceeding 1922 by 31 per cent.
>
> "Transportation efficiency consists in getting the maximum work out of the equipment consistent with safety. The rolling stock of the American railroads was badly reduced in condition by the shop strike of last year. An immense number of both cars and locomotives were crippled for lack of shop-work. The equipment was far below par. That it has been brought back in so short a time to the point of yielding record results in use is a tribute to the energy and administrative efficiency of the railroad organizations."

"After being plunged into a sorry mess through government control during the war, it is only fair to say now that the railroads are again being managed and operated efficiently," agrees the Marion *Star.* "Their rates are lower now than when the Government ran the roads," observes the Los Angeles *Times.* After their return to private control, up to last August, their return averaged 4 per cent., says Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Pacific Railroad, but this year, with the largest freight traffic on record, the return has been 5.41 per cent. However, remarks the Los Angeles paper, "the same money invested in tax-exempt securities would have yielded considerably more." In *The Railway Age* (New York) we find the case for the railroads, as put by the Southern Pacific official, who at one time was Mr. Harriman's right-hand man:


THE PRICE OF PRUNES IS TOO HIGH LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
THE PRICE OF WHEAT IS TOO LOW LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
THE PRICE OF SILK STOCKINGS IS TOO HIGH LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
LOWER THE FREIGHT RATES
AN' JUST LOOK AT THE PRICE OF DOG BISCUIT
THE RAILROADS

OUR GREAT AMERICAN SPORT

—Hanny in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*

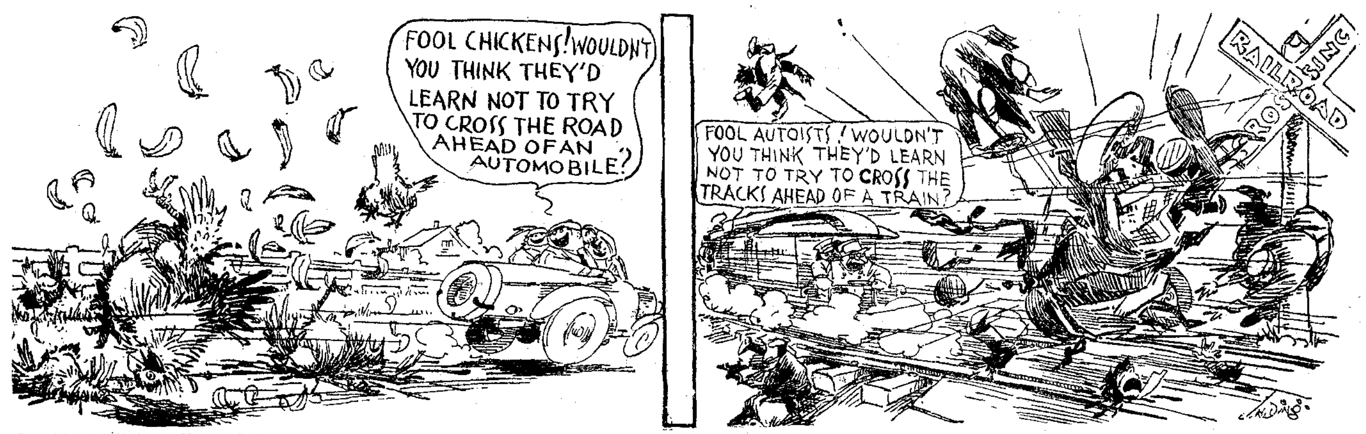
> "The business depression, which began in the summer of 1920 and increased in severity through the year, continued throughout 1921. Both freight and passenger traffic fell off. The year 1920 was far from normal and does not constitute a fair test of railroad operation under the terms of the Transportation Act.
>
> "Effective July 1, 1921, a decision of the Railroad Labor Board, based on a lower living cost, reduced wage levels about eleven per cent. The effect of this reduction upon labor costs to the carriers was a saving estimated at $300,000,000 per year, only half of which was actually experienced in 1921. The year 1921, with its profound business depression, does not constitute a fair test of the Transportation Act.
>
> "The freight traffic for 1922 showed a marked upward trend for the first three months, due largely to the accumulation of coal in storage in preparation for the coal strike, which began on April 1. Two nation-wide strikes, one by the hard- and soft-coal miners, beginning on April 1 and lasting for five and one-half months, the other by railroad shopmen, beginning on July 1, interfered with the normal flow of business. Thus, 1922 can not be said to have been a year of normal conditions to give a fair test of the Transportation Act.
>
> "Therefore 1923 so far is the only year since the return of the roads to their owners which can be called normal and in which the Transportation Act can be said to have functioned as its framers intended it to do. The character of the service rendered by the railroads in these conditions is the most convincing argument in favor of continuing the operation of the Act without change."

The railroads, we are told by the New York *Tribune,* "after many undeserved buffets, are still able to look ahead steadily to a fulfilment of their trusteeship." Moreover—

> "They have economic reasons for being optimistic. But they have political reasons for being pessimistic. Their industry did not profiteer during the war. It was taken over by the Federal Government and run at a tremendous loss. When it was returned to the owners the latter were obliged to operate for a couple of years under most distressing circumstances. Earnings were actually far below those of the pre-war period, altho the purchasing value of dividends had fallen off about a third. Meanwhile other industries, except agriculture, were making inflated profits.
>
> "The railroads are going to give the country better service at their own expense and take chances on fairer treatment. They are going to play their part as agencies of progress, let the bushwhackers do what they may. If Congress has any appreciation of patriotic faith and endeavor, it will try to deal as generously with the roads as the roads are dealing with the public."

The Minneapolis *Tribune* warns us, however, that the railroads must not expect clear sailing in the next few months, now that Congress is in session, "for the railroad question is in for an extensive airing." As this Northwestern daily reminds us:

> "The railroad-baiter is still a very active factor in the transportation problem. He will have to be reckoned with in the Sixty-eighth Congress."


FOOL CHICKENS! WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY'D LEARN NOT TO TRY TO CROSS THE ROAD AHEAD OF AN AUTOMOBILE?
FOOL AUTOISTS! WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY'D LEARN NOT TO TRY TO CROSS THE TRACKS AHEAD OF A TRAIN?
RAILROAD CROSSING

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MAYBE WE'VE BEEN OVERESTIMATING THE CHICKEN'S INTELLIGENCE

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

EUROPEAN disorders prevent American orders.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

EUROPEAN hotel men are visiting America. Now's our chance.—*Columbia Record.*

THE least can be said for New York's gunmen is that they take life seriously.—*Life (New York).*

GENERAL LUDENDORFF didn't commit suicide after all, but he's just as dead.—*Portland Oregonian.*

"Moscow sounds tocsin of world revolt"—*News headline.* Now for an anti-tocsin.—*Washington Post.*

WHAT we need is not people who will rewrite the Bible, but people who will reread it.—*New York Tribune.*

A DANGEROUS radical is anybody who has a scheme to disturb the feathers in your nest.—*Shreveport Journal.*

PEOPLE may forget the wicked invasion of Belgium, but they never will forget that they purchased German marks.—*Sioux City Journal.*

COFFIN linings cost more now. As a matter of economy, one should pay more attention to the brake linings.—*Dubuque American Tribune.*

"NOBODY can compose a song hit like 'Bananas' to order," says Mr. Emmett Adams. Well, that's good news, anyway.—*The Humorist (London).*

IT'S bad distribution. Germany needs wheat, while we have abundance; and we need fuel, while Germany has unnumbered bales of marks.—*Boston Post.*

WOMEN are surely having their inning, jubilates *The Enid Eagle.* You hear every day about Ma Jongg, but not a word about Pa Jongg.—*Wichita Eagle.*

DR. COOK'S defense is that he formed his "oil" companies on a "foundation of altruism." His mistake was in selecting the beneficiary.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

SPEAKER at a W. C. T. U. convention said: "We will move the heavens and the earth to enforce Prohibition." Try something easier. Move the Bahamas.—*Tampa Tribune.*

CONGRESSMEN with their ears to the ground detect a low rumble, taken to mean that a tax reduction of $100 a year will not offend the average constituent.—*Chicago Daily News.*

GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S bones are not to go to America after all. We should be pleased, however, to supply America with the bones of some of her most ruthless jazz musicians.—*Passing Show (London).*

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL says he was offered something to drink in every house to which he was invited in America, and maybe he generally made his speech about us the morning after. —*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

IF you won't get on the tax-reduction band-wagon, get out of its way.—*Wall Street Journal.*

GOVERNOR JACK WALTON played to the grandstand and it blew over on him.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE three-mile limit has been a constant source of irritation; also of irrigation.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

PROBABLY the Kaiser's revised ambition is to eat his Christmas dinner in Berlin.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

ALMOST any Congressman will admit that tax reduction is better than vote reduction.—*New York Evening Post.*

HOMES are cleaner now than they were a generation ago, claims a writer. Sure, they're used less.—*Hugo News.*

GERMANY wanted a place in the sun, and now it will take her fifty years to recover from sunstroke.—*Logan County News.*

NOT all of the Chinese bandits are holding up tourists. Some of them are shipping Ma Jongg outfits to America.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Herald.*

THIS talk of simplifying the income tax blank suggests that some one seems to have an idea that that is the hard part of it.—*Detroit News.*

IT seems to be about as hard to get up a successful revolution in Germany as it does to keep the regular Government going.—*Indianapolis News.*

BY the time the air flivvers become numerous, it is to be hoped that the monkey-wrenches and other tools will be equipped with parachutes.—*Chicago News.*

THE expedition sent to Mongolia to search for the first man failed to find him, but discovered several huge dinosaurs. He may be in one of them.—*Detroit News.*

PENNSYLVANIA'S ultimate goal must be to get its coal industry developed to the point where black diamonds and white diamonds will be interchangeable.—*Providence Bulletin.*

ALL in all, the conservative politician has a better chance than the radical. The people are good-humored more frequently than they are mad.—*North Adams (Mass.) Herald.*

A GERMAN woman doctor declares that Americans have no souls. But the ectoplasm, or something, manages to be touched by the suffering of the world.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

JUST as everybody is wondering whether he ever will be able to meet his income taxes, comes along the announcement that they have discovered a new serum that may prolong life.—*Philadelphia North American.*

IF the Federal Trade Commission is correct in its judgment of the quality of anthracite now being thrown into the market, another year will probably mark the disappearance of stone fences in Pennsylvania.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A BREAD-LINE WAITING OUTSIDE ONE OF THE MUNICIPAL KITCHENS IN BERLIN

GERMANY'S DAYS OF DOOM

"IF YOU HAVE A BETTER MAN for the job than I am, bring him out," declared Chancellor Stresemann, in a last-hour defense of his administration before he resigned, and Berlin press dispatches relate that he blamed France for the tragic doom of Germany, over whom hovers the specter of Communistic revolt. But this condition rejoices the Russian Communists, according to Moscow informants, who cite them as saying that "the German situation is developing as we expected. Marxist principles we rely on to determine the course of events along a certain line, given certain circumstances. Therefore, we have no reason to doubt the final result of events, namely, the workers' revolution." These Russian Communists agree that America and England would like to help Germany, but say that "while the French maintain their present attitude, this is impossible," and "for the French to agree to such a change in policy as to make American and English aid for Germany feasible involves capitulation on the part of the French, which we are convinced they will not accept." Dr. Stresemann alleged that:

> "Nobody will deny that the development of internal German conditions is driving toward radical tendencies. Communism in Germany derives its strongest support from the misery breaking in on us, and the radicalism of the extreme Right builds its supports under the national opposition we are now experiencing from France's attitude."

The German people and the rest of the world have not been deceived as to the degree of Germany's misery, he also declared, and "for this reason we appealed to the charitable help of the world." He extended "warm thanks to the Scandinavian countries, to the United States, to many South American countries, and particularly to German-Americans," but he said, also, that—

> "As against various press reports, I must go on record that officially only one credit offer by foreign financiers has been made to the Reich's Government, which offer, transmitted through the Chairman of the Reich Landowners' Association, placed at least 1,000,000,000 marks in goods and credit at our disposal.
>
> "It is correct that this offer contains a conditional clause—and not at the suggestion of the Reich's Government, either—that this credit would only be given to the present Government.
>
> "The question of the real value of money and the maintenance of the parity of the rentenmark is one of the main tasks of the Government, necessitating the balancing and placing of the budget on a real value money basis."

A French close-up of the mental state of the Germans is afforded by Marcel Ray in the Paris *Europe Nouvelle*, who tells us that—

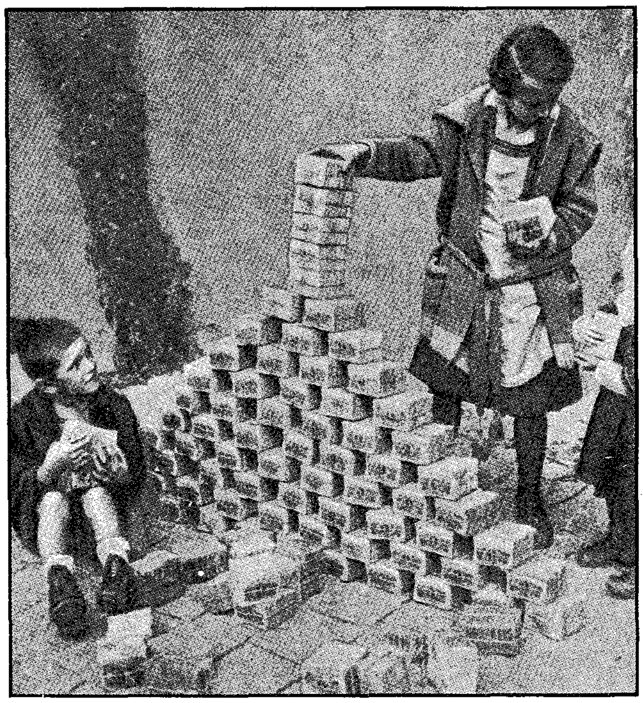
> "The city people who are hungry have a mind which is the product of hunger, mute rage and of fear. The citizens who have eaten to-day, but who will not eat perhaps to-morrow, have only fear in their mind. Those who have too much to eat are also full of fear, which occasionally becomes panic. Then they begin hurriedly to load their limousines with packages, bundles of shares and stocks as well as with jewel-boxes, and they dart toward the Polish or the Danish frontier, or, perhaps, because the frontiers are guarded, they take refuge in some hotel palace, where their limousines stand ready to flee at the first alarm.
>
> "Fear, hunger, rancor without any precise object on which to fix it, prostration, apathy—all these combine to form the soul of the great cities. Far away in the placid stretch of pine forests and potato-fields are the villages in which the hostile, well-fed faces of the peasants look forth from behind their machine-guns. There are at least 30,000,000 of them, who do not mix in politics, but are resolved to protect their possessions."

Things being as they are in Germany, this writer continues, it is not difficult to answer three questions that Frenchmen who try to understand Germany are putting to themselves, according to their individual temperament and opinions. These questions are outreached by the facts in Germany, because the matter of a sacred union against foreigners, the Separatist movements, and finally the uprising of the masses toward revolution—all these things are of the past in that they presuppose a strength, a faith, and a cohesion that no more exists. To examine closer into the matter, we are asked to realize that—

> "In the general prostration there is nothing so utterly prostrated as patriotism. The great industrials, financiers, profiteers, of all sorts, these drainers of German wealth toward foreign banks, these saboteurs of the money and the tax systems, have set an example that every one has followed. Let us not be deceived by Nationalist clamor or by the tone of the newspapers. Nationalism is a mask covering the interests of dynasties, the interests of caste, the interests of material wealth. The hatred for France has never been more general or more bitter than in recent months. It flares up in Socialist and Communist circles as well as in the circles of the parties of the Right. But for the moment it is neither reasoned, concerted, nor active. What it lacks is faith and knowledge of an ultimate purpose. The Germans are accomplices of their Governments, as the poisoned members of a body are accomplices of the brain which chose the poison and of the stomach which digests it."

This French informant then tells us that Separatism is supposed to mean a rejection of the Reich, a choice of a little Fatherland, a trust in a more modest but better future, a willingness to accept partial rather than complete dissolution. This is a misconception, we are told, even about Bavaria, where Separatism is only a tactical move made to obtain supremacy in the Reich. What is still more improbable in Germany, according to this writer, is a popular revolution and the conquest of power by the working masses. Political Communism, he maintains, is impotent, and non-Communist Socialism is discredited. The syndical organizations he describes as being divided and torn by factious quarrels and ruined by the debasement of paper marks. But above all, he asserts, Germany is the "least revolutionary country in the world, and in the course of the history has never succeeded in engineering the smallest revolution." In his view the German mind is "individualistic, non-conformist, anarchistic, which are just the contrary of the revolutionary mind," and he proceeds:

"This is no contradiction but the link of cause with effect between the congenital anarchism of the German people and their acceptance of the militarism and statism of Prussia. It is because the Germans have no moral bond or common faith that they have need of an imposed discipline and of a corset of steel. As soon as this constraint is removed the nation dissolves into a competition of interests until that moment when the 'man with a fist' comes to reassemble the human material and set it anew in order."



HOW THE MARK GOES UP WHEN IT'S DOWN

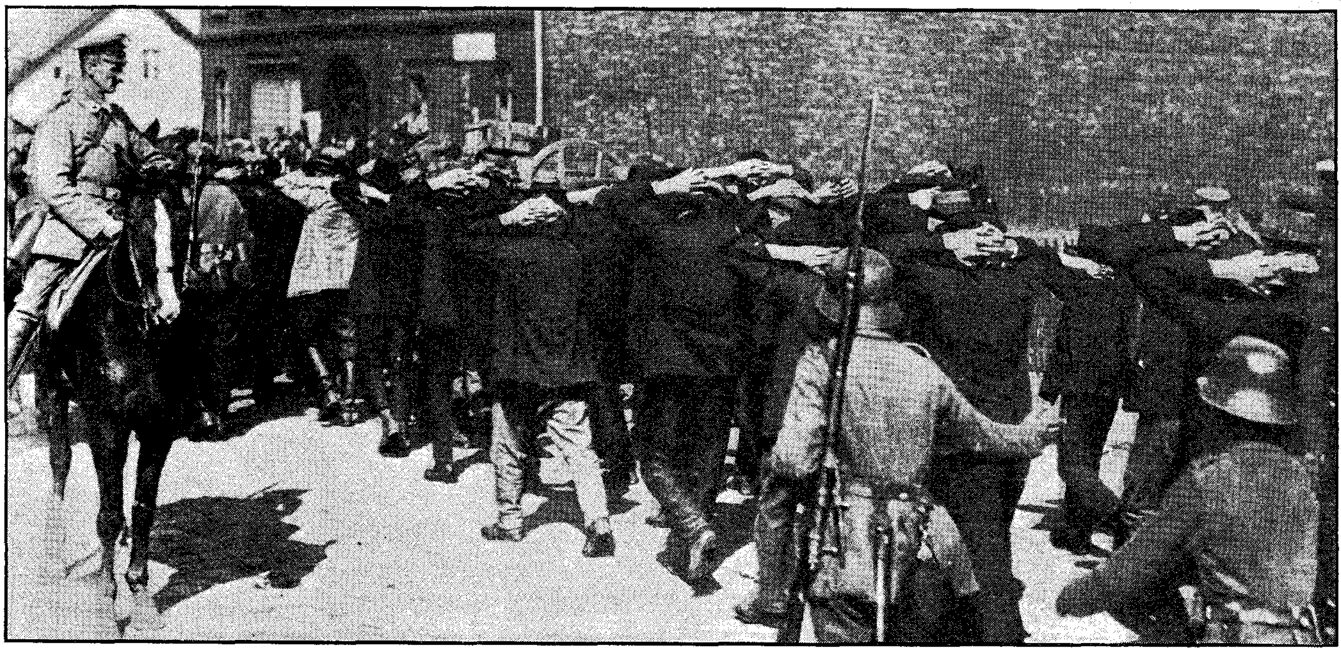
Mark notes of lower values so worthless as to be withdrawn from circulation and used by children as blocks.

Ninety-nine out of one hundred Germans are ready now to submit to anybody who will have the audacity to take the reins of power, no matter what kind of a dictator he is or where he hails from, we are further told, but the candidates for the dictatorship are "hesitant." It is claimed that they "are afraid of the morrow" and have not sufficient courage in themselves, wherefore the German people have no confidence in them. This informant then writes:

"Collectively the Germans accept the official doctrines of their politicians, historians and propagandists as gospel. They believe, with a belief as firm as a rock, that in 1914 Germany was 'surrounded'; that she is not responsible for the war; that she was conquered by treason from within; that she has paid all she could pay in the way of reparations, and that she is now the victim of an abominable conspiracy designed to cut up and destroy her."

But the writer tells us that if you get one of these Germans within four walls, with all doors closed, and such a German be neither a professional politician nor a military professional, there are nine chances in ten that he will talk to you somewhat in this wise:

"We no longer believe in any German Government. We have been duped and tricked by all of them since 1914. We accept them as they come and will accept them without giving any one of them more of our confidence than the other. We shall not pay them one pfennig of tax unless under absolute constraint; and we have learned from Mr. Cuno himself how to get from under constraint; and we shall not put one pound or one dollar



International Newsreel photograph

HANDS UP FOR THE COMMUNISTS

German police arresting Hamburg Communist rioters.

at the disposition of the German Treasury. Germany can be saved now by only a Government placed under international control."

This French journalist declares that he has often encountered this revelation of the German mind when he talked "under discreet circumstances with Germans who still have something to lose." Some of them spoke out for "a foreign government," by which they meant some kind of directorate presided over by an American and including representatives of the neutral countries. In the background of their mind is the idea that France is to get something, but that the obligations of the Treaty are to be reduced to a minimum. Other Germans, it appears, have the opinion that it is too late for an international solution of the German problem; but by far the greatest number of them are ready in advance to accept the most rigorous conditions—prolonged occupation of the Ruhr, the predominance of French control—anything, so that security, order and the recovery of the exchange be forthcoming.

Similar in tone to the foregoing French impressions are those of the famous German publicist, Maximilian Harden, who tells a Berlin correspondent of the Paris *Temps* that under the circumstances in Germany it is impossible to speak and act except "in accord with the official fiction," which is that "France wishes to destroy us." Mr. Harden is quoted further as saying:

"Only children can be talked to in such terms, and yet the official legend repeats them from morning till night. Now, of two things one must be true: either they are really convinced that France wishes the death of Germany, and in this case they should not negotiate with her, but should break and follow the path of despair. If they do not do this it means that the charge is a lie, destined to deceive the world so that the Treaty shall not be executed and no reparations shall be paid. This is the actual case. Germany can pay. With all the money that has been spent for passive resistance, for public works, and for the upkeep of illegal troops, and with all the useless and furtive expenses that the Reich has been incurring up to the moment, by administrative waste and subventions in all directions, they might have paid Germany's debt—at least, the deliveries in kind—up to the year 1928. France would not have refused to make an arrangement with a people that had sincerely shown the desire and the honest wish to pay, to keep her word; but official Germany has had and continues to have the contrary attitude because it is pushed thereto by England. The end of this all must be that England must be excluded from any sway in Continental politics. She has the entire empire of the seas, she has Asia, America, Oceania. What does she want with Europe? She wishes to make of our Continent a mere card in her world-wide high play, and they do not understand in Germany that she wishes at any cost to prevent a Franco-German understanding, which is her greatest fear. But despite England this Franco-German accord is inevitable. The one thing needful for this is that the idea and the truth of it be understood in Germany."

CHINA'S MODERNIZED LADIES

THE WISDOM OF MEN in matters relating to the other sex has its limitations in every age and in every country, so that there is no reason for being too critical of the Chinese, says the Shanghai *North-China Herald*, for the way they treated their women until recent years. In the old days, we are reminded, the social status of Chinese women was not enviable, and in the Sacred Edict they were told to "weave hemp, spin, thread, work embroidery, ply the needle, weave damask gauze and satin cloth." The Edict asked: "What need to long for pearls, gems, gold and silver of others? Make a few shoes, stockings and garments—they, too, will exchange for money and grain. Only yield yourself wholly to your proper business, and then you will not give way to foolish fancies." The Sacred Edict's advice of patriarchal masculine simplicity, remarks *The North-China Herald*, may have suppressed but surely never eradicated the feminine longing for gems and gold and other objects of Chinese ladies' fancies, whether foolish or wise. But times have changed, it tells us, and cites a report of the Peking Society for the Study of International Education, from which we learn that:

Underwood & Underwood photograph

MEDICAL STUDENTS

Miss Hang and Miss Wong, learning the healing art at the Presbyterian Hospital, Peking.

"Until the closing days of the Manchu dynasty there were no schools for girls, except those of Christian missions to which the report refers in terms of grateful appreciation. Such as it was, the education given in the home, generally on the lines laid down in the Sacred Edict, was considered quite sufficient. In 1909 a beginning was made. The progress since has been steady. There are now in the government educational system 3,363 elementary schools with 164,719 pupils; 10 middle schools with 1,138 pupils; 61 normal schools with 6,873 students in training to be teachers in elementary schools and kindergartens; a Teacher's College for the training of teachers for middle and normal schools; 21 vocational schools in which 1,757 girls are being taught embroidery, sewing, dressmaking, plaiting, silkworm culture, the making of flowers, lace, hairnets, and other things to enable them to earn their own living. There are coeducational institutions in which women may obtain a university education, and it is hoped eventually to establish a University for Women. In addition, there are very many Christian schools with pupils to the number of 60,318. Altogether, there are nearly 250,000 girls in the various schools. Of course, much more remains to be done for the education of girls, but the progress so far made has not been unsatisfactory."

Among the special features of this educational movement, we are told, is the increasing number of young women who go to foreign countries to complete their education, where they are said to be well able to hold their own. Another fact is the steady development of vocational schools. This Shanghai weekly says also that it is of interest to note the important part taken by educated women in organizing movements to obtain for their sex equal rights, such as economic independence, equal educational opportunities and equal standing before the law. According to the report:

"The promoters of such organizations have had to face many difficulties and discouragement. They are, however, determined in their efforts: and they have worked through the stage of propaganda to that of actual practise, and the future is quite bright for the accomplishment of our hopes."

The North-China Herald expresses the wish that Chinese women will obtain all they can rightly desire, but it remarks that:

"Unfortunately, in every country the question of women's rights is complicated by peculiar difficulties arising from their relations to the other sex. If women were perfectly free to work out their own salvation by themselves, no doubt they would soon reach a very high stage of intellectual and moral development and perhaps happiness. It is impossible, however, to make this social cleavage. And it must be said that if men can not get on with women and yet can not get on without them, the converse is also true. In China the great obstacle to woman's emancipation is the patriarchal system with its *patria potestas*, betrothals irrespective of the girls' inclinations, the power of the husband over the wife, polygamy, concubinage, and other customs which are evidence of the wife's inferiority in the home."

The report of the Peking Society for the Study of International Education declares that "the woman's problem in China has changed the old traditional views of ethics and morality, which have been handed down for several thousand years," and further it is averred that the patriarchal system "can not survive this change." But *The North-China Herald* asks:

"Why can not it survive? It is not easy to change ancient customs, and in China not a few are supported by the doctrine of filial piety, its strongest social bond. Secular education will not by itself change them. We are afraid that as long as the belief is firmly and religiously held by the Chinese that their comfort in the next life is dependent on the gifts and prayers made to heaven by their descendants, so long will the patriarchal system last. Still, there is no good reason why it should last indefinitely. The report closes with the brave words, 'altho we do not know what will be the ultimate result, since we have already set our feet upon the path of reform and evolution, there is no fear that we shall not arrive at our destination.'"

P. & A. photograph

SERVING WITH A SMILE

A Chinese pupil of the Yanching Missionary College at Peking.

As to the education of men in China, a Nanking correspondent of this weekly tells us that the Province of Anwhei, except for bandits in certain areas, is at peace, and that:

"Herein lies an opportunity that many thinking men are taking advantage of, that is, the opportunity for promotion of education, and so building the foundation of an intelligent citizenship on which alone a self-governing community can rest. An increasing number have this vision. Nanking now has two universities, a woman's college, and middle and primary schools, which are increasing by leaps and bounds."

WHAT ABOUT THE CROWN PRINCE?

THIS QUESTION DISQUIETS some British editors who believe that an event like the departure from Holland of the "ex-Crown Prince," as they call him, ought to convince the Allies that squabbling among themselves is "the luxury only of easy and confident hours." On the other hand there are those who declare the Prince to have as much right to live in Germany as any other German. But the London *Morning Post* says that altho the Prince is "neither a heroic nor an honorable figure, it is not the first time in history that a small personage has been used to launch a great enterprise." The only threat to the peace of Europe, according to this daily, comes from "that obdurate oligarchy which is determined to lead the patient German people into a great war of revenge," and it adds:

"Up to the present moment the oligarchs have signally failed in the revolutionary field, tho, so far as reparations are concerned, they have succeeded in cheating the Allies of their rights and weakening those circles in Germany which are anxious to secure a settlement. And the only force which can check them is a united Allied front. Divisions among the Allies are followed by risings in Germany in an almost mathematical succession. It is very easy to criticize France, to inveigh against French militarism, and to dream easy dreams of a dignified isolation or an association with the downtrodden victims of M. Poincaré. But recent events in Germany ought to bring the malcontents to reality and to reason. The fallacy underlying the anti-French movement in this country lies in the assumption, that France is a mighty and Germany a crusht Power. But to any one who looks ahead the contrary is the truth. France, a country which has been in the grip of two deadly perils almost within one generation, can not look to the future without grave misgivings. She must have security, and if our statesmen had been imaginatively more conscious of that necessity, England might by this time have had those reparations which she so sorely needs."

Keystone View Co

A COLLEGE STAR

Miss Wong, of Canton, who had a brilliant career in American colleges as a prelude to a life as teacher and social worker among the people of her own country.

A somewhat different view of the Prince's return is taken by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who writes that in all official quarters it is stated with "tremendous emphasis" that his arrival is in no sense a public event, that he comes merely as an ordinary German citizen "under pledge to abstain from politics and settle down quietly as a private gentleman." This writer goes on to say:

"In well-informed political circles it is stated that the return of the Prince is entirely Herr Stresemann's doing. Some time before he took office the former Chancellor visited the Prince at Wieringen and promised to open to him the road to Germany whenever he had power to do so. Herr Stresemann's interest in the Prince's lot is, however, of older date than the visit to the Dutch island. Many months have elapsed since I reported to you that an interview had been arranged between him and the ex-Crown Princess, whose object assuredly was to secure his sympathies for her husband.

"Herr Stresemann's calculation that the Prince's presence in Germany will sharpen the dissensions among the Prussian

Monarchists may or may not prove well-founded. Many of the latter are certainly very strongly opposed to the Prince as a candidate for the throne. Fortunately for his enemies, he has written a book. Or, at any rate, he has inspired one, which really makes matters worse, since the literary work was supplied by a Jewish journalist, and this offends the anti-Semitic susceptibilities of the North German nobility. This book is one long series of horrifying breaches of what are regarded as the best Prussian traditions. The author not only criticizes his father, the King and Supreme War Lord, in a manner quite shocking to the sentiments of the firmest props of the old Prussian monarchy, but also attacks many of the other gods of their Pantheon. But he does even worse, for he actually expresses democratic sentiments and wishes for a German Constitution like that of the United Kingdom. That, however, would be a very sorry and unsatisfying restoration for the Junker caste."

The *Daily Telegraph's* Berlin correspondent then assures us that in leading democratic circles the Prince is looked upon as "a well-meaning and, on the whole, straightforward young man, who can be relied upon, at any rate, to try to keep his undertakings," but—

"It is believed that he has some of his father's impressionability and impulsiveness, is not very stedfast in character, and, therefore, might possibly become the tool of unscrupulous schemers, without quite realizing what was happening. Yet these misgivings can not be very strong, for when Herr Stresemann proposed that the Prince be allowed to return, even the Socialist members of the Cabinet were satisfied with formal legal representations that, like any other German citizen, he has the right to live in this country if he wishes to."

AMERICA'S NEED OF EUROPE

EUROPE NEEDS AMERICA, but America also needs Europe for the health of her commerce, we are told by some plain-speaking foreign observers, who point out that "needless to say, it is the influence of European conditions on American trade that will primarily motive any new orientation of United States policy in regard to Europe." The London *Statist* calls attention to the fact that American wheat is at present selling at a price "below cost of production," and it reminds us that exports have fallen from 208 million bushels in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, to 155 millions in the corresponding period of 1923. Similarly, this financial and trade authority notes, corn exports have fallen from 176 millions to 94 millions. We read then:

"This decline in foreign markets is due to the revival of agriculture in Europe, the rapidity of which was accelerated by the inability of European manufacturers to dispose of their goods in the United States, owing to the high tariff wall, and to establish in that country the credits necessary for the purchase of American grain.

"The case of grain exports is paralleled by that of copper, lead, and cotton. Mr. Lamont points out that Germany normally buys 90 per cent. of her copper in the United States, and of Germany's total copper purchases, one-fourth at least is consumed in the Ruhr. It is not, therefore, surprizing that Germany's copper purchases from the United States have fallen, and for the year ended June 30, 1923, were 76,000,000 pounds less than those for the preceding year. Likewise with lead, American sales to Germany dropt for the year from about 20,000,000 to about 7,000,000 pounds, and the price declined from 8.5 cents to 5.85 cents per pound. Cotton has also followed the same path. American export sales of raw cotton, of which Germany in normal times took over one-quarter, fell from 6,542,000 bales to about 5,066,000 bales. Not only did Germany's purchases of cotton decline from 1,688,298 bales to 916,727 bales, or about 46 per cent., but France bought less and so did England; the latter country taking only about 1,369,000 bales as compared with 1,766,000 bales.

"Internal troubles and the operation of the American tariff have thus tended to restrict Europe's purchasing power in the American markets. In addition, as Mr. Lamont points out, European purchasing power is diminished through the necessity of making large interest payments to the United States."

Not only against European goods, *The Statist* goes on to say, but also against European labor has the United States established barriers, and it points out that the average annual immigration of 1,035,000 for the five years before the war has been reduced by stringent immigration laws to 523,000. The effect of this, it is asserted, has been that American labor has grown scarce and dear and American consumers are complaining of the high cost of home produced goods. The high cost of labor, we are told, is felt particularly by the American farmer, and decreases his ability to compete in foreign markets. As a portent of a possible change in the "isolation" policy hitherto pursued by the United States, *The Statist* advises us that the terms of the resolution on the European situation recently adopted by the American Bankers Association deserves careful attention. This resolution reads:

"During the past year the effect upon the United States of the serious conditions existing in Europe has become more and more noticeable in our foreign trade, and has finally begun to curtail our domestic production as well. It is our firm belief that if we do not recognize and accept our responsibilities in connection with the reparations question which is preventing our Allies and Germany from coming to an agreement that will reestablish peaceful conditions in Europe, both our foreign and domestic trade will continue to suffer seriously. We again urge upon the Administration the advisability of giving an official standing to our representative upon the Reparations Commission, in order that he may express his opinion with his vote and further recommend that the Debt-Funding Commission immediately enter into negotiations with Great Britain and France in connection with such part of the reparations question as may be included in the Interallied indebtedness, in order that the Commission may be in position to make such recommendations to Congress as it may consider desirable, and in the interests of the United States. A policy of complete isolation from European affairs can not be maintained indefinitely, without grave danger to our own interests. The example of Austria, aided in part by American capital in the rehabilitation which is now clearly in progress in that nation, indicated the method by which America may in due course, when the will to establish political, financial, and economic stability and maintain peace has been convincingly demonstrated abroad, be a powerful influence in the betterment of other countries."

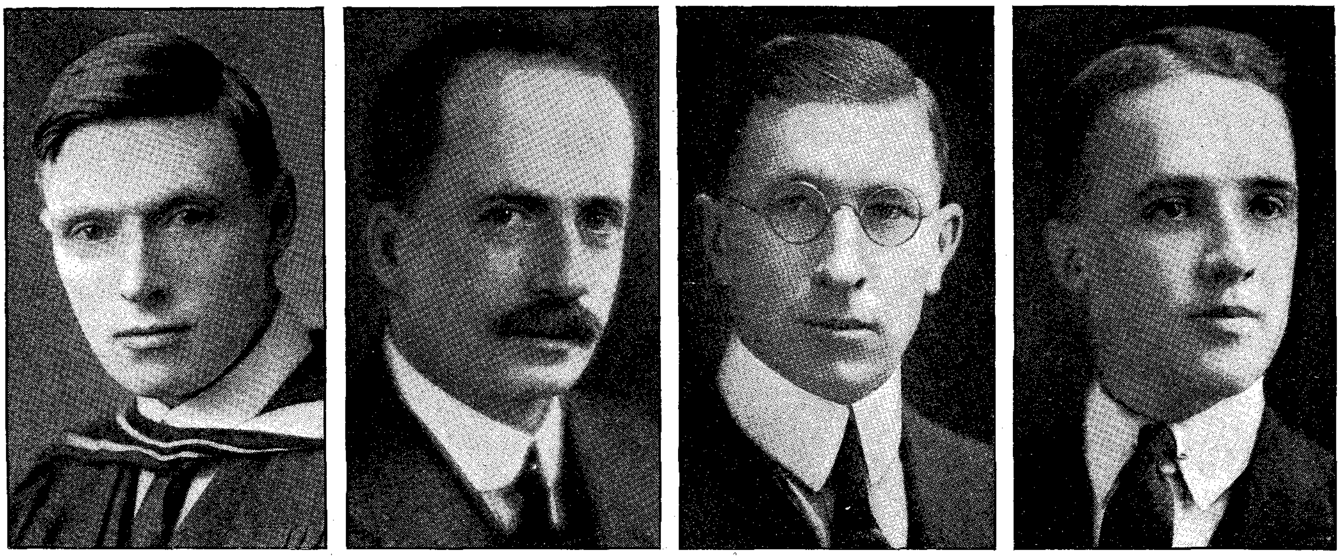
It is evident from this resolution, says *The Statist*, that American opinion has been impressed by the success of international cooperation in the reconstruction of Austrian finances, and it adds:

"Further evidence of the value of such cooperation has been supplied by the financial settlement arrived at with the Mexican Government involving the readjustment of a debt of $700,000,000, which affected the interests of investors all the world over. These considerations, reinforced as they are by the detrimental effect of the European political-economic disturbance on American trade, must at least induce the Washington Administration to review its foreign policy with the object of ascertaining how far it is in accordance with present-day conditions."

As an indication of purely financial intervention in European affairs by the United States Government, the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* offers "unofficial" information that the Coolidge Administration is considering a loan to Germany of $150,000,000, to be expended in the United States on the purchase of food. This correspondent writes further that "it is apparently not intended to set up a relief organization in Germany" and "supplies, as they are made available, would, it appears, be consigned to the Berlin Government without any stipulation as to the manner or place of distribution, and that question of feeding the Ruhr population would accordingly be a matter for decision in Berlin rather than in Washington." He adds:

"Generally speaking, the money, if voted, would go to the purchase of pork and wheat, but chiefly pork. It is understood that Germany's needs in the matter of grain are not so serious as her deficiency in pork and pork fats, and, for what it is worth, there is the fact that pig farmers are more numerous than wheat producers. The effect upon the market and, by extension, upon the political situation in the farmer States needs no emphasis. . . . If the bottom had dropt, or should drop, out of these produce markets the effect upon the political fortunes of the Republican party would be disastrous, but with a sum so large as $150,000,000 wisely and adroitly expended the situation can be entirely changed."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Photographs by M. Lyonde (Toronto)

DR. J. B. COLLIP DR. J. J. R. MACLEOD DR. F. G. BANTING DR. C. H. BEST

Doctors Macleod and Banting were jointly awarded the $40,000 Nobel prize for the discovery of insulin. Dr. Macleod promptly divided his share with Dr. Collip of Alberta University; while Dr. Banting telegraphed to his colleague, Dr. Best, "You are with me in my share always."

THE FOUR CANADIAN SCIENTISTS WHO SHARE THE GLORY AND THE PRIZE FOR DISCOVERING INSULIN

INSULIN WINS A GREAT PRIZE

THE NOBEL PRIZE IN MEDICINE for 1922 has been awarded to Drs. Banting and Macleod, of Toronto, for their discovery of insulin, already described fully in these columns. It will be remembered that the Nobel prizes, awarded annually in the five fields of physics, chemistry, medicine, literature and the cause of peace, come from a bequest of $9,000,000 made by Alfred Nobel, Swedish inventor and philanthropist. This continent takes two of the five this year, the prize for physics having been given to Prof. R. A. Millikan, as has just been announced. Comments on this latter award will be printed in a later issue of THE DIGEST. A noteworthy feature of the insulin award is the exprest intention of both recipients to share the prize with their assistants; so that four Canadians, instead of two, will be signally honored. Dr. Banting will share with Dr. Charles H. Best, and Dr. Macleod with Dr. Collip, of Alberta University. Comments on this action are widely and favorably made. Our extracts bear chiefly on that of Dr. Banting, which was announced first. Says the Columbus *Evening Dispatch:*

"The jury of award for the Nobel prizes was informed of the relation of Dr. Macleod to Dr. Banting in this work, and recognized the two together in awarding the prize for the most important work in the field of medicine. But they were not similarly informed as to the part taken by Dr. Best.

"To Dr. Banting's mind, there was an injustice in this which was not to be tolerated. The announcement of the award was followed immediately by a telegram to Dr. Best, stating: 'You are with me in my share always.' And to Dr. Joslyn, of the Harvard Medical School, he telegraphed: 'I ascribe to Best an equal share in the discovery of insulin, and I am hurt that he is not acknowledged. I will share with him in it always.' One can have all the more confidence that an investigator is after nothing but the truth in science, when he shows himself unwilling to profit by concealment of the truth in relation to his own credit for discoveries."

Says the Boston *Post:*

"For a fine example of professional generosity and practical appreciation, that is not easy to surpass. Yet it is neither strange nor unusual in the medical world. There is no set of men more keenly regardful of the niceties of their calling than that made up of physicians."

The New York *World* believes that Professor Banting can not complain of any lack of appreciation from his own generation. The Canadian Government has voted him an annuity of $7,500 to enable him to proceed with his experiments. The University of Toronto has granted him a permanent professorship carrying an additional income of $6,000. Even so, he has given the world at the age of thirty much more than it is ever likely to pay him for. The writer goes on:

"His selection for the Nobel Prize marks the second award for medicine to come to this side of the Atlantic, the first being the Carrel award in 1912. Three Nobel peace prizes have come to the United States, and one award in chemistry, but in literature the record of the Americas is blank from the standpoint of the Nobel Foundation."

The Canadian press has not been slow to point out that this award reflects honor on our neighbor to the north. Says *The Manitoba Free Press* (Winnipeg):

"To Canada has come the greatest honor of the year. This is the first time this prize, open to all the world, has come to Canada.

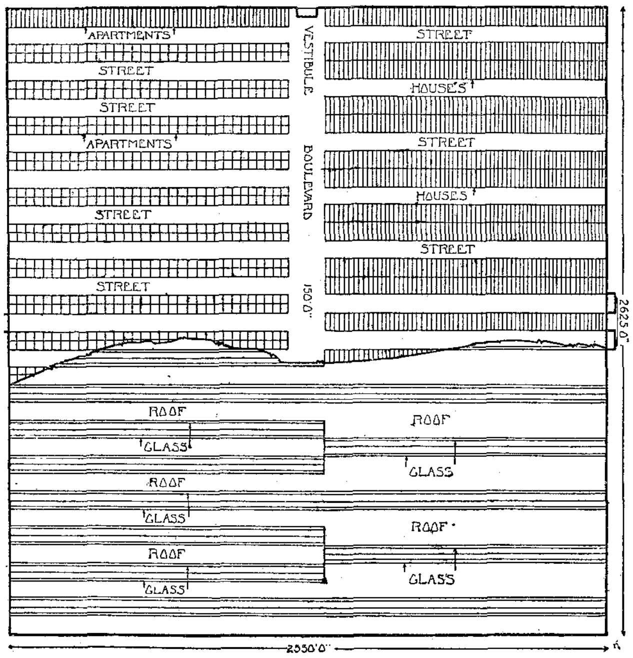
"Canada has shown herself aware of her gifted sons in the recognition which both the Ontario and the Dominion Government has accorded them, and recently Dr. Banting was received by His Majesty. Professor Macleod is a native of Scotland who, like many another of his countrymen, has made his home in Canada. There will be surprize in the country that the name of Dr. Best, hailed by Banting as codiscoverer of insulin, is not mentioned in the honors.

"Dr. Banting, however, is a native son, born on an Ontario farm and reared there. According to the story of his brief career, he is still in his thirties; in environment and education it differs not one whit from that of thousands of others in Canadian homes. In this, as a commentary upon his brilliant achievements, Canada can take pride, for the average Canadian home stands as the primary secret of national power. Dr. Banting is further a product of Canadian schools and university.

"It is a familiar tale now how Dr. Banting has refused offers from universities in the United States, preferring, above monetary advantages, to live in and for his own land."

Says the London (Ont.) *Free Press:*

"This is the first time that a Nobel Prize has come to Canada, and only five times in the various fields in which the awards are made has a citizen of the United States, with all its large population, been so honored. London has particular interest in Dr. Banting as a former member of the staff of the medical school, and it should not be forgotten that it was in the Western University Medical School library that Dr. Banting got his first clue to the discovery that he later worked out in the laboratories at Toronto."



HOW ABOUT LIVING IN A HOT-HOUSE?

This is the ground plan of a half-mile of city, roofed over with glass and heated as a unit. Mr. Samuel R. Lewis thinks that this is the kind of construction we must eventually come to in our cities. The accompanying article explains its advantages.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, writing in the Milwaukee *Telegram*, hails the award as likely "to bring the dawn of a new day and a happier day in science." He bids us note that the great discoverers of the past have received no such recognition, either in material rewards or in fame. He says:

"There has always been a strong sentiment, a deep-rooted prejudice in the medical profession against the patenting of new remedies or discoveries, the feeling being that anything which can directly save human life and lessen human agony should not be exploited for financial profit.

"This is one of the noblest traditions and has proved of priceless value to the community, but often pitifully unfair to the discoverer and research worker. Sometimes the honor and fame of the discovery enabled him to build up a consultation practise or secure a university chair, and enjoy a modest income. Rarely, like Jenner, he may win a grant of $100,000 from Parliament after years of delay and fierce fighting by his friends, while unscrupulous rivals, uncontrolled by any patent, pirated his methods and seriously threatened the spread of vaccination, by their use of impure and infected lymph.

"But too often the pioneer, the priest of pure science, by his very make-up, is lacking in the qualities required to build up lucrative practises or secure influential backing for salaried appointments. Other men with the most flattering and courteous of acknowledgments, use his methods and pocket the fees, while faculties and legislators are sadly blind to his merits.

"To take a modern instance near home, none of the United States Army surgeons who discovered the spread of yellow fever by mosquito bite, and thus enabled us to wipe it off the map of the civilized world, received any financial reward for their priceless services, except a slight advancement in their Army rank and pay. And this came to Carroll only a few months before his death, while Reed had a hospital named after him just before he, too, died, like Carroll, from the after-effects of the infected mosquito bites to which they had voluntarily submitted to test the theory.

"So that we hail the Banting precedent as the dawning of a new and happier day in science, when the community through its representative shall take over and protect new discoveries and advances for the benefit of suffering humanity and secure to the discoverer an honorable and adequate maintenance for himself and his family.

"It will be a very good investment for the community, as for instance, the at least 200,000 diabetics in the United States alone, would each require about sixty doses of insulin a year to keep them in balance and health, which at the very moderate royalty of five cents a dose would yield an income of over half a million dollars a year to its discoverer and patentee.

"It would also be an admirable form of national eugenics, encouraging the perpetuation and dominance of the high-class strain of thoughtful, gifted science researchers, of which Dr. Banting, described by the reporters, on his visit to England to be presented to the King as 'the most modest man that ever came out of Canada,' is such an admirable type."

TO PUT A TOWN UNDER GLASS

A RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF A CITY, a half-mile square, roofed over with glass and heated as a unit, so that perpetual summer would reign within, with the ability to control moisture and temperature, as desired, and with freedom from dust, is proposed by Samuel R. Lewis of Chicago in a paper on "Group Heating of Buildings," printed in *The Journal of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers* (New York). Mr. Lewis is sure that his plan is practicable, and holds out the alluring prospect of a population of 15,000 to 65,000 living in a giant conservatory having a Palm Beach atmosphere and doing away with such annoyances as ashes, radiators, piping, rain on wash-days and innumerable other present-day hardships. We read:

"It has come to be pretty generally admitted that conventional central station heating, as by hot water or steam, can not be done at any less cost to the individual building served than the cost of operating the individual plants. Factors such as space saving, convenience, continuous service and cleanliness, rather than cost, have come to be the selling features of district heating.

"The investment costs of conventional group-heating are enormous, and maintenance and transmission charges are high, since it is hard to keep hot pipes, with their high rates of expansion, properly protected and insulated when buried underground. There has been recently a tremendous readjustment of rates for the central heating service, even when by-product steam was used, and the necessity of such readjustment is proved by the number of plants which have failed financially, or which have been abandoned. The service is so desirable, however, and any one who has had it so hates to give it up that the service company can obtain prices considerably higher than the cost of individual operation.

"Our thought, however, seems to have been given to the generation and transmission of the heat rather than to the buildings in which it was to be used and their ability to conserve it. We have scratched gravel to get more water to fill a leaky bucket, instead of plugging some of the leaks. Buildings as we build them are not very often considered especially from the heat-conserving standpoint. Too often four walls and a roof to keep out the rain are about all that is asked. One of the first things a competent heating-plant designer should do is to exert his influence toward the proper construction of the building.

"All large cities carry a higher general average outside temperature than the country adjacent. The escaping heat from the walls, the heat from the tremendous power expenditures, to say nothing of that from the lights, and the waste products of combustion, all tend to raise the mean temperature of cities several degrees.

"Why not combine the various nondescript buildings in a great permanent highly insulated, well-lighted structure, heating to a comfortable degree the whole neighborhood? If you will think a little of this rather radical scheme, I believe you will be intrigued, as I am, by its possibilities.

"Most rooms in buildings get direct sunshine for a few hours only, each day. If we have a lofty building with properly oriented skylights, we will get a brilliant spray of sunshine over all of its area either in the morning or in the afternoon, and the lighting and health should, so far as sunshine is concerned, be first-class.

"If we build this structure of the highest reasonable grade of construction now commercially possible, we might make the structures within its shelter the lightest of shells, built for privacy only. If the enclosure is lofty, no mechanical ventilation will be required, as the difference in temperature between the enclosure and outdoors will cause a rapid air change. Dust, temperature, humidity and even air motion can be controlled by artificial showers of rain, whenever these are needed, from spray-heads in the roof. Ponds of water may be utilized on the roof for temperature regulation. Substantial reductions in the cost of living can be made by the garden-truck which can be grown on the inner roofs and in the back yards. Any one who wishes cold air may dress for it and pass outside, but under ordinary circumstances people will wear light clothing and should be free from colds, as they suffer no extremes of temperature.

"There are many applications of this idea of neighborhood heating which are so radical as to involve material changes in our accustomed routine of civilization. There are applications, as in housing over a narrow valley, which would be for purposes of comparison unfair on the basis of first cost and maintenance. A circular structure, quite lofty, with heavily insulated outside walls and windows and open to a great central court would be the most economical construction, in all probability, except for the ground-space occupied. It has interesting possibilities, however.

"After much study and several sketches, I worked out as a sample, to satisfy my curiosity, the scheme shown in the plan. The enclosure is approximately one-half mile square, arranged with steel columns 75 feet on centers, with a chimney at each column to care for the venting of kitchens, toilets, garages, and the like. The roof is to be about 100 feet above the ground, and great monitors 150 feet on centers run north and south, having high glass sides, so that the direct sunshine may transverse the entire area at some time every day. The glass will be triple, with cleaning galleries between the sheets, and will be hinged so as to be opened in summer. There will be glass or doors in the side walls at street ends and above the roof lines to permit summer wind action.

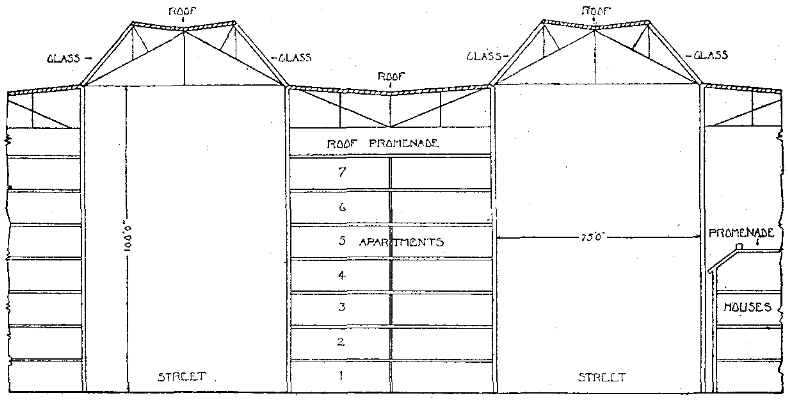
"I have suggested three main streets, entered through vestibules with tight doors. These streets may be boulevarded, with all sorts of vegetation. The buildings will be the same as conventional houses in tropical climates, mere shells built for privacy and not requiring heavy walls or insulating qualities. They should have watertight roof construction because of the frequent artificial showers which will be provided for maintaining the vegetation and for air conditioning. These spray heads will be used also as very efficient fire protection. The buildings need by no means be in straight lines, as I have shown them, but may be curved and diversified, and should be attractive.

"The efficiently insulated roof of the enclosure will shelter the community in summer against the heavy sunshine. Heating and other services may be by pipes run around anywhere among the roof trusses, and no insulation beyond that for 70 degrees will be needed. We may utilize the inner roof spaces for recreation, parks, etc., and for communication in addition to that in the streets. The streets, in truth, might become parks, and all services such as motors and delivery wagons, might be run out of doors on the main roof, with convenient stairs and elevators at strategic centers, or in subways under the houses, these subways having artificial ventilation. Garages may be in the otherwise unneeded basements alongside the subways, or may be outside on the main roof."

Mr. Lewis tells us that he has calculated on nothing which would be impossible of commercial realization at a reasonable price to-day. The structure with its heating would cost, he says, not to exceed $2.50 per square foot of area, or $16,735,000. All work done inside will cost much less than the same outside, because work can be carried on every day, regardless of outside weather conditions. On the apartment basis he expects to get, in the total enclosure, seven stories high, 16,128 flats, having a population of around 65,000. On the basis of homes of two or three stories he could get a total population of around 15,000. He goes on:

"As an apartment proposition such an institution as I have suggested is an economical financial possibility to-day. The owners would save enough in coal alone to create a substantial sinking fund and pay the interest on all that the project would cost beyond conventional structures.

"As a detached residence proposition, each of 2,208 householders would have to pay around $2,100 for the privilege of living in a conservatory, being free from smoke and dust and having no coal or ashes to handle. There are many exclusive residential districts no more beautiful than that now proposed which carry more than $2,100 per lot as arbitrary overhead.



CROSS-SECTION OF A GLASS-ENCLOSED CITY BLOCK

The saving in heat, according to Mr. Samuel R. Lewis, would finance the construction.

"We must always have heated buildings, because through more than half of every year we would suffer, and many of us would die otherwise. Why not meet the issue in an efficient way by housing in great spaces, doing away with little enclosures? What in the world is a detached building but a hollow projection wasting valuable heat? The cañons of streets and alleys between our modern city buildings are exceedingly inefficient and wasteful from every standpoint. If we roof them over with glass we can save the burning of great quantities of coal, thus saving some of the soot and dust. The snow-handling problem of cities will be simplified wonderfully, as the snow can be removed without interference with traffic.

"It may be a few years before my sixteen-million-dollar, half-mile-square project will be floated, but I predict that the roofing over of streets in metropolitan districts will come quickly. The saving in heat will finance the construction."

SHORTHAND BY RADIO.—Acquiring speed in taking shorthand dictation is the latest new use for radio. Already its possibilities are interesting stenographers, public schools and commercial colleges throughout the country, we are assured by the Radio Press Service (New York). A shorthand publication has directed the attention of radio-fan stenographers to the daily—and nightly—opportunity to transcribe in shorthand the material which comes over the radio and thereby improve the accuracy of their work and increase their speed. Hundreds of student stenographers quickly tried it out with good results, we are told; and even larger numbers of shorthand writers who have finished school and taken positions have found it a means to keep up with their shorthand practise. We read:

"'Nobody need get rusty who has a radio,' one stenographer wrote, 'nor fail to get promoted to a better job for lack of practise.'

"The fact that so much of the radio broadcasting is in the evening may make radio a sort of nation-wide night school. One of the advantages of practise in writing the material which comes by radio is the variety of subject matter—sermons, news reports, educational talks, business reports, travelogs, lectures, book reviews—and the many different styles of delivery of radio speakers. And the opportunities are open to shorthand writers in the most secluded hamlet, or on the remotest farm, provided they have satisfactory receiving sets.

"As to the use of radio by public schools and business colleges, the New York City Board of Education recently gave an interesting demonstration. In cooperation with Station WJZ and the Gregg Publishing Company, the board held the world's first radio shorthand contest. Provided with receiving sets, pupils in the shorthand classes in several important high schools took dictation from the radio at 80 words a minute and 100 words a minute. Prizes were awarded to the students who transcribed the dictation most accurately. The Bushwick High School in Brooklyn won first honors in the contest.

"The contest had an important additional result in demonstrating the necessity of good receiving apparatus both for school work of this kind and for good results by outside stenographers utilizing radio for shorthand practise.

"For all such tests and for general use in this new field, reliable apparatus is essential. Not one of the winged words must be missed, and every sound must be clear and undistorted. The blurring of 's' and 'th' would spoil accurate transcription. Stenographers interested in utilizing radio in this way should take special care to have sets with good amplifying transformers so that they get adequate amplification, and amplification without distortion."

WHY BOYS SHUN THE BUILDING TRADES

UNDER THE HEADING, "Why Boys Do Not Enter the Building Trades," the editor of *The Building Age* (Philadelphia) contributes to his paper a statement of the present shortage of men in these trades, with suggestions of how to make the trades more attractive. That young men prefer to go elsewhere seems certain from the results of a questionnaire sent out by his paper. Only one-third of several hundred youths, otherwise promising candidates, would express any interest in going into building. The trouble, we are told, seems to be partly the lack of continuous employment and partly the unpleasant working conditions, which the writer admits are antiquated compared with those in other industrial occupations. Still, young men of the right sort are needed in the building industry, and how to attract them is a subject of considerable concern to contractors. We read:

"We must look the situation squarely in the face. The present shortage of capable building mechanics can be laid directly to the lack of foresight of builders and the older mechanics themselves. We have recently been living in an age where the mechanic was looked down upon—a sort of cog in the industrial wheel. Men were known by numbers instead of by name, working conditions were primitive, comparatively nothing was done to interest young men in the different trades until we were face to face with the present serious condition.

"Young men have been educated away from the different building trades, other callings have been made attractive, so they have comparatively little trouble in filling their ranks.

"As Mr. Horowitz, the head of one of our biggest construction companies, said—the methods in use to-day in building construction are still primitive—most contractors expect men to work under conditions that do not exist in the worst of so-called sweat-shop factories.

"Why do not more young men take to some building trades? The work is healthful, outdoor labor, where skill and nerve are often required; it is the sort of work that should appeal to red-blooded American young men of good physique. One can have thrills enough, and to see a structure grow under you is interesting work—one is creating something.

"The pay is good. There are many callings that pay less and that are in many ways less attractive; some are more dangerous, yet they do not have the trouble the building trades have in getting men. What is the answer? Let some of the young men speak.

"By personal interview and questionnaire, *Building Age* obtained the first-hand, frank expressions of several hundred American young men, not now employed in a building trade. These were men whose ages were principally between 20 and 26, the most desirable ages for building recruits. Note that word—it sounds better than 'apprentice,' or just indefinite 'No. 142,' etc. Their average pay was $28.74 per week.

"Now 33 per cent. of these young men thought they would like to enter some one of the building trades, 58 per cent. had no interest, and 9 per cent. were doubtful.

"Of the young men that thought about trying some of the building trades, certain preferences were made as follows:

Bricklayers	25%
Electricians	21%
Carpenters	20%
Tile-layers	11%
Plumbers	8%
Painters	5%
Plasterers	5%
Ironworkers	3%
Stone-cutters	2%
	100%

"Perhaps, in another crowd of young men, the percentages would vary, but here is what was in the minds of a representative 'bunch.' The amount of pay is not the only thing that appeals—plastering looks a little unpopular, despite being one of the highest paid trades.

"Now comes the subject of preferring a 'white-collar' job. These questions were asked of men principally in that sort of job, and yet only 25 per cent. of them said that they objected to going to or from work in dirty clothes!

"And there we were thinking that our young men were looking down on any sort of a job where they could not be all drest up. *The reasons must be somewhere else.* Here are some of the drawbacks that 143 had for not entering some building trade:

"29 said no advancement seemed probable.

"23 did not like the men they would associate with.

"21 had no interest in building.

"17 were not mechanically inclined.

"16 objected because the work was too dirty.

"14 families objected to their working at a trade.

"12 would rather do office work.

"11 preferred to work inside.

"The greatest drawback that these young men see in working at a building trade, however, is that the jobs are not steady enough and that outside of the bigger cities, it is not possible to find steady work the year round.

"To our questions of what is the greatest objection to working at a building trade, many answers were given. Here are a few terse ones showing just how the young men are thinking:

"After you once learn the main points of your trade, it gives no opportunity for developing your mind further.

"Unions ruled by wrong men and in hands of radical element.

"Uncertainty of steady job and insufficient work the year round.

"I would not work at a job where I had to belong to a union.

"What brain-power is required to lay brick or spread plaster?

"I prefer something better for a life work. I aim to climb, not to stay in one place with a set salary.

"Laid off when job is finished. Work only lasts about eight months a year.

"Here are some facts and we publish them for what they disclose. It seems essential that a 12-months year be established in the building trades.

"It will take some careful planning of work to bring this about. Builders must also educate the public so they know in just what seasons a certain kind of work is or is not permissible for the best interests of all.

"Young men should be encouraged to enter the building trades—no construction job should go up without at least one recruit at work in each trade.

"Provide safe working conditions for the men—carrying compensation insurance won't stop the pain an injured workman suffers.

"Provide a decent work-house with lockers where a fellow can keep his good clothes while he is on the job in comfortable work-clothes.

"Let the locker-room be kept clean and provided with drinking-water, wash-basins, soap, towels, and a mirror. Don't forget to have a first-aid outfit.

"Some of the primitive arrangements at certain building operations would disgust an aborigine; then why think that a twentieth-century American will submit, while in other occupations he works under better conditions!

"It seems that builders have—unconsciously, however—driven the young men away from the building trades. Now the big job is to get them back. Sensible cooperation of contractors, workers and public will do wonders."

FISH THAT DESTROY YELLOW FEVER

YELLOW FEVER has been effectively controlled by breeding fish that feed on the larvæ of the mosquitoes that disseminate the disease. Prof. C. H. Eigenmann of Indiana University, writing in *The American Naturalist* (New York), tells us that considerable interest has developed in Ecuador and Peru in this form of prevention. Any means that will suppress mosquitoes will suppress fevers, he goes on. There are three ways to eradicate mosquitoes. First, their breeding-places may be abolished, which is easier said than done. A swamp may be drained, but a tomato-can or two left exposed to rain is sufficient to interest a whole neighborhood. Considerable energy has been spent draining swamps to get rid of the breeding-places of mosquitoes. Second, the surface of all standing water may be oiled. This was the classic means employed in Panama. The third method is the utilization of fish. Says Professor Eigenmann:

"It has been known for years that some fishes make away with some mosquito larvæ. Probably most young fishes eat mosquito larvæ. Some fishes are more effective mosquito larva-eaters than others. It is current belief that the 'millions' of Barbados (also native in Trinidad and along the lowlands of the Guianas) have kept yellow fever out of Trinidad.

"In North America *Gambusia* plays the principal rôle as a mosquito eradicator, and extensive plans are carried out by S. F. Hildebrand of the Bureau of Fisheries to distribute *Gambusias* to places where they are most needed and where they will do the most good.

"Within the last few years, experiments were made near the coast of Ecuador and Peru to find mosquito-eaters among the native fishes.

"To serve as an ideal yellow-fever mosquito-larva eater, the fish must not only eat larvæ, but it also must be able to live under the conditions in which yellow-fever mosquitoes breed. Yellow-fever mosquitoes live about and in the houses of man. They breed in the various water jars, cans and barrels in which drinking-water is stored.

"The fishes, therefore, must thrive in standing water. 'Millions' were imported for the larger containers in Guayaquil, and the following three native fishes, named in the order of their importance, were found to best serve the purpose of removing mosquitoes from houses.

"1. The most important is 'life' (*Pygidium*), a small catfish belonging to a South American family of about 100 species. They are found in all of the mountains of South America, from the edge of Panama, at least to Puerto Montt in Chile. They have been caught from sea-level all the way to 12,000 feet and more. They are hardy mountaineers lying at the bottom of torrents in daytime, coming to the surface at night to feed.

"The map shows the general distribution of members of the genus *Pygidium*. I found a few about the cataracts in British Guiana and have put a hypothetical island, covering the highlands of the Guianas in the *Pygidium*-free lowlands. Similarly, a minute species has been recorded in the Amazon, and it is possible that they are found throughout the Amazon Valley.

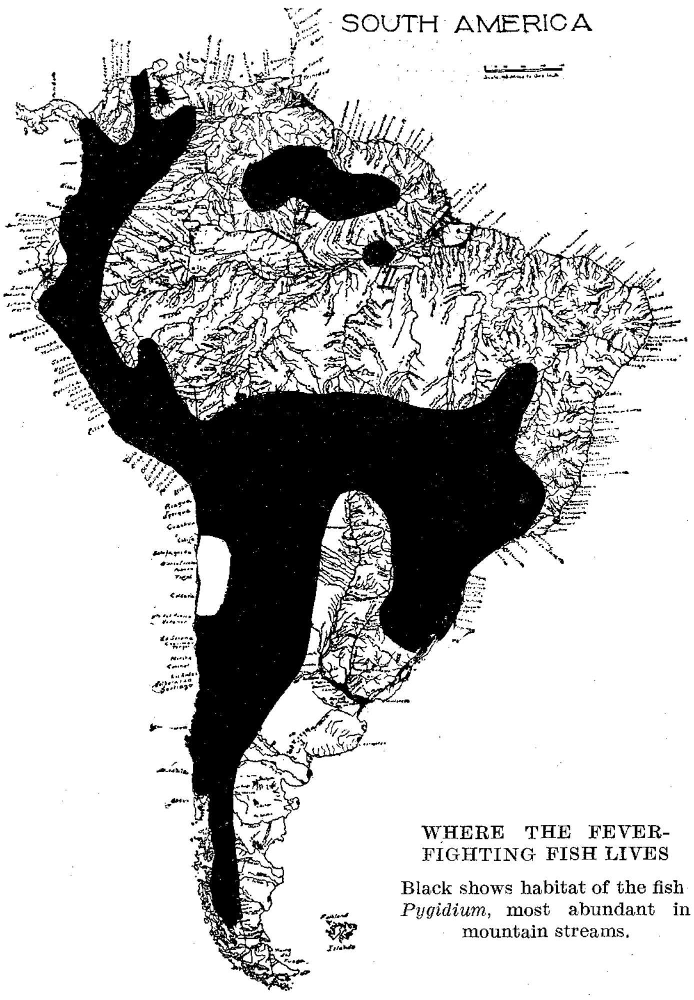
"Without doubt their most extensive habitat is along the slopes of the Andes and in southeastern Brazil. Actually no *Pygidium* has been recorded south of Puerto Montt, where they are still found in great abundance.

"Eight hundred thousand of 'lifes,' distributed to all of the water-jars in the infected regions by Dr. H. Hanson, suppress the last yellow-fever epidemic in Peru.

"2. *Liza de agua dulce* of Lima and *Huaija* of Guayaquil are different names for the same fish—*Lebiasina bimaculata*. This is a very active fish. It was independently discovered to be a larva-eater by Dr. W. Pareja in Ecuador, and by H. Hanson in Peru.

"I have taken it from sea-level to over 7,000 feet, extending over more than the entire vertical range of yellow fever. Horizontally it occurs in all favorable places on the Pacific side between central Peru and central Ecuador. Related species are found between Guayaquil and Panama, and species of a related genus are found on the Atlantic slope. In the restaurants at Lima this species is used as an ornamental aquarium fish. Its drawback is its tendency to jump out of the containers.

"3. The *Chalacos*. This is a fish reaching over a foot in length and is found in tide pools and near the mouths of rivers from north Central Peru to California. It has a 'double' along the West Indian-Atlantic shores, and naturalists have veered from the opinion that the fishes on the two sides of Panama are identical to the notion that they are different. Certainly they are divergent forms of the same thing, and the young of both sides ought to be available in mosquito work. Small specimens are said to do the work well, but do not survive the conditions as well as *Lebiasina* or *Pygidium*."



WHERE THE FEVER-FIGHTING FISH LIVES

Black shows habitat of the fish *Pygidium*, most abundant in mountain streams.

WHY WINTER KILLS THE PLAGUE—Plague languishes in cold weather, probably because cold weakens and kills the fleas that transmit it, says *The Nation's Health* (Chicago):

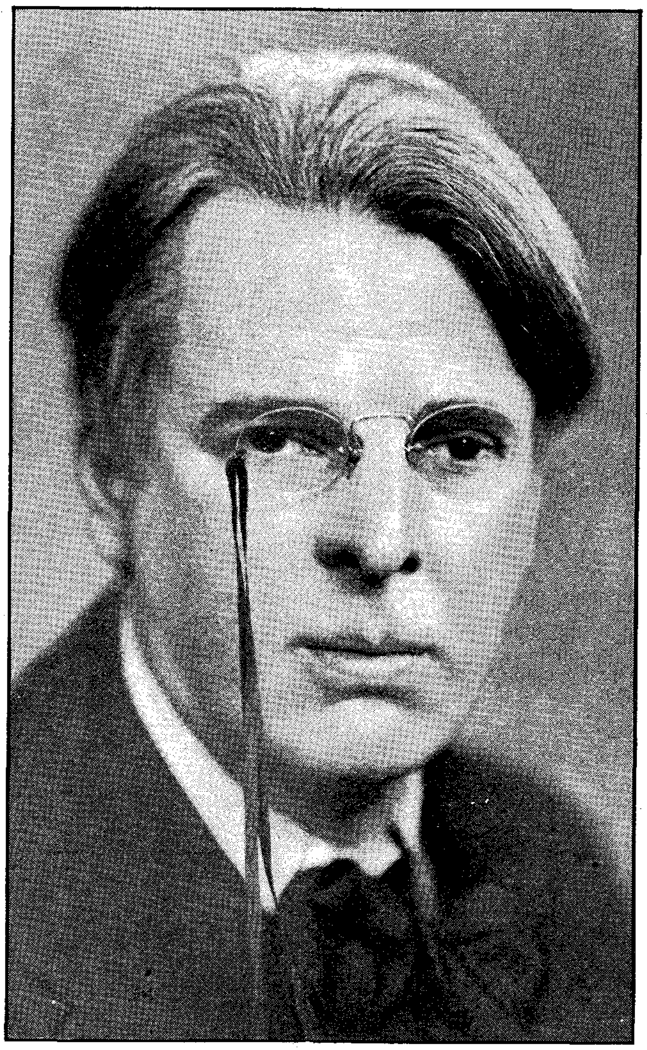
"The generally higher incidence of bubonic plague in warm climates has long been obvious, but it has remained for Robertson to collect statistical data on the temperature factor in governing the spread of this disease and to suggest a plausible explanation. Robertson's figures indicate that plague of the bubonic type is roughly limited to a zone girdling the globe between the thirty-fifth parallels of north and south latitude. Of a series of nine million plague cases reported during a quarter of a century, 99.8 per cent. have been from areas with mean midwinter temperatures of 56 degrees F. and over. If we exclude India, out of two hundred thousand odd cases 94.7 per cent. have occurred in areas with a mean midwinter temperature of over 56 degrees, 4.5 per cent. in areas with a mean midwinter temperature of 46 to 55 degrees, and only 0.1 per cent. in cities with a mean midwinter temperature below 35 degrees. The explanation of these phenomena suggested by the author is the possibility that the rat flea is highly sensitive to low temperature, and that in cold climates the fleas diminish in winter to such small numbers as to be unable to keep up the transfer of plague virus, so that the virus itself will shortly perish in its turn."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

WHY YEATS IS A NOBEL PRIZE MAN

PROBING THE "NOBEL" MIND becomes an annual diversion. When the prize is awarded, especially for literature, there are always question and analysis, even where there isn't distinct disapproval. W. B. Yeats is the recipient for 1923, and he is looked at, by our press at least, in almost all other sorts of ways than as a creator of idealistic literature such as the prize is supposed to crown. As we talk about him over here he gets the prize, "as not merely Yeats the author," says the New York *Evening Post*, "but Yeats as the foremost literary figure of the New Irish nation," and *The Post* bolsters this view by recalling that "the Nobel directors have always shown a disposition to recognize representatives of literary nationalism." The Washington *Post* concurs in the view so far as to see the award as "outside recognition of the separate nationality of the Irish Free State," of which he now figures as a Senator. There are more commentators to say, like the Providence *Journal*, that the award has "also crowned with recognition an extraordinary literary movement." It is variously called the Celtic Renaissance, and of this Mr. Yeats is the acknowledged head. "There was never any doubt that the movement stimulated literary thought and the cultivation of letters in Ireland—in Dublin at least—to a marked degree." As to the justness of the term, *The Journal* observes:



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POET, SENATOR AND NOBEL PRIZE MAN

He was the central figure of the Irish literary Renaissance

"Whether a Renaissance is the product of an accident of time, to be identified only after the fact, or may be a consciously evolved movement, was the debated point. Some critics profest to see in the name an attempt to dignify Irish letters to an unwarranted degree: but that attitude hardly gained wide sympathy.

"Mr. Yeats as the central figure of the Renaissance was an ardent and stimulating leader. It was due to his enthusiasm that the Celtic movement crystallized into a fact. It was his confidence and his encouragement that found fruit in the splendid work of the melancholy Synge and the fanciful Stephens. Moore did not escape his influence, and Ervine has admitted his debt to him. But Yeats as an individual towers above his contemporaries, and in his fifty-eighth year has achieved the material substances of immortality."

The New York *World* views the prize as a sort of melancholy benediction, with a kind of doubt as to the purpose of the donors:

"Prizes in literature are likely to come a bit late to encourage the impulse to creative activity. It is just that William Butler Yeats should receive the Nobel Prize in literature, yet the movement he founded and which flowered under his guidance has largely disintegrated. He himself has written his best verse. Synge is dead. 'A. E.' is a minor figure. Lady Gregory may write no more such joyous farces as 'The Workhouse War.' Padraic Colum is a wanderer, gradually going over to the gift-book trade. Other bright apprentices in the Abbey Theater of Dublin have disappeared into the mist or become famous on their own account, like St. John Ervine, in America and England—a process which seems to lessen them artistically while adding to their gains.

"The time when a Nobel Prize was really needed by Mr. Yeats was when the Abbey Theater was founded, when Synge was being coaxed to write for it, when money was as scarce for the whole group as were the faces in the first-night audiences for such dramatic fare as 'On Baile's Strand.'

"At that time the Nobel committee had not heard of Yeats. Few had, outside Ireland. Yet it is for what he accomplished during those years of struggle that the committee now grants him the award. No doubt it will put hope in the breasts of other youngsters battling to found a literary tradition. And no doubt some youngster so struggling in 1923 will in 1943 receive the prize which this year goes to Yeats."

A comment in the New York *Evening Mail* presents the view that Yeats could not be regarded as a promoter of the spirit of nationalism; but—

"To him belongs the credit of having launched the Irish dramatic movement which has had so much influence, through the works of Synge and others, in developing the theater of ideas and beauty in countries far removed from Ireland. That achievement undoubtedly had its weight with the Nobel committee.

"Yeats, in his young days, was an earnest Nationalist. But during most of his ripened years he was so intensely devoted to the religion of beauty that he frequently came into conflict with the hard-willed men who were endeavoring to rid *Cathleen Ni Hoolihan* of her shackles. It was one of those conflicts that drew from him the bitter poem in which occur these lines:

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave

"Never did poet show less claim to be considered *vates!* It was not many months after he wrote this gibe against the young Sinn Feiners until, on republishing the poem, he was forced to append a footnote in which he said: 'When I wrote this, I did not foresee Easter, 1916,' or words to that effect. He was so much out of touch with his countrymen that he knew nothing of the young generation ready to give up their lives in the cause of freedom. A less nationally minded man would have withdrawn the offending poem forever so far as he could do so. But Yeats has not withdrawn it.

"The Irish Free State has honored the poet, however, by choosing him as a member of the Senate. His presence there certainly lends added intellectual brilliance to the young as embly. But tho Yeats sits in Ireland's Senate by the side of men who risked their lives for Irish freedom, he is never likely to have that place in Ireland's heart with those lesser poets, 'Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,' for which he once yearned in the gallant days of his youth.

"Yeats will probably be remembered in Ireland as the best poet of her decadence. And as long as men and women love wistful beauty, he will be read. Better than any history, his work will reveal to future generations the spiritual tendency of a period in which the subtle poison of vaguely heroic memories and beliefs almost drugged Ireland to death."

Then we come to the Boston *Transcript*, which is willing to see Mr. Yeats as a poet, and rewarded as such:

"The whole English-speaking world has long been under the gentle thrall of his lyrics. Nor is he a national figure in any narrow sense, for tho born in Dublin in 1865, he has lived most of his life, and now lives, in London, and through the long residence of his father, J. B. Yeats, in New York, he has come into sympathetic touch with America. He certainly has the Celtic feeling through and through, and his poems and plays are characteristically and intrinsically Irish. One feels a lot of the Irish local pride, and hears the melody of the Irish names, in a stanza like this, which is the opening one of his 'Fiddler of Dooney':

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like the waves of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
  My brother in Moharabuiee.

"And as for 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'—well, there is nothing like it for sentiment, for graphic suggestion, and for haunting melody. It has often been republished, but can hardly be published too often:

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
  And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
  And live alone in the bee-loud glen.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
  Dropping from the veils of morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a gleaming, and morn a purple glow,
  And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
  I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
  I hear it in the deep heart's core.

"It is in the deep heart's core that the Irish poetry rings and the Irish music sounds. Even when, in the songs of Thomas Moore, the Irish poetic genius adopted a purely English expression, it developed that quality that appeals to the heart. With Yeats, with Russell, with Katherine Tynan, and with many other Irish poets who have adopted wholly the Celtic sentiment without abandoning the English language, it has risen to an infinitely higher note, and the plays of Yeats, in a less measure than those of J. M. Synge, have proved that the simple humor and the cabin tragedies of the Irish people possess a sufficient content of emotion to fill the heart of the world. The movement has reacted in a noble inspiration to the poets of England and of America. What will happen if, under the influence of national autonomy, the singers of Ireland now adopt the Gaelic tongue in place of the English? It will remove them somewhat further away from the sympathy of the English-speaking world, for poetry is seldom great in translation, and few outside of Ireland will ever know the Irish tongue. But nothing great is ever quite lost, and perhaps the Irish poets will always be willing to give us English versions of their best."

A passage from H. W. Nevinson's recently published reminiscences, called "Changes and Chances," gives a sketch of the personal appearance of the poet when young:

"Tall, thin, rather stooping; with long, straight-topped head, quite black; drest in blue-black, with a huge black bow for tie; 'to match my hair and my boots,' as he once answered to a question why; rather narrow face, with eyes rather close, and the left eye looking a little outward; clean-shaved, showing blue-black to match his suit; very much the poet all through his nature; talked well and incessantly, moving his hands a good deal and sometimes falling into a natural chant; says 'D'y' see?' to every sentence; talked chiefly of himself, his spiritual experiences, trances, visions and apparitions; sometimes, he said, the spirit forbids him to say what is in his mind, and then his tongue becomes like a stone; calls himself a Cabalist, but a skeptic, too; is as good a typical young poet as could come out of Ireland; has laughter, too, especially in gossip about other men. Later at night I met him in the street and talked Irish politics (he pays no attention to any other) up and down the roads till late."

The Evening Telegram (New York), which calls him "a lyrical poet of high distinction," speaks thus of his later career:

"Honors have come easily to Mr. Yeats of late. He is not only a Senator of the Free State, but Minister of the Fine Arts in the Dublin Cabinet. He begged to be excused when Mr. Lloyd George, on the suggestion of the Earl of Balfour, and with the express approval of the King, wanted to make him a knight a few years ago. Trinity College, Dublin, made him a doctor of literature the other day, having decided to forgive his occasional sharp criticism of that venerable institution. . . .

"No doubt the boys in the famous Dublin High School got a holiday when the news arrived, for it was there that Professor J. B. Bury, now regius professor of modern history at Cambridge University, subjected Mr. Yeats to much pain by insisting on his learning the Greek irregular verbs when he would have preferred to 'waste his time' on English verse."

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN AMERICAN NOBEL PRIZE MAN

ACHIEVEMENTS IN CHEMISTRY, physics and peacemaking have brought the Nobel prize to Americans; but our literature has not yet been thought worthy of this world reward. The fierce light that beats on literature must have made our products known abroad, for it is pointed out that even here Yeats, the Irish poet, is better known than Millikan, the American, who got the prize in physics for isolating and measuring the ion. Or is it that we are too timid about our diserts? As the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* points out, no nominations of Americans have ever been made. "The commission does not seek out candidates. It chooses among those suggested by representative groups." Whereupon the claims of our likely candidates are canvassed:

"If Booth Tarkington should be proposed for the honor next year, and should receive it, tens of thousands of Americans would be gratified to find their own judgment confirmed by a foreign court. Others would insist that if the award were to go to a novelist Edith Wharton is more deserving of it than Tarkington. If we look among the dramatists we shall find that Eugene O'Neill has a large following, and yet O'Neill is not a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Augustus Thomas and William Gillette, of our dramatists, have that distinction. Booth Tarkington is a member of the Academy, and Mrs. Wharton is not. Edwin Arlington Robinson is regarded by some critics as probably our greatest living poet, but George Edward Woodberry, Robert Underwood Johnson and Henry van Dyke are members of the Academy, and Robinson is not. Yet Amy Lowell and Vachel Lindsay are probably more widely read than Robinson. And Edgar Lee Masters's 'Spoon River Anthology' is probably better known than anything that any of these poets has written, and besides being well known it is pretty good poetry.

"If we had an essayist to-day as original as Emerson, or a historian the equal of Bancroft, or a novelist to be compared with Hawthorne, or a poet with the vitality of Walt Whitman, we might hope that one or the other of them would be admitted to the distinguished company of holders of the prize for literature. The admirers of our contemporary men and women of letters may console themselves, however, with the thought that neither Joseph Conrad nor Thomas Hardy has yet received the Nobel award."

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CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S LITERARY PROPHET

A MODERN WALTER SCOTT—with a difference—seems to be the celebrated patriot-author of Czecho-Slovakia Alois Jirasek (pronounced Yirâsek). Scott put Scotland, especially its kings, and nobles and upper classes into romance. Jirasek deals with the heroic deeds of his country, but it is the people of this land that figure as protagonist, tho he is not lacking in the vivid depiction of kings and nobles, zealots and martyrs.

Jirasek is notable not only in the field of letters, but as a publicist and patriot. During the Great War he was in the forefront of those who upheld the cause of liberty and independence for his native land. In a brief sketch of his life and work in the *Revue Bleue* (Paris), H. Jelinek writes of him as follows:

"While on the plains of Russia the Czecho-Slovakian soldiers, taught by his romances, thronged to the red-and-white standard and surrounded Masaryk, in order to achieve their incredible and heroic anabasis from Siberia, the old master was the first to sign that manifesto addrest by men of letters to the wavering men of politics, and on April 13, 1918, in an unforgetable manifestation he raised his hand in the name of the nation to swear fidelity to the ideal of liberty. It was to him that General Gaïda dedicated his Memoirs of the immortal campaign of the Czecho-Slovakian legions in Siberia. It was by his mouth that the Czech writers welcomed President Masaryk, on the day when the great exile reentered the free capital of an independent Republic. A member of the National Legislative Assembly, he was elected a Senator from Prague at the first election and nominated a doctor *honoris causa* of the University of Prague and a citizen of nearly all the Czech cities of the Republic. His bust is placed in the foyer of the National Theater, and the seventieth anniversary of his birth was celebrated as a national fête."

ALOIS JIRASEK

Who depicts in his romances Czecho-Slovakia's early struggles for liberty.

Jirasek was born August 23, 1852, at Hronov, a small city in northeastern Bohemia, in humble circumstances. He studied history and literature at the University of Prague, and accepted a professorship of history at the college of Litomysl. This little provincial city, where he passed fourteen years, inspired his first stories. Leaving here for a chair at the University of Prague, he continued to combine writing and teaching for thirty years, at the end of which time he retired from his professorship in order to devote himself entirely to literature. His first stories show the romantic influence exerted upon him by such authors as Scott and Mickiewicz, but he gradually came to feel that it was the nation as a whole which deserved to be the subject of his pen. Apropos of this, Mr. Jelinek writes:

"But it was not without difficulty that Jirasek arrived at his new conception of the romantic novel. Allured by the grandeur of the Hussite period, during which the little Czech nation resisted so heroically, not only the emperor and the Pope, but all Europe, he wrote the romance 'A Glorious Day'—this is merely a first sketch of the work which he composed fifteen years later, 'Against All,' which is an apotheosis of Hussite heroism."

The most important work of Jirasek's earlier period was called "The Dog Heads," in which he described the desperate struggle of the tribe of the Hhodes to maintain their liberty after the battle of the White Mountain. But more and more the heroic period of the struggle made by the great reformer and religious zealot, John Huss, and his devoted followers, appealed to his imagination. In his trilogy, "Amidst the Currents," he depicted the troubled period which preceded, and gave rise, to the Hussite movement, and in the following novel, "Against All," he portrayed the conflagration itself, when the little nation, outraged by the torturing of John Huss, rose as one man and rushed to arms. Later works describe the decadence of the movement. Mr. Jelinek continues:

"After having celebrated in this series of Hussite romances the warlike heroism of the nation, Jirasek turned to the portrayal of another sort of heroism, one of abnegation, of sacrifice, of labor, and of devotion to the national ideals. In the five great volumes of his great 'F. L. Vek.' he has erected a monument to those obscure workmen who achieved the miracle of Czech Renaissance at the dawn of the nineteenth century—to those almost anonymous heroes, who succeeded in reawakening the conscience of a country stupefied by two centuries of oppression and of Germanization. This vast composition groups around a protagonist, a humble patriot, a throng of personages, and reconstitutes with amazing historical fidelity the entire life of Prague at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. . . .

"It was not until 1915 that he gave us in the romance called 'The Shadows,' a magnificent picture of tortured Bohemia, plunged into lethargic slumber and delivered over without defense to the fanaticism of the Hapsburgs and their Jesuit acolytes. Never were the labors of the historian and those of the artist fused into so perfect an ensemble. This masterly composition, which embraces the life of the country under its every aspect, is alone sufficient to insure the immortality of the author, in the poignance of its romantic psychological and idealogical interest. The most savage critic must bow his head in reverence before this profoundly human work, which together with 'Salammbo' and 'War and Peace' forms a new type of historical romance.

"This book, which appeared early in the war is said to have been looked upon as a sort of Bible by the Czechs, from which they drew comfort during those anguished days, when their fate hung in the balance—when none knew whether the longed-for freedom or renewed bondage was to be the outcome of the war. Another book by Jirasek, entitled 'The Hussite King,' was banned by the Austrian censorship during the war."

A brief passage from one of his books is well "calculated to influence the hereditary rancor of the Czechs against the Hungarians":

"The old Blajeyi leaped upon his horse and galloped toward the great gate of the city. It was against this gate that the enemy directed his main attack. How many stones they had already launched against it! And especially to-day what an avalanche. . .

"But what was happening? The soldiers were picking up these stones. . . . They lifted them—they looked at them—they showed them to each other—and now two men were coming to meet him— But what were they carrying? They seemed absolutely beside themselves— And they were signalling to him—they were calling upon him while still far away. They approach, they come up to him. One of them cries out: 'See what they are firing at us'! and he shows him ahead freshly cut off and still dripping with blood—and this head has been defaced and disfigured by the violence of the shock. The second head, which the other soldier holds by its hair, is likewise unrecognizable, too! For a moment Blajeyi is unable to speak. He has grown white on the field of war, he has fought against the Turks themselves, but never, never, has he seen such a thing as this—human heads used as projectiles!"

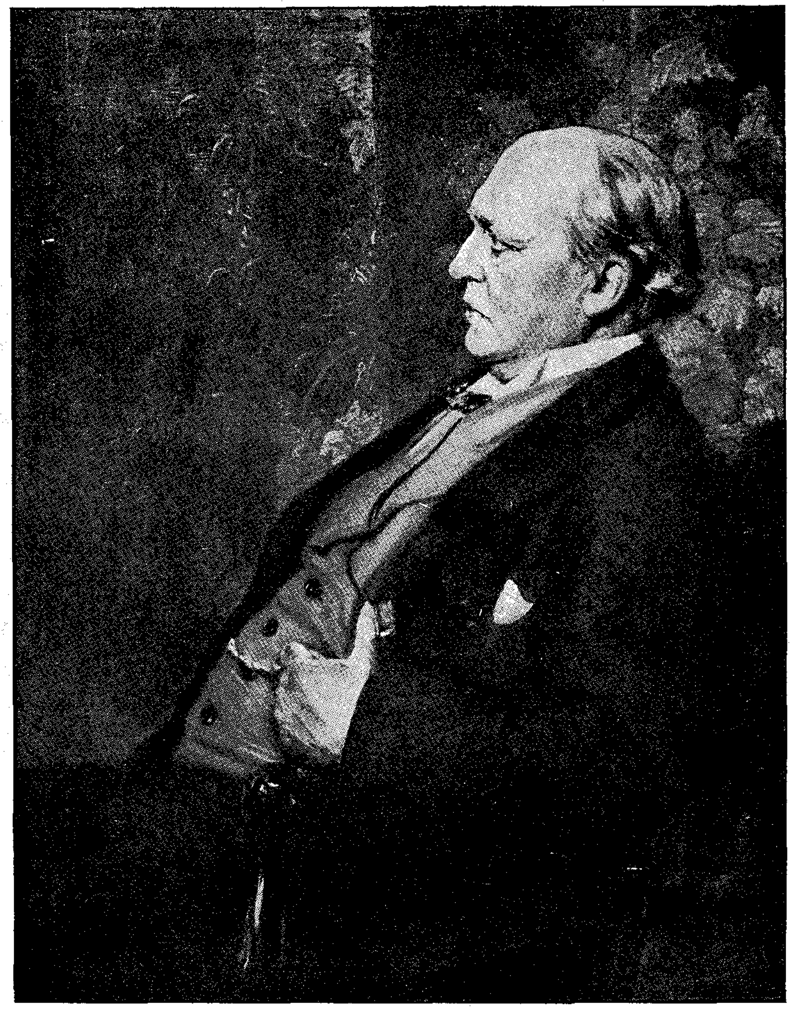
HENRY JAMES, VIEWED BY HIS PORTRAIT PAINTER

FOR AN ARTIST TO COMPETE with himself in another medium is an unusual proceeding. Jacques Blanche, the French portrait painter, some years ago painted the portrait of Henry James, and now he essays the same task with the pen, and the results are a competition in esthetics. Perhaps it would be juster to say that Monsieur Blanche's sketch in the *Revue Europeenne* (Paris) is an interpretation of the portrait that hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London, presented to the British nation by a group of James admirers, who commissioned the French artist to paint it. Monsieur Blanche tells us of his friendship with the American author, and of a dinner with him and Bernard Berensen, the art critic. When James recalled his childhood impressions of the Place Vendôme, as a very young traveler, on his first visit to the Old World, we read:

> "His peculiarly personal art had been shaped gradually in the capitals of Europe: Paris, Geneva, Rome and London. When he returned to America—Albany, then New York or Newport—it was only from motives of filial duty. A great masterpiece of civilization was Henry James, and a European, altho he remains for us the incarnation and chief type of the cultivated American.
>
> "I dined with him in 1898 at the home of a member of the Jockey Club who had married into the old French aristocracy. I had read most of James's books, which charmed me, and had seen him several years before in London or Rome, surrounded by the women who admired him. He was a kind of drawing-room idol, who would make a long journey to pay a visit to some Austrian or Hungarian magnate on his way from England to Capri—one of the idle who are frightfully busy and sometimes wearier and more pensive than if they had to earn their living with their own hands.
>
> "At the table I can see him still turning his admirable head toward his neighbor, at the left or right as the talk demanded. His face was planned well, with clear-cut features, in spite of the *embonpoint* already threatening the excellent bones. His hair, grizzling already, a little long and silky, was in fine tone with the dull pallor of his face, in which sparkled abnormally acute eyes, a little almond-shaped. His finely drawn, ironic and ascetic mouth smiled beneath a nose aquiline as in a Roman medallion.
>
> "He had a Cæsar's forehead, with arched brows, and a play of expression as mobile as any Neapolitan's. James was like Lecompte de Lisle, a Jupiter with a monocle, or a Roman monsignor."

"Henry James," M. Blanche goes on to say with the clear-sightedness of kindred feeling, for he is himself an Anglophile, "found his ideal in the English gentleman, the descendant of Sir Roger de Coverley." Moreover:

> "He was a rare observer of the *grand monde*. Most of his characters are like mutes passing on a stage so conventional that James finds it difficult to discern beneath their monosyllabic vocabulary and their Anglo-Saxon reserve the complex and delicate souls and burning passions he needs for his plots. Besides all this, James was a witty epicurean. When his brother William asked him if his latest novel was at last the kind he himself would care for, Henry replied: 'I hope not—no more than the others were!' 'Dear, dear William,' he exclaimed as he told me the anecdote, 'he is so unbelievably, so supremely, so superhumanly and magnificently serene, let him float in the transcendental regions of thought! Poor, poor miserable human beings as we are, attached to matter!' And then James rose and with his plump hands like Renan punctuating his phrases, took leave of me. 'Well, *mon ami*, I am afraid I have chattered a lot—a wretched model—but thanks for your admirable patience while you were putting my decadent features on the canvas! Writing, writing—how much more direct your art is than ours!' James was then revising his earlier novels for the definitive edition. He was a severe critic of his own work; austere, a monk of letters, as anxious for perfection as Flaubert. His numerous friendships, I came to know as I painted him, were kept up much as an old English lady takes care of her flowers, protects them in all weathers and makes a carnation from a primrose."



HENRY JAMES AS A "PRIME MINISTER"

"I felt that it would not have been disagreeable to him," says J. Blanche, the painter of this portrait, "to be shown as a Gladstone or prime minister."

Blanche's first portrait did not please H. J., and, indeed, it did not satisfy the painter. But James proved a tractable sitter.

> "He did not tell me as a great sculptor did: 'I want to be painted in the sublime manner,' but I felt that it would not have been disagreeable to him to be shown as a Gladstone or prime minister. My second portrait represented him as poet laureate with a meditative expression, his profile as if from an antique medal detached on a William Morris paper with vines and grapes worthy of a study of an Oxford don. His moral self also shone from the picture—he had become his own ideal, the paragon of civilization, the English gentleman, politician, man of letters, the spoilt darling and happy, gracious, eternally young man of the world, such as Lord Balfour is still."

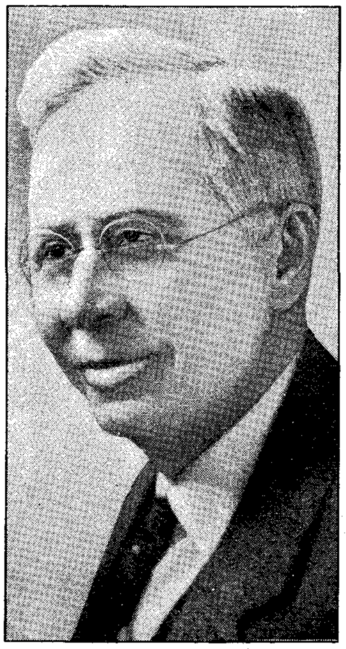
Monsieur Blanche understood when he went with Henry James to the Reform Club what James might have been if born an Englishman. For—

> "He was not an Oxonian or a public-school boy. The sacred cricket, *The Times* and the church-army-and-navy mentality could never be his as an American perfectly faithful to his country. His relative isolation in his adopted country permitted him, however, to concentrate on his work as a writer even amidst the press of his social engagements. His ease and wit came back to him when he was with Edmund Gosse, Sturgis or Edith Wharton. 'Edith, dear, dear, admirable Edith!' James used to say."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

SEPARATING PIETY AND POLITICS

SOLID RELIGION, unadulterated with legalism, is what a Detroit layman wants from the pulpit, and failing to get it, he asserts, he has resigned from the Methodist Church, of which he had been an active member for forty-five years. This decision on the part of Horatio S. Earle, former State Senator, one-time State Highway Commissioner, and once a candidate for Governor of Michigan, has created a discussion that is echoed from Massachusetts to Oregon. The question, whether the pulpit should engage in discussing politics, economics, and sociological subjects, is recurrent. In Detroit, according to press reports, the majority of the clergy differ strongly from Mr. Earle, tho he asserts that "one hundred good Christian gentlemen would be glad to contribute $1,000 each toward a church for the preaching of the Gospel and the exclusion of politics." The church Mr. Earle has in mind "would be a church in which you would be scolded every Sunday for being bad, and praised for being good, and in which no propaganda of the Anti-Saloon League or any other organization would be disseminated. There would be no P. T. Barnum stuff, no preaching to the newspapers, such as is indulged in by certain of the clergymen of the city." In his letter of resignation to his pastor, Mr. Earle writes, as we quote it from press accounts, that "we need a great country-wide revival, with the pastors of all Christian churches in the pews, and the lay members who believe in the doctrine of Jesus Christ in the pulpits, preaching repentance, forgiveness, brotherly love, and so forth. Instead of driving the people away with politics and subscription blanks for the Anti-Saloon League, give them the Gospel, as did the business man—St. Paul." An Episcopalian minister is said to have offered to preach in a church of the sort outlined, and Mr. Earle, we are told, has received letters from various cities advocating a general movement to forward the "Church-free-from-State" idea.



NO POLITICS IN THE CHURCH

Says Horatio S. Earle, who would hear only the Gospel from the pulpit.

The Church is not a political forum, says the Rev. Charles R. Scafe, a Detroit Presbyterian pastor in sympathy with Mr. Earle's views. In a statement to the Detroit *News* he says that "the world is disappointed, and has a right to be, when the pulpit departs from the preaching of the Bible as the Word of God and Jesus Christ as the needed and all-sufficient Savior of mankind. Politics will never regenerate a soul." The Church's business, says the Rev. E. C. Fackler, an Evangelical Lutheran pastor of Detroit, is evangelization. "It is refreshing to see that some people are getting the vision of the real function of the Church." However, the majority of clerical opinion in Detroit is said to agree with the opposing view, as set forth by Dr. M. C. Pearson, executive secretary of the Detroit Council of Churches, and Dean Warren L. Rogers, of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral and president of the Detroit Council of Churches. Dr. Pearson asserts that the Church is not fulfilling its mission if it lets up one whit in its attack on men and policies inimical to the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth. "It is just as much the Church's business to destroy the liquor evil as to preach the Gospel." After all, says Dean Rogers, "the Gospel has to do with the living of folks, and can not be narrowed to a round of piety."

But it is clear that no one denomination possesses exclusively divine guidance, remarks the Detroit *News*, and the difference of opinion among pastors themselves on purely legislative issues is convincing proof that men are left to solve their immediate problems by use of their own intelligence and conception of what is right. As *The News* sees it:

> "The point where Mr. Earle diverges from his church is the point where the church leaves the field of good citizenship in its fundamentals and enters the very dangerous one of particularizing on personal conduct in specific issues. There is a wide and legitimate difference of opinion on whether the National Prohibition Law, as it stands, is a good law or a bad law. It is clearly no more treasonable to seek to amend an amendment to the Constitution than it was to seek to amend the Constitution itself. In so far as objections to the Eighteenth or any other Amendment are based on honest conviction and sincere belief, any man is not only justified in proclaiming that conviction, but would be a hypocrite if he pretended otherwise. It is unthinkable that any church prefers or advocates hypocrisy at the expense of honesty.
>
> "No church would undertake, with any sane hope of success, to order men to change their minds, since there exists no identifiable court of appeal which can state with any certainty which of two opinions concerning human progress is the right and which the wrong.
>
> "The safety of the nation lies not in overbearing the intelligence of honest men, but in teaching them all to be honest. Between two honest convictions, the nation eventually will travel the right road. The first duty of the churches is to inculcate a common energy for public service which shall be at once honest and unselfish. As to the course that citizenship, being honest, shall pursue, why not leave that to the Divine Providence, the eyes of Whom, says St. Peter in his first epistle, 'are upon the righteous, and His ears open to their supplications'?"

As an organized and active body, the Church has a right to concern itself in moral issues, says the Dayton *Daily News*, "but it was not established to become a political factor." The Nazarene distinguished between the "proprieties of religion and of politics" when He advised his questioners to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Says the Dayton paper, "He never mussed up in the political feuds of His time, except when a moral issue was at stake. Then He literally threw His fists right and left. In a day when moral issues confront church members, they have a right to be vigorously active, but not blindly political."

But, turning the pages, we find secular papers strongly affirming that the Church must concern itself with whatever concerns man. If Mr. Earle maintains that the clergy should not urge enforcement of, and obedience to, the Eighteenth Amendment, says the Detroit *Free Press*, "then logically he must protest against recital or exposition of the extremely legalistic Ten Commandments in the churches." It is unfortunate that there are sensationalists in the pulpit, "but it would be an almost infinitely more unfortunate thing if priests and ministers as a whole were to go to the other extreme, shirk all discussion of moral and civic matters, and maintain that they have no responsibility for the sort of laws that are passed or the manner in which law is administered." But, if it wants to be in the company of great spiritual movements, observes the Boston *Daily Globe*, the Church "must aim very high and be stedfast in its purpose. When it is so, it can effectively touch on public questions, can make powerful protest against modern evils, can tell men and women to account for the way in which they spend their lives." To many thinking people, remarks the Kansas City *Star*, "solid religion certainly would have to take account of the world we live in, its great efforts at reform, such as Prohibition, the outcome of elections and the conduct of the Government." To some others it "appears to mean that type of faith and worship that interferes less with the actual conduct of every-day life." In the opinion of the Portland *Sunday Oregonian*, Christian ethics would have less value than they have if they were not made applicable to every-day life, and—

> "The movement to interest the Church in the multifarious enterprises of men, from which so-called politics is inseparable, is in definite answer to wide-spread demand that it enlarge the area of its usefulness. Those who find fault with the Church for engaging in extra-theological activities are vastly outnumbered by the army who complain that it does not sufficiently concern itself with applied religion, the need of which in and out of politics seems to be pretty generally understood.
>
> "The Church is interested in roads. Whether roads lead people toward or away from their temples of worship, undoubtedly they are a factor to be reckoned with. The Church is concerned with the punishment and reformation of criminals, with community cooperation in the cure of poverty and the improvement of physical health, with housing conditions, and with transportation facilities, which are interwoven with other problems. It is interested in them because religion and ethics and right living are inseparable and because sane thinking is promoted by sound living, a principle recognized by missionaries to backward peoples who know that the physician, the economist and the sanitary engineer are efficient allies of the preacher of the Gospel. It is concerned with education as a prerequisite to the dissemination of religion—and education as a public function is a political matter in the modern understanding of the term."

THE CATHOLIC BABIES' RIFLES

STORIES THAT THE AGENTS OF THE POPE are plotting to turn the United States over to the Catholics, that arms and ammunition are laid away for every Catholic boy born, against the day that he is to carry them in the crusade, that the Knights of Columbus is the nucleus of an army in disguise—these and similar tales that were rife some years ago are revived to-day, we are told, and whispered in many a secret meeting. How shall the truth be learned?

Thirty years ago in Indiana, Pood Wamsley watched a Roman Catholic parade and remembered the opinions he had heard in the back room of his father's undertaking establishment, where some of the leading citizens gathered to discuss matters of moment. As Lowell Mellett, a newspaper man, and once managing editor of *Collier's Weekly*, continues the story in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on "Klan and Church," Pood gave his playfellows a whispered harangue to this effect:

> "'Didja see them Cath'lic kids p'radin' yestiddy? Lissen! 'Ja know what they're doin'? Lissen! Ever' one of them is bein' trained to be soldiers when they grows up. That's what them Cath'lics is doin'. Soon's they git 'em all trained and they're growed up, they're goin' to seize the whole country and take charge of it an' ever'thing!'
>
> "'Howja know?' one of his aghast hearers inquired.
>
> "'I know,' returned Pood, mysteriously. 'There's certain people watchin' ever'thing they do, and when the time comes—'
>
> "He broke off with a far-away, portentous look.
>
> "'How kin they do it?' some one asked.
>
> "'How kin they do it? Don't ja know that ever' time a boy baby is born in a Cath'lic fam'ly, they take and bury a gun under the church for him to use when he grows up? And they bury enough am'nition fer him to kill fifty people with!'
>
> "'Well, why's the marshal let 'em, then?'
>
> "'Huh! The marshal! Bob Mounts don't know nothin' that's goin' on!'
>
> "'Why n't somebody tell him?'
>
> "'The time ain't come yet. It's a-comin' tho! Trouble is—the govinment. Can't expect to do nothin' while Cleveland's president. They say that, sekurtly, he's mebbe a Cath'lic himself.'
>
> "Up to that point I think Pood had us almost convinced. What had seemed a delightful show was beginning to take on a sinister aspect. It was occurring to us that we ought to have a smarter town marshal than Bob Mounts. But when Pood brought out that about President Cleveland, some of us rebelled. We were Democrats! We argued the matter lucidly with Pood. 'Aw, he is not!'—'Howja know he ain't?'—'Well, he ain't. I know it. You're crazy!'—"

The tribe of Pood Wamsley has increased in the old Hoosier Commonwealth, we are told, and when Mr. Mellett went back he heard again that "every time a Catholic boy baby is born, a rifle is buried beneath the church against the day when the Church proposes to turn these United States over to the Pope!" Yet, concerning many charges brought against the Catholics, it would be unwise, says Mr. Mellett, to assert that no case whatever can be made against them in some corners of Indiana. He relates:

> "There are instances in plenty when, forming a majority of the voting population, they have voted themselves into power. There are instances in which shortsighted leadership has led them to abuse their power. There are communities where, while in a minority, they have been as clannish as the Klan, and have made themselves a solid and obstructive political *bloc*. But, recalling Catholic candidates who have failed to get the Church vote and recalling Protestant candidates who have succeeded, the conclusion is that, as individuals and as a group, no case of undesirable citizenship can be maintained against them."

So how combat the stories alleging Catholic duplicity? How let the people know the truth? By publicity, says Mr. Mellett; by printing the facts concerning the Catholic Church. He suggests:

> "It should be possible to organize a commission of intelligent men and women to collect the facts concerning the churches and what the churches do. It can be shown what proportion of the State offices are and have been held by Catholics, and how this corresponds to the number of Catholics themselves. It can be shown how much the Catholics contribute to the support of the public schools, how many are serving on public-school boards, how many are teaching in the public schools.
>
> "Catholic churches could be forced open, if necessary—which it would not be, of course—to prove or disprove the tales of buried rifles and ammunition. This suggestion may draw a smile, but I am not certain that it is not the more important I have to make. The tales are preposterous, to be sure, but I would take the only possible course to eradicate them from the minds of those who do not consider them preposterous.
>
> "Further, a commission of inquiry might call publicly for the presentation of every charge against the Catholic Church that any responsible person or responsible group of persons might have to make, and then investigate the truth of these charges. They could bring the whole truth out of the darkness of rumor into the daylight of established fact."

Here, remarks *The Witness*, a Catholic weekly of Dubuque, is a straightforward challenge to the Klansmen and their sympathizers:

> "It comes not from a Catholic but from a citizen not of that faith, one who would see fair play and the elimination from American life of that disgraceful propaganda of lies which can serve no good end. The recommendation is in line with President Harding's gospel of understanding and it will commend itself to every American who wants to see the truth prevail.
>
> "Will the Klansmen accept the challenge? Do they want to get at the truth of the matter, or will they continue to cherish the preposterous falsehoods on which they thrive? We dare to prophesy that they will prefer to remain in the category of 'Pood Wamsley' and the benighted village urchins."

ARE AMERICAN STUDENTS SPIRITLESS DUPES?

INTELLECTUAL DOCILITY, not a desire for intellectual freedom, characterizes American college life, in the opinion of an outsider whose criticism, given on request, is based on several months' observation of our colleges and universities. Several American educators agree with the criticism, tho they are inclined to impute the blame, not to the students, but to their teachers and elders, and to the fact that young America was not touched by the tragedy which has tinged European student life and set it agog for revolution. That something is wrong is generally admitted, and the present unofficial observer hazards that the fault is intellectual and moral sloth, accompanied, here and there, by a factitious rebellion against some of the ancient laws of Sinai. With his "naturally critical Scotch mind," it seems to the Rev. A. Herbert Gray, formerly pastor of a wealthy Presbyterian church in Glasgow, that American college life is "to a terrible extent a *distracted* life." The students, he writes in *The Intercollegian*, published by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., attempt too many things—"picking up 'credits' here and there in a variegated manner, and overfilling the residue of life with athletic, social, dramatic, literary, musical, and other miscellaneous activities"—which seems to him "educationally disastrous." Dr. Gray, who gave up his church in Glasgow to work in the slums of London, and who was a chaplain in the British Army during the war, is now with the British student movement. He visited this country at the request of the Y. M. C. A. David R. Porter, chairman of the board of editors of *The Intercollegian*, asked him for his impressions. Coming directly to the point, Dr. Gray continues:

Photograph by Lyonde (Toronto)

HE FINDS NO REBELS HERE

On the contrary, the Rev. A. Herbert Gray says our students are too docile.

> "Your students are strangely docile in mind. Everywhere else in the world I find the rising generation in conscious and intense rebellion against the conventions and methods of life and thought which dominated their fathers, and which led the world to the present disaster. But young Americans are not rebelling. They are eagerly getting ready to go on in the old way. Morally, of course, many of them are rebels. They are making the same old attempt to discard the eternal moral laws which every generation has made in its turn. They grasp at what they call freedom, and, so doing, make many heartbreaking mistakes in the way of sexual folly and general dissipation. But intellectually they are docile. I found among them little or none of that burning passion to discover a new way for mankind which is the real hope of the world to-day. I was disappointed that they think so little about the great political issues, and that their thinking is so conventional. I was dismayed at the number of them who seemed inclined to believe the papers, and who will become later on the victims of mere fashion and the dupes of popular orators. Hitherto I had believed that youth is universally the period of criticism. I do not know whether this state of matters is the cause or the product of the paternalism which characterizes your institutions. In any case I deplore it. A student should not be simply a person who believes what he is told. And a professor should not be simply a source of information—but one who provokes and challenges thought."

Much of the situation is attributed by Dr. Gray to the fact that American colleges are so largely controlled by trustees and bodies of alumni, who are not necessarily fitted for the responsibility. If colleges are to be stimulating and interesting, he says, they should be places where "thought is free, inquiry fearless, and where control is in the hands of really learned, able, scientific men." In his own country he has often deplored "the tyranny of custom and fashion within the student world," and he finds here, too, that "compulsory conformity seems to be the rule in many fraternities and clubs," a situation which makes him question the value of such societies. Summing up his impressions of American students in the mass, he writes:

> "I thought them most lovable people. They are full of life and joy and wit. They are frank, good to look at, and happy. They express their abundant vitality in uncounted ways and live a many-sided life that is full of charm of a kind. They have abundant good-will. They respond quickly to ideals. I thought them affectionate and sincere. Many of them know quite a lot before they leave college. But with it all they seem to suffer from some strange paralysis of the will. They often seem to lack the power to adopt a purpose and then follow it tenaciously and independently. I did not find the normal percentage of clear-cut personalities among them. Rugged and strong individualities are comparatively rare among them. I said to myself: 'Life has been easy for these men and women, even tho many of them work their way through college. Their world is kind to them; they have lived a sheltered existence.' And upon that I almost wished that they might be exposed to some of the bracing, if chilling, winds that blow through the far more tragic countries of Europe."

Every one knows that there is something radically wrong with the colleges, agrees Prof. E. C. Lindeman, a well-known sociological teacher and writer, "and every critic thinks he knows where the 'squeak' is." Professor Lindeman and several others were asked by *The Intercollegian* to give their opinions on Dr. Gray's judgment. Colleges and universities, proceeds Professor Lindeman, are in a "mess" because no one knows who should control—trustees, president, faculty, students, or alumni. All are causing trouble because they think they should have a voice in the control of their respective institutions. Teachers are not to be blamed, because they, too, are victims of the general infection which has invaded the educational processes. Professor Lindeman asserts that they are "afraid, frightened, cowed, balked," and that there are "few institutions of higher learning in the United States in which a teacher can be a free, stimulating, challenging provoker of thought and at the same time hold his position."

The weak points noted by Dr. Gray, observes Prof. John Dewey, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, are those which mark the people of the country as a whole. "They are not original with students, but reflect a general attitude." We are too absorbed in the externals of life, asserts Dr. Dewey, "and interest in externals leads to conformity to what is expected by the opinion of others and crushes out independence and originality."

However, our students are not wholly dormant, writes Prof. Edwin Aubrey, of Miami University. They have not been subjected to such a climacteric crisis as has involved the students of Europe, but they are at least in a stage of unformulated protest and discontent. Of this Professor Aubrey writes:

> "It manifests itself in disorganized sex morality with no substitute code. It is present in the college journal editorials of a thousand campuses. American students need not condemnation or ridicule, but guidance. Leaders are needed to set before them the ideal of Christ, to focus their attention upon the Christian answer to *their* vague queries, the solution of Jesus for *their* unformulated wants."

HOOKING ELEVATORS TO RELIGION

RELIGIOUS ADVERTISING THAT SELLS ELEVATORS and is read for its own interest is taken as a proof that religion is a good thing to do business on. This is the secret of the success of the "hook 'er to the biler" copy, familiar to the readers of trade journals, which, it is recorded, a late captain in the steel industry used to call for because of its religiously trenchant phrasing, and which business men are said to take home for their wives to read. It succeeded also in obtaining for the originator an offer of $200,000 a year, which, as he was then nearing his allotted span, and was satisfied with his own business, he declined. "My principal business," says William H. Ridgway, of the Craige Ridgway and Son Company, Coatesville, Pennsylvania, "is doing what little I can to build up splendid Christian character in that magnificent product of modern times, the American working-man. I build machinery merely to pay expenses." Experience has shown him that "there is a tremendous by-product of religion which fellows with brains can take advantage of," and he is surprized that no other advertiser has struck the same note in advertising that he uses. To indicate in a very substantial way that he has not made a mistake in his method, he says he has had "an offer of what is probably the greatest sum ever offered for writing advertisements, no less than $200,000 a year." Writing in *Class*, a Chicago publication for class, trade and technical advertisers, Mr. Ridgway continues:

"Uncle Billy's Bible Class"

Is what the ribald heathen call these advertisements.

You see we believe that Business and Religion mix.

We have discovered that in spite of cussin' and swearin' and gamblin' and sportin' down in the ranks among the poor old plugged under strappers, the "Big Boss" of almost every big long established concern "Belongs to Church." Here is a sample of some Steam-Hydraulickers. Every one of these is headed by a Churchman:

Standard Oil Co.
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
H. J. Heinz Co. ("57")
Crane & Co. (Dalton)
Packard Motor Car Co.
Swift & Co.
United Gas Imp. Co.
Larkin & Co. (Buffalo)
General Electric Co.
Penn. R. R.
International Harv. Co.
Standard Underground Cables Co.
John Wanamaker.
John Morrell & Co.
Christie Brown & Co. (Toronto)
Firestone Tire & Rub. Co.
Consolidated Gas Co. (N. Y.)
Remington Typewriter Co.
Lukens Steel Co.
Procter & Gamble Co. (Ivory Soap)
E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.
United States Gov't.
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
United States Steel Co.
Lovell Mfg. Co.

The other day we wrote to ex-Postmaster-General Hays, who is a Presbyterian Elder, asking him to tell us what Church the members of the present Republican Administration belong to. Here is the report:

President Coolidge, Congregational
Secretary of State Hughes, Baptist
Secretary of Treas. Mellon, Presbyterian
Secretary of War Weeks, Unitarian
Atty. General Daugherty, Methodist
Secretary of Navy Denby, Episcopalian
Secretary of Interior Fall
Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, United Presbyterian.
Secretary of Commerce Hoover, Quaker
Secretary of Labor Davis, Presbyterian

So the Country is safe with old John Calvin in the Saddle!

The only thing an ad like this has to do with Ridgway Elevators is that when it came to equipping such important plants as THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING and WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY with Elevators Uncle Sam cried "Ridgway, come and

'HOOK 'ER TO THE BILER'"

> "Mr. Carnegie's head man, for example, said to me one day, 'Ridgway, your ad is the first thing the "old man" turns to when the trade papers come in.' It is the same way in all these other great corporations. We have neither agencies nor salesmen, and yet ours is one of the shops that always goes, and at the present time we have orders for all the elevators that we can make. When the business depression struck the country some months ago, we were just one year behind in our orders. This would indicate that it is perfectly safe to appeal in a business announcement to that which is nearest and dearest to the human heart.
>
> "One of the biggest advertising men of New York City met me one day and said, 'Ridgway, I take every one of your advertisements home to my wife when the paper comes. If I happen to forget it, she wants to know what Ridgway has to say this week.'
>
> "Every Christmas I used to carry a full-page ad in the trade papers headed, 'God Bless Us, Every One,' and it was a little religious preachment in which I did not say a word about elevators except to wind it up with 'Hook 'er to the Biler' and, of course, print our familiar cuts.
>
> "Until I began some years ago to call attention to the fact, no one realized that the big business enterprises of this country are in the hands of men who stand for this noble business which for want of a better word we sum up under the name of religion."

The Bible-class method of advertising got Mr. Ridgway great fame. On his way once to deliver an address for the Y. M. C. A., he was entertained in Chicago by a group of prominent business men, who, he says, "knew me only in a religious way and came to do me honor." On another occasion the vice-president of the International Harvester Company introduced him to the young man who had charge of the advertising, saying that Mr. Ridgway could give him some pointers on advertising. Says Mr. Ridgway:

> "Of course, the only pointer I could give him was to let him know that 90 per cent. of the farmers to whom he wanted to sell his agricultural machinery were men who belonged to a church and he could, whenever he liked, appeal to the spiritual side of his customer, and he would score every time. But it is dollars to doughnuts the young man never did it, for he would be afraid, because it is in human nature to go along the line of least resistance; it is only the hundredth man that has the vision and the courage and the faith."

The ninety-nine are blind to the fact that their advertisements do not appeal to the paramount thing in the mind of man—his religion. They do not see that

> "The great mass of Americans are religious people, as is evidenced when any great catastrophe comes upon the country. All the fruits of religion are found in their perfection in this great people.
>
> "I have 200 years of Quaker blood in my veins, and when I sit down to write an advertisement, I set down whatever comes. I make no secret of doing business on my religion, but make the statement in our advertising, 'If religion is not a good thing to do business on, it is no good for anything else.'"

STRANGLING CHURCH UNION IN AUSTRALIA—Responsibility for the failure of church union in Australia must be acknowledged "shamedfacedly" by the Presbyterians, says an American Presbyterian journal. In Australia, as in Canada, the project aimed to link Methodism, Congregationalism and Presbyterianism into one evangelical Protestant Church. It was on the Presbyterians' invitation, we are told, that the first committees were drawn together on the subject. The plan of union worked out was accepted by the Methodists and the Congregationalists with large majorities. But, says *The Continent*, strange reluctances developed among the Presbyterians:

> "Conservatives protested that the doctrinal declarations formulated for the united church were not orthodox enough. Their antagonism was reenforced by certain liberals who were sure that this new confession of faith was more hampering than the famous old Westminster Creed. 'Between them both' these objectors managed to defeat the union plan in Western and South Australia and in Victoria, and they reduced the favorable majority in New South Wales close to the vanishing-point. Of course, the idea of union is abandoned for the present. But, equally of course, it will revive later and finally be successful. The Lord always has his way in the end. But when that result does come out, Presbyterian historians will have a painful time writing the history of this unhappy failure in 1923. It will be impossible to give for Presbyterian opposition any reason that will look creditable in the light of New Testament example or principles."

CURRENT ◆ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

The following four are poems by W. B. Yeats whose award of the Nobel Prize is treated in the department of Letters and Art. These are taken from his early work when his inspiration was freshest:

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES

Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,
And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.

The hour of the waning of love has beset us,
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget us,
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

THE SONG OF WANDERING ÆNGUS

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name;
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

THE HAPPY TOWNLAND

There's many a strong farmer
Whose heart would break in two,
If he could see the townland
That we are riding to;
Boughs have their fruit and blossom
At all times of the year;
Rivers are running over
With red beer and brown beer.
An old man plays the bagpipes
In a golden and silver wood;
Queens, their eyes blue like the ice,
Are dancing in the crowd.

The little fox he murmured,
"O what of the world's bane?"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured,
"O do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane."

When their hearts are so high
That they would come to blows,
They unhook their heavy swords
From golden and silver boughs;
But all that are killed in battle
Awaken to life again;
It is lucky that their story
Is not known among men.
For O, the strong farmers
That would let the spade lie,
Their hearts would be like a cup
That somebody had drunk dry.

The little fox he murmured,
"O what of the world's bane?"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured,
"O do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane."

Michael will unhook his trumpet
From a bough overhead,
And blow a little noise
When the supper has been spread.
Gabriel will come from the water
With a fish tail, and talk
Of wonders that have happened
On wet roads where men walk,
And lift up an old horn
Of hammered silver, and drink
Till he has fallen asleep
Upon the starry brink.

The little fox he murmured,
"O what of the world's bane?"
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured,
"O do not pluck his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane."

In *The Nation* (New York) Mr. Robinson touches tenderly on one of the most tragic of life's chances:

REUNION

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

By some derision of wild circumstance
Not then our pleasure somehow to perceive,
Last night we fell together to achieve
A light eclipse of years. But the pale chance
Of youth resumed was lost. Time gave a glance
At each of us, and there was no reprieve;
And when there was at last a way to leave,
Farewell was a foreseen extravagance.

Tonight the west has yet a failing red,
While silence whispers of all things not here;
And round there where the fire was that is dead,
Dusk-hidden tenants that are chairs appear.
The same old stars will soon be overhead,
But not so friendly and not quite so near.

European travelers are warned about leaning out the window of the train, and a philosopher in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London) turns the prohibition into a philosophical reflection.

THE PHILOSOPHER

By H. H. Bashford

Whereas this world thro' time and space
Hath featly been disposed to run
From some place to some other place
By blink of star and blaze of sun,

And since we know not, nor can know,
Wherefrom we come, whereto we go,
Nor with our loudest cries retard
The engine-driver or the guard,

How wise who wrote upon the door
Ne pas se pencher au dehors!

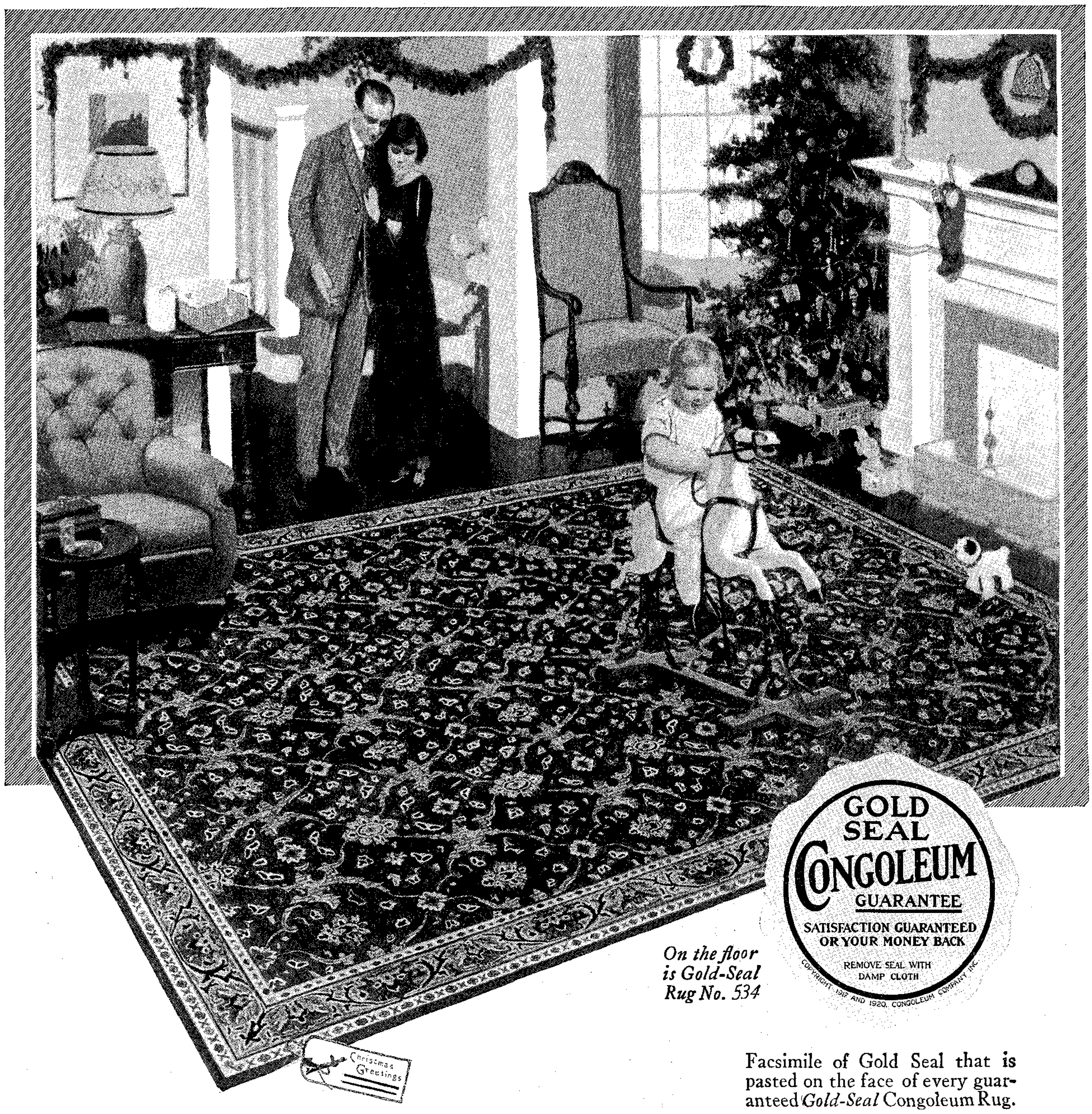
Armistice day went by without much notice from the poets; one who speaks in *The English Review* gives us a picture of the silent Army that never forgets:

ARMISTICE DAY

(A Phantasy)

By Capt. John J. Willoughby

The half-light of a raw November day:
A rainy sleet, glistening where street-lamps gleamed
Yellow and white—glowing—like jewels, they seemed
Broidery upon the garment of fog that lay,
Shroud-like, o'er London—
In the deserted street
I paused while, seeking to hear the beat
Of England's heart, those distant sounds that tell
Of hurrying traffic—life flooding within the veins
Of a great nation, that strives, and toils, and strains . . .
And all at once it seemed a silence fell,
Breathless . . . expectant . . .
Now broken by the sound . . .
Of muffled music, dimmed by the fog, that bound
The earth more closely . . . Nearer, and nearer, still,
The strains approached . . . Nothing triumphal here;
A melody that spoke of pain and fear—
That clutched the heart, like fingers damp and chill:
And ever nearer, keeping the music's beat,
Approached the steady tramp of marching feet. . . .
Suddenly, thrusting thro' the yellow haze,
They came in view, a full battalion strong;
Section by section, silent and stern; no song;
No sound of laughter, as in other days
Might mark the passage of a regiment—
Only that wild refrain of dire lament.
And, as the leaders passed with heavy tread,
I saw that none bore arms—each marched arrayed
In tattered khaki, muddied, and torn, and frayed;
Rotten with age, and somewheres stained with red,
A rusty red, symbol of ancient hurt,
That matched too well the khaki's glaze of dirt . . .
Now, as they passed, upon each face I gazed:
A face of suffering, each, deep lined with pain,
And ghastly white, or greying, as who had lain
Long in the tomb. I started back, amazed,
And, awe-struck, watched the terrible advance—
The DEAD that perished on the Fields of France!
A moment more, and, on a sharp command,
The march was stayed: whereon, with faltering mien,
I asked the nearest one, a lad, eighteen
Perhaps in life, no more, marked with the brand
Of war, and disillusion—"Say, what quest
Is yours, that you should leave a well-earned rest?"
"No rest for us!" he bitterly replied;
"For us who thought by sacrifice to make
Peace upon Earth; who for our Country's sake
Offered our youth and manhood . . . suffered . . . died!
The Land we loved, the Land we lost, to save,
Has fall'n in ashes round about our grave. . . .
So we must wait, chained to this mortal clay,
Until the world is clean, the strife is o'er—
Till Peace, and soft Contentment, as of yore,
Triumph o'er Greed! . . .
Only upon this day
At the eleventh hour, we keep, each year,
A tryst with one, Unknown, who waits us here." . . .
Obedient to the order, on again,
Section by section passed. . . . Till all were hid
In the enfolding fog. . . .
And still, amid
The silence, I seemed to hear that wild refrain
That plays them ever on—
Till Peace shall reign;
Till front to front, fanned by the soft winds' kiss,
Shall echo, with a mighty voice . . . DISMISS!



On the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 534

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1917 AND 1920, CONGOLEUM COMPANY INC.

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

A Christmas gift that brightens the home!

For the woman who loves her home what could make a more perfect Christmas present, than a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug? Artistic in design and rich in coloring, its message of good cheer doesn't end with Christmas day but brightens every day all through the year.

And how much dusty sweeping a Congoleum Rug saves! A few strokes of a damp mop and the smooth, sanitary surface is spotlessly clean.

Patterns for Every Room

These rugs come in such a wide range of attractive designs that they are perfectly suited to any room in the house. There are richly colored elaborate motifs, dainty floral effects and neat geometric patterns.

Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece on a firm, waterproof base. They lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

For all these reasons a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug is an ideal Christmas gift. Its beauty is sure to make an immediate appeal on Christmas Day, and its practical usefulness will please the homemaker every day, all the year round.

6 x 9	feet	$ 9.00
7½ x 9	feet	11.25
9 x 9	feet	13.50
9 x 10½	feet	15.75
9 x 12	feet	18.00

The pattern illustrated above is made in the five large sizes, and also in the 1½ x 3 foot size.

1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
3 x 3	feet	1.40
3 x 4½	feet	1.95
3 x 6	feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

THE TRAGIC CRUSOES OF WRANGEL ISLAND

FIVE ARCTIC ROBINSON CRUSOES, four white men and an Eskimo woman, who were marooned on an island north of Alaska, are furnishing the latest story, and moral, of the long and tragic history of polar adventure. The Eskimo woman, Ada Blackjack, was the only member of the party found alive when a rescuing expedition reached the island this fall, and it is largely her record of the affair that is now being published through The North American Newspaper Alliance. The writer, Harold Noice, was the leader of the rescue expedition, which found one dead man and one almost demented Eskimo woman in the tents where the party of young adventurers had, almost hilariously, set out to "colonize" the island two years before. The other three men of the party are believed to have perished in a daring attempt to reach Siberia, through the midwinter cold, more than a year ago. With the four men recently lost, and the eleven who succumbed on a previous expedition, this corner of the world now has fifteen dead explorers to its credit. It is called "The Death Trap of the Arctic," by Burt M. McConnell, a member of the former expedition, who explains that the attempt to colonize the island was made by the explorer Stefansson, with the idea that it eventually "would become a valuable dirigible and airplane base for aircraft flying from England into China and Japan, over the North Pole." Japan was thought to covet this base. The adventure on which these four young men and one young Eskimo woman set out, observes Mr. Noice, offered both the large stakes and perilous adventure of high romance. The biographer of the expedition, with the mention that the youth and inexperience of the party were largely responsible for the tragedy at the end, records that:

Photographs by courtesy of the North American Newspaper Alliance

"THE WOMAN"

So she is called in the records of the Wrangel Island tragedy, of which she was the only survivor. Her Christian virtues and Eskimo inheritance made her the outstanding figure.

> The expedition was nominally in charge of a young Canadian, Allan Crawford, a student of Toronto University and son of one of the professors. The other members were Americans. E. Lorne Knight and Frederick Maurer had both been with Stefansson on a previous expedition, but Milton Galle, a nineteen-year-old boy from Texas, who had traveled with him as secretary, had had no more experience of the North than Crawford.
>
> I can imagine just how they felt when they got to Nome: four young men bound on the greatest adventure of their lives. Allan Crawford, commander of the party, had been selected for his special ability when still a student in Toronto University. He was twenty years old, full of enthusiasm and love of adventure. In this expedition it was the romantic element which fired him. To be the leader on a secret journey involving such weighty political considerations; to feel himself an explorer and scientist, carving out for himself a niche in Arctic history; to look forward to the thrill of the Far North, where he had never set foot—what could fan the imagination of an adventurous young man to a hotter flame? Allan realized, of course, that his leadership was purely nominal—that Knight was the real leader of the expedition, by virtue of his former experience.
>
> I have elsewhere pictured Lorne Knight—big, happy-go-lucky fellow that he was. He was one of those who never change, never grow up. Altho second in command of the party, he must have realized his real leadership. He was determined to impress on the boys his conception of the North—that it was such a friendly place that any one could find food and shelter there, no matter how ignorant of conditions. He failed to realize that no spot on earth can be called friendly when man is ill-adapted to his environment or has not the means or knowledge to adapt himself.
>
> Maurer was a young American from New Philadelphia, Ohio. He had been one of the crew of Stefansson's flagship *Karluk*, which was crusht by the ice in the Arctic Ocean, near Wrangel Island, in the winter of 1913. Maurer had escaped the tragic end which befell some of his comrades, and subsequently spent six months on Wrangel Island with the other survivors. At that time he had no education to speak of, but through association with the scientists of the expedition he had acquired a passion for learning. Since then he had spent all his spare hours in study. By the time he got a chance to go on Stefansson's expedition of 1921, he considered himself sufficiently well-grounded in Arctic matters to take up exploration as a career. Poor Maurer had been married only a few days before leaving on what was to prove his last journey.
>
> Then there was enthusiastic young Milton Galle, a nineteen-year-old boy from Texas who had traveled through the country as Stefansson's secretary.
>
> And here we have the boys in Nome—enthusiastic, happy, laboring under the excitement of keeping their secret. While negotiating for the charter of a vessel—the *Silver Wave*—to carry them to Wrangel Island, they purchased dogs and a sled.

Usually, says Mr. Noice, in accounting for the presence of Ada Blackjack with the party of youthful adventurers, Arctic explorers take one or more Eskimo families with them. There is good reason for this in the fact that:

> The Eskimo men do the hunting and the women do the sewing and cooking. When the expedition is to cover a long period of time, the question of sewing is especially important. The Eskimo women are experts in the preparation of skins and in the making of warm fur garments and waterproof boots, without which the explorer would be seriously handicapped. Why the boys did not take an Eskimo family, I do not know. It may have been because of expense. The Eskimos of Nome who have been in close contact with the whites since the days of the great gold stampede have acquired the white man's commercialism and a thorough appreciation of the dollar.
>
> Apparently the boys decided to compromise, for they took an Eskimo seamstress, Ada Blackjack.
>
> Later, I will let Ada tell her own story of her connection with the expedition. She was twenty-three years of age and, like most Eskimo women, was married when she was a mere child. Already she had had three children, two of whom had died, and had divorced her husband. She had been brought up in the mission,

A Cadillac for Christmas

As Christmas Day approaches, a man's first thought is of a gift for "her."

What could please her more than a New V-63 Cadillac?

She knows the Cadillac is recognized the world over as the acme of motoring perfection and enjoyment.

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Mingled with her regard for these qualities is her appreciation of its utility, its capacity for dependable transportation—one of her most important needs.

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Her joy will be only less great than that of the donor as he sees her countenance light up with realization of what the gift means.

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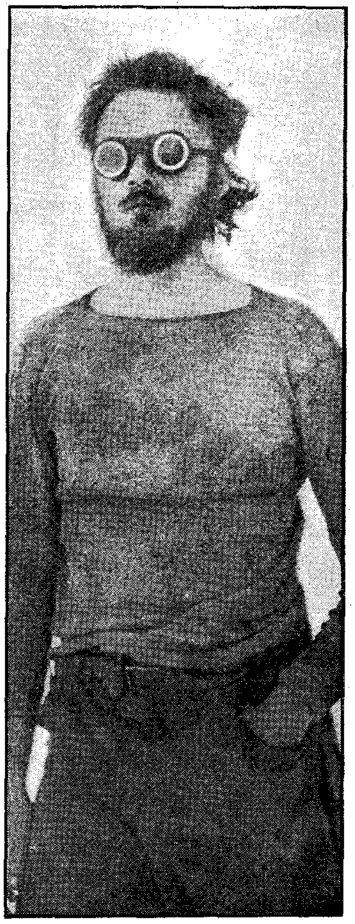


THE REAL LEADER

Lorne Knight, 28 years old, "a happy-go-lucky adventurer," cultured, philosophical, "always whistling," was the real leader of the expedition. He is described as "one of the sort of men who never grow up."

spoke and wrote English, and was a Christian. She knew little more of the life of the Arctic wilds than the boys themselves, yet it is undoubtedly true that without her help they would have perished before they did.

The departure from Nome was accompanied by a good deal of mystery, records Mr. Noice, for "the wise heads of Nome either refused to believe them when they announced their destination of Wrangel Island, or were skeptical of their chances for success." The boys' real purpose, of course, was "to occupy Wrangel Island in the name of King George and run up a British Flag," but "they said they were going to make their fortunes trapping," even tho Nome surmized that "no one of them had ever set a trap in his life." For the next two years, they were pretty well forgotten. Then the relieving expedition, financed by Mr. Stefansson and headed by Mr. Noice, approached the island. At length, records the writer:

A low cliff loomed on the starboard side—the cliff which formed the northern boundary of Rogers Harbor. Here, we had been told, we would find the boys. But, perceiving no signs of human habitation, we concluded that the party had not been landed there. It was after we had sailed away again that we discovered what was to prove the forerunner of tragedy. Ten miles farther on we came on an abandoned camp and there found a bottle, half-buried in mud, containing a claim to ownership of Wrangel Island in the name of King George, and signed by the four men of the party. This proclamation was dated September 16, 1921. There was nothing to give a single clue toward solving the mystery of what had befallen the party since that date.

Then on again, through the fog, until, in the early morning of August 20, as our boat was creeping along the shore, a shout went up from our Eskimos. They were pointing to a figure, dimly visible on the beach. I rang down full speed astern, to stop the *Donaldson*, then put off in a *umiak* (a walrus-hide boat) with a crew of natives.

As we drew near the island, I saw the vague form was that of a woman. She came wading through the shallow water to meet us. I knew at once that it was Ada Blackjack. Her face had the look of a hunter. When I shook her hand I knew, without any telling, that she had had a hard time. It was the hand of a fighter. She was drest in furs, a snow shirt over her reindeer parka. Slung over her shoulder was a pair of binoculars. As she pushed back the wolfskin fringe of her reindeer hood, I saw her eyes—incredulous, startled, almost dazed.

Her first question confirmed my worst fears. "Where is Crawford and Galle and Maurer?" she asked in slightly broken English. And when I told her that I had just arrived from Nome and expected to find them all on Wrangel Island, she choked back a sob and said: "There is nobody here but me. I am all alone. Knight, he died on June 22. I want to go back to my mother." With that, she swooned and tottered forward. As I caught her in my arms, she commenced to sob like a little girl.

When I had brought her aboard the *Donaldson* and given her a cup of coffee, she revived and was able to eat some breakfast.

Taking only Ada, I paddled to the beach in one of the *umiaks*.

It was a dismal day. The fog, a ghostly shroud, hung over the sordid disarray of broken boxes, and all but hid the two flimsy tents.

Ada pointed to the larger of them. "Knight—he dead man now—him stay inside over there. Better we go first to my tent." And she led the way up the graveled beach to her own little home.

Beside the entrance was a small canvas boat, crudely built but apparently seaworthy; as we paused to examine it, Ada pointed with pride to her handiwork. "After Knight die and birds and seal come I work hard to make a little boat so can get anything I shoot in the water. But only use it maybe two times when wind blow it away out to sea while I sleep. Then I cry all day and next day and next day, then I say to myself no use to cry any more and then I make this one, and now tie it up after every time I use it."

Ada's tent was torn; it hung from a crude framework of driftwood which she had erected after Knight died. In front of the entrance was a little cupboard made of boxes, where she kept her ammunition and field-glasses.

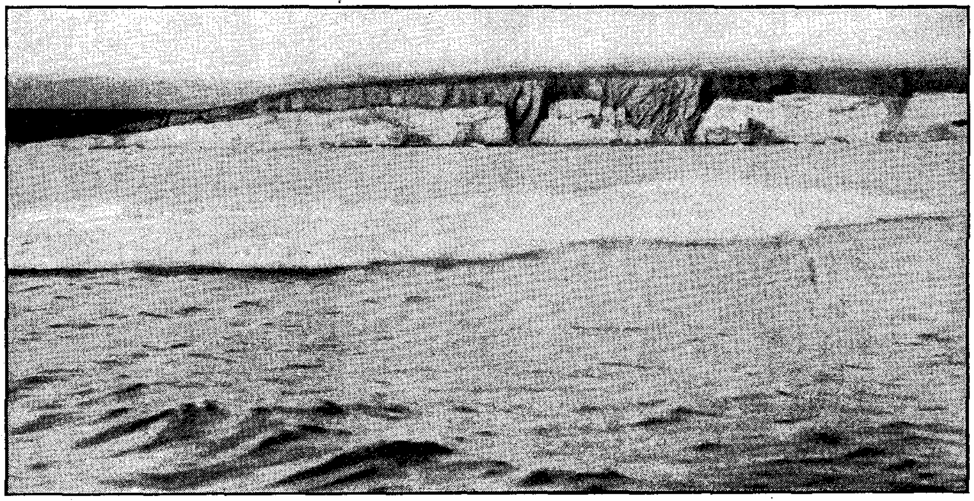
I followed her in. To the left of the door stood an old stove, rusty and fire-eaten, a little pile of firewood beside it. She had made that stove herself, out of empty kerosene tins. A battered tea-kettle sat on top of a small box—a box containing all the food she had—a little hard bread, a few pieces of dried meat; that was all. Against the rear wall of the tent she had built a sleeping-platform of driftwood and empty crates, covered with reindeer skins. Two guns, one a twelve-gage shotgun, the other a thirty-forty rifle, hung suspended from a rack over her head. It was cold in the little tent, and through the rents in the canvas, mist and fog drifted in. Such was the habitation in which this girl had slept, eaten, hoped and waited—praying that help would come.

She busied herself in lighting a fire while I sat down on a box and looked about me.

"I sorry I can't give you any good thing to eat, but I make a little tea," she said.

It wasn't long before the fire was burning brightly and the tent warm. Suddenly, and to my intense surprize, a gray cat slid out from its hiding-place behind a box and stept sedately over to Ada, who grabbed it up in her arms, caressing it, talking to it. Vic—for that was its name—had been Ada's only companion since Knight's death, and she told me she believed she would have gone insane if she hadn't had Vic to talk to.

Then, as tho she were some one newly awakened from a nightmare, she began, in a slightly dazed fashion, to tell me of her life on the island: how she had cried when the boys started for



WILL IT SOME DAY TEEM WITH SEARCHLIGHTS, AIRSHIPS AND MACHINERY?

This desolate island in the Arctic Ocean, scene of a recent tragedy, has been claimed and colonized for England, in the belief that it will some day be an important link in an aerial route over the polar regions.

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Asheville—Pollock's
Atchison—Bradley Shoe Co.
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (Shelburne)
Augusta, Me.—Quality Shoe Store, 234 Water St.
Baltimore—325 North Charles St.
Bangor—John Conners Shoe Co.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boise—The Falk Merc. Co.
Boston—Newbury St Cor Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St, cor. Cannon St. (2nd floor)
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St
Burlington, Vt—Lewis & Blanchard Co.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Canton, O—H. M Horton Co.
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C.—J F Condon & Sons
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Chicago—1050 Leland (near Broadway)
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Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
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Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity-Trust Bldg.)
Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Topeka—The Pelletier Store
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St (2nd floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., cor Union
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
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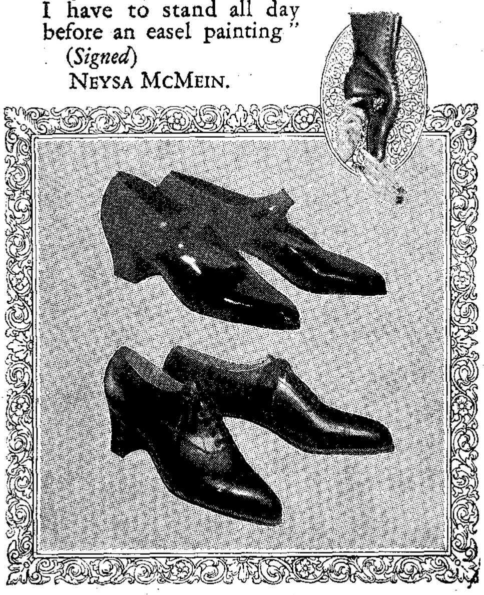
> "Your wonderful shoes are my latest enthusiasm. I've often felt that shoes were a necessary evil. But Cantilevers can be *enjoyed*, instead of endured. They offer very kindly support when I have to stand all day before an easel painting."
> (*Signed*)
> NEYSA MCMEIN.



The flexible arches of Cantilever Shoes curve up to follow the arches of your feet. They fit snugly around the instep and offer welcome support under the foot-arch. And instead of restricting the foot muscles, the arch of the Cantilever Shoe gives them freedom to expand and contract because of its flexibility. This exercise strengthens the foot muscles, upon which the strength of the foot-arch depends, and increases the vigorous spring of your step.

Neysa McMein
Photo by Edwin F. Townsend

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Style B872

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Siberia, leaving her to nurse Knight. Then the long weary days of illness, when she, as well as Knight, had been so weakened by scurvy that sometimes she had been unable to go to her traps, and was barely able to chop wood and nurse her sick companion. Her voice choked as she told me how glad she was when spring came. "My, I was so glad, I just sit down and cry when I see the first little snow buntings come from the south in the spring—but Knight he—was pretty sick then—and all he could eat was sometimes a little soup—and by and by—I—I could not save his life—no matter how hard I try—he die—and then me and Vic we move over here in this place."

When I asked her about Crawford, Maurer and Galle, she only shook her head, and said: "I don't know—much—how they went away. When they was loading up the sled I was inside the tent, crying, and then after they go, it blow wind with plenty snow drifting, and I think they get lost, or may be break through thin ice, but every time before I go to sleep I read my Bible and then I pray to the Lord Jesus to make them come back safe, and then when I see your ship I so glad, and I think you have those with you, and they are not lost, but now I guess they are gone all right, and I won't see them any more."

Noice, at length, went over to the other tent, the one where Loren Knight still lay, lifted the flap and went inside. Ada followed, he writes, and—

We made our way through the litter of discarded belongings. I have never seen a more disheartening sight. Rusty trunks, tin boxes, boots, mittens, socks, knives and files were scattered in disorder over the grounds, mixed with torn pieces of deerskin, now soggy and smelling of mold from long exposure to the rain.

Half-way through the clutter, Ada stopt. Her lips drooped and her eyes filled with tears. I could see that she did not want to go again into Knight's tent, and told her to go back and wait for me.

At the door I had to stop to remove a barricade of boxes which Ada had put there to keep out marauding animals. On the threshold I paused. At the right of the door, on a narrow canvas cot, lay Knight's body, his head protruding from the deerskin sleeping-bag, just as it had been when Ada closed his dead eyes two months before.

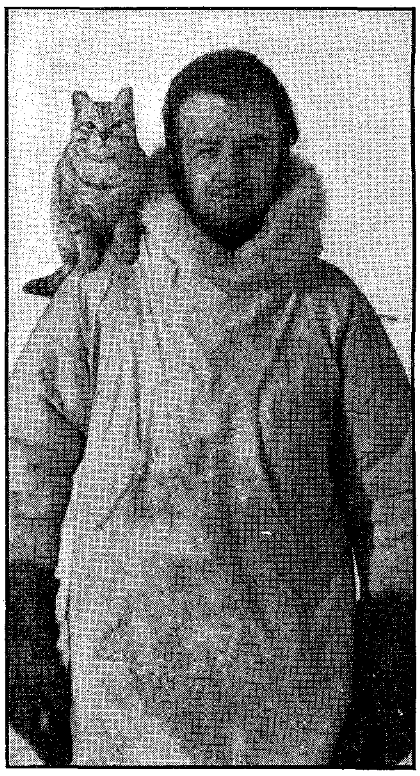
Prepared as I was, it was still impossible to realize that this parchment-covered skull and inert skeleton could have once belonged to that happy, careless young giant who was the comrade of my early exploring days.

Here, as outside, all was confusion, disorder. The dirt floor was littered with books and magazines. Tattered volumes from the Harvard classics and crumpled periodicals of ancient date were jumbled together with unwashed dishes and soiled clothing. It was a place which must have been the abode of despair long before death came. Across the room was a second canvas cot, in which Ada had slept during all those months when Knight lay slowly dying in his bag. There was a rusty stove in one corner. The stove-pipe had toppled down, tearing a long rent in the canvas. Beside Knight's cot I found his diary, and sat down on an empty cartridge box to read it, my back to the cot, for I wanted to shut out the worst of that gruesome scene.

The most heartbreaking thing about the whole tragedy, says Mr. Noice, is the fact that, in all probability, the gruesome climax might have been prevented. His report runs:

Reading the diary record of the Wrangel Island expedition, I feel as tho I were watching a man walking blindfolded toward a precipice, and were powerless to stop him. Almost to the last, the boys failed utterly to realize the dangers of their predicament.

Summer over and the sealing more or less of a failure, the fate of the party now hangs on the walrus hunt. Six walrus would have saved the situation. Six walrus should keep five persons alive and entirely free from scurvy for an entire winter. They would also provide ample food for the hungry dogs.



CRAWFORD AND THE CAT

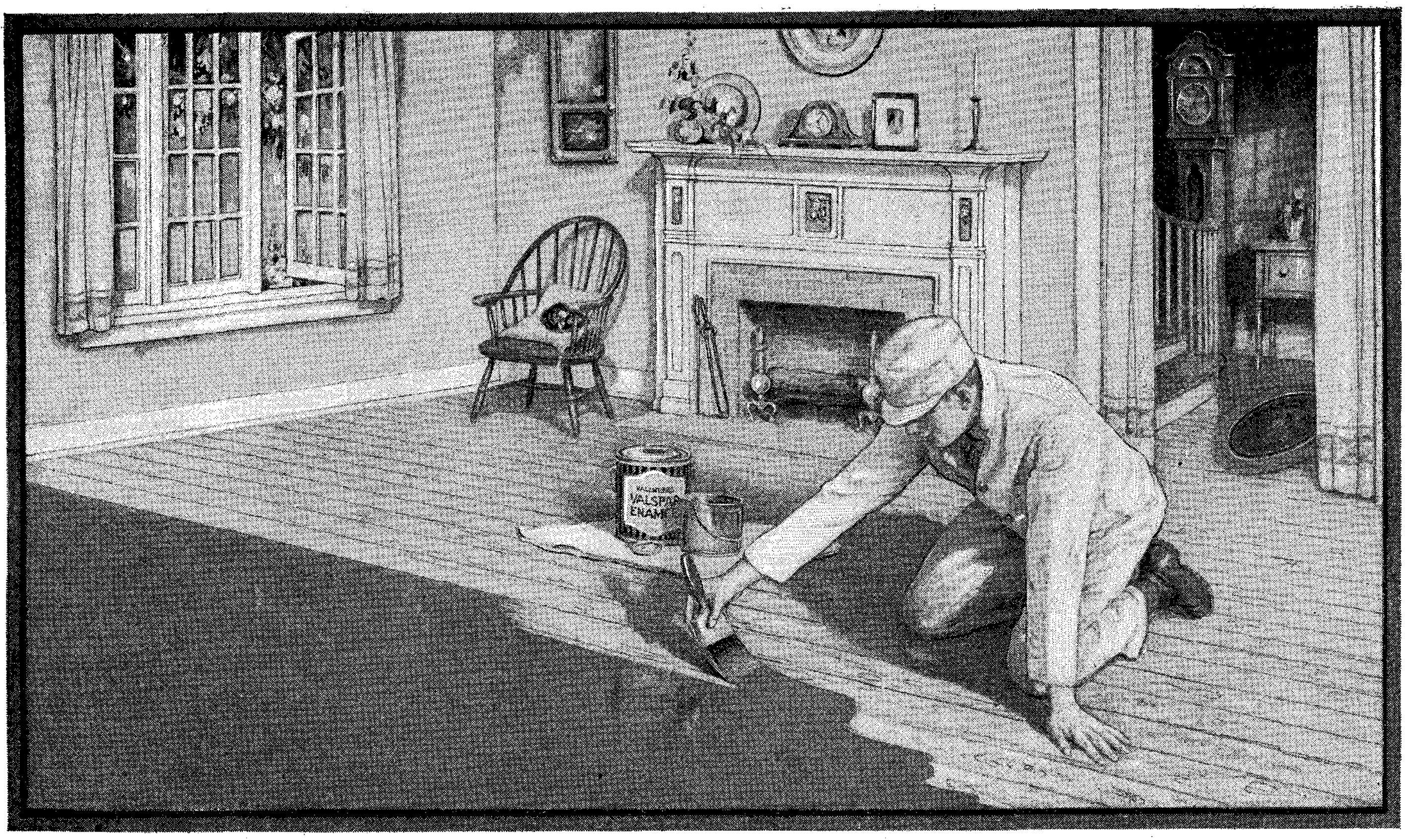
He was twenty years old, a university graduate, a boy ambitious to "feel himself an explorer and scientist, carving out a niche in Arctic history." The cat survived, to be the sole companion of Ada Blackjack.

The ponderous, black-skinned creatures of meat and blubber weigh upwards of a ton. When a man is living off the country, he will eat five pounds of meat a day. Except for the chance of eggs in the spring, when the eider and crowbill ducks and the snow geese return from the south, he has nothing else upon which he can count.

Contrary to the belief of the civilized world, where a man thinks he jeopardizes his health if he eats a mutton chop twice a day, the men of the north have demonstrated that they can remain perfectly healthy indefinitely on a diet exclusively of meat.

Scurvy develops, not from lack of vegetables, but from lack of fresh food of any kind. Vitamin A, which is the scurvy preventive, is found in either fresh meat or fresh vegetables.

There is nothing in Knight's diary to indicate that the boys realized how desperate their condition would be if they failed to get walrus. They saw the walrus swimming in the water, but believed they must wait until they could catch them on



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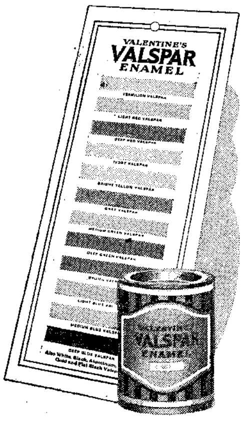

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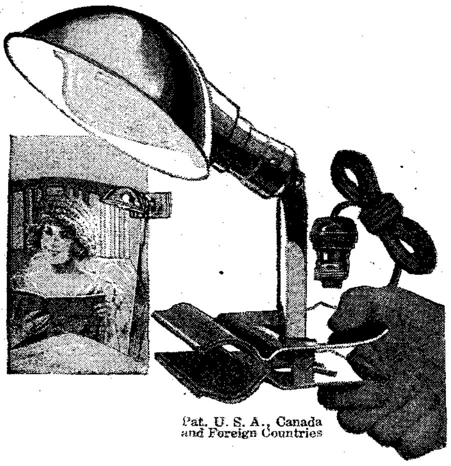
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the ice. Because they had neither a skin boat or a walrus harpoon, they evidently thought there was no use trying.

With sufficient ingenuity or experience they could have made themselves a boat of seal-skin, and harpoons might easily have been fashioned out of bone or scrap-iron.

Even when the walrus finally came out on the ice, bad luck still enmeshed the expedition. The boys killed two of the beasts, but lost most of the meat through accidents and bad weather. A boat bringing supplies was lying off the island in the first summer, but it could not reach harbor through 100 miles of ice. Winter came on, with it sickness, loneliness, finally despair and death. Knight was ill, and the three other men set out for the Siberian coast to bring help. It was at this stage, back in the two poor tents on the island, that the Eskimo woman became the leader. Noice writes of her:

Ada Blackjack, brought up in the mission in Nome, had learned to read and write, to sew and cook. To shoot, to trap, to carry on the battle with the naked elements—of these she was almost as ignorant as the white women of Nome.

In those days, while Lorne Knight lay in his sleeping-bag, death through scurvy slowly creeping toward him, the Eskimo girl passed through a brief period of despair, which Knight records in his diary. Then her Eskimo heritage rose up in her. She assumed, one by one, the tasks which the white men had dropt—took up the challenge where they had laid it down. Every instinct in her surged to the battle with the relentless forces which had already destroyed her companions.

Knight describes how, as he grows weaker, she takes the chores, one by one, from him. She chops the wood, cuts the ice and melts it for water, she pushes through the storms, visits the traps and brings home the foxes. Ultimately she learns to handle that murderous invention of the white man, of which she has always been afraid—Knight's rifle.

Tho still able to keep his record of their life, Knight is powerless to do much else. On February 7 he notes:

"Ada took a short walk to a few of the traps, but no luck. She and I (mostly she) cut a little wood to-day. And I while so doing (Hell!) fainted and was out a few seconds. The woman, I am sure, did not realize until then that I was really sick. And when I came to, she was scared stiff. I got into my bag and am all O. K. excepting a very slight fever which I now have.

"The woman is a great deal more frightened over my condition than I am. I don't deny that it is a rather mean position in which she finds herself, but she is wonderfully cheerful, and is now busy sharpening the wood-saws. She insists on doing practically everything, and I willingly permit it."

At this time the temperature reports in Knight's diary cease. In speaking of them he says:

"The woman can not read the thermometer, and I do not wish to get out of my sleeping-bag, so the readings will be discontinued for a time."

Still Knight did not suspect the full seriousness of his situation. He expected, even then, that the break in his record would be only a question of days.

More and more he pins all his hopes upon the arrival of a bear. Far from being appalled by the appearance of inquisitive animals, as in the early days of their stay on the island, Knight asks nothing of life but that a bear shall walk right into camp.

"I can see that I can not go far away from camp, and unless a bear walks into camp, I see small chance of getting one, for the woman can not be trusted with my rifle. She is easily excited, and knows nothing about a gun, and this is the only rifle that we have. . . . Come on, bear!"

Knight died on June 22. But his last entry was dated March 23, three months before the end. During the two weeks before this last notation, Ada had caught no less than seven foxes, and Knight shows a feeble flicker of optimism:

A POLAR ENTHUSIAST

Frederick Maurer, of Ohio, was one of the crew in an Arctic expedition in 1913. Through association with scientists, "he acquired a passion for learning," and Arctic exploration. He had been married only a few days before leaving on his last journey.

"Caught myself whistling this morning. Not that I don't want to whistle, God knows. However, this is in spirit only, for I am as weak as a cat. . . . Just drank a quart of fox soup. Wish we could get a bear. This fox meat does not lie easy on my stomach. . . ."

The very last sentence of the diary is ironic:

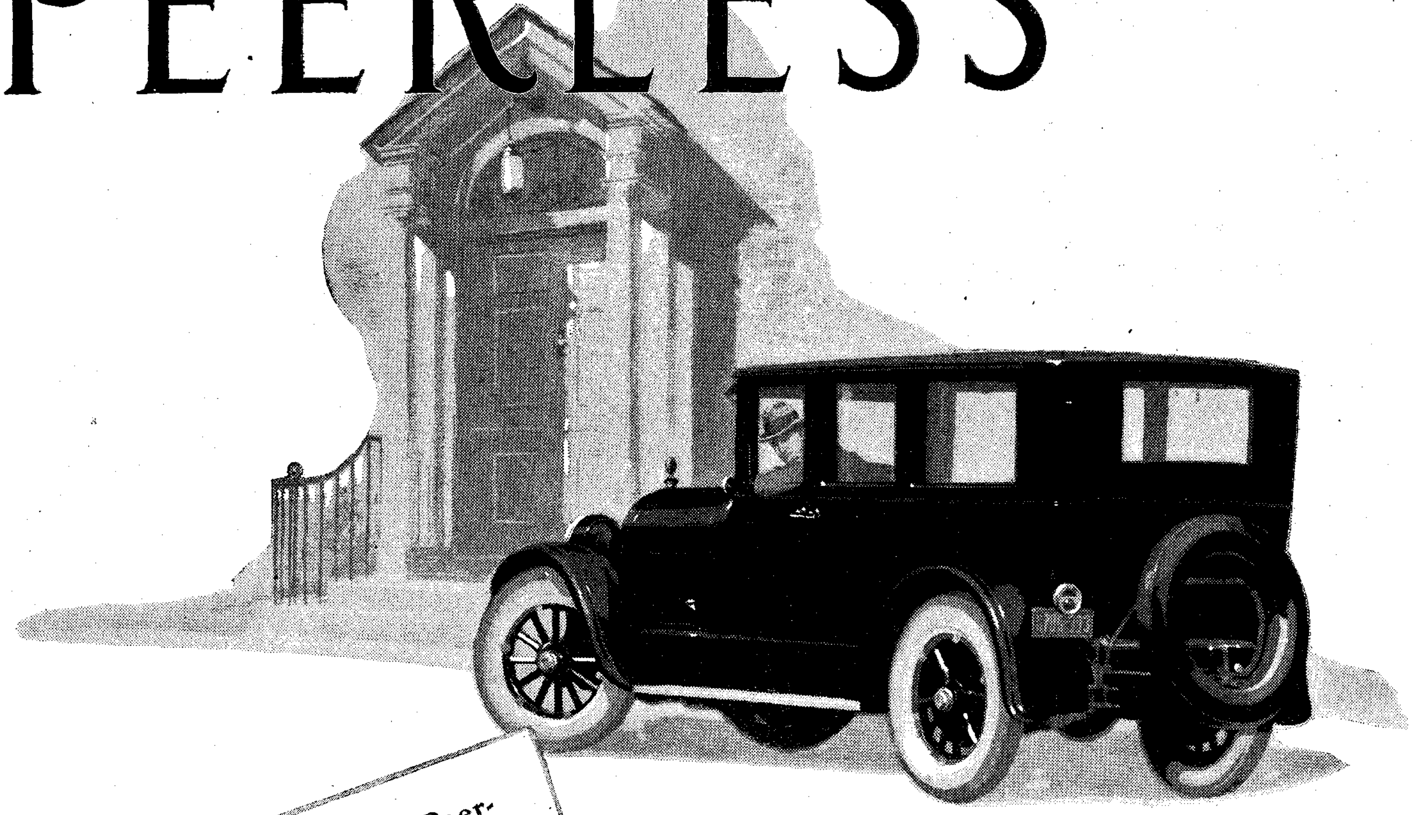
"The woman tells me that the color is coming back into my lips, which were quite bloodless."

There, Knight's faithful record breaks off—the record begun in such high spirits aboard the *Silver Wave*, two and a half years before, when the Arctic was still a land of romantic promise to the boys.

One other piece of writing, reports Noice, he found in Knight's tent. It has no scientific value, he admits, but:

It shows the spirit of the adventurer of the North. Written by Knight on a loose

PEERLESS



Having driven my old Peerless over 50,000 miles without ever having the engine overhauled, I very naturally had a warm spot in my heart for the name Peerless. But this new model is so far superior to the old there is no comparison.

Mrs. Armstrong and I agree that we have never ridden in or driven anything to equal it, regardless of price, and we have tried all of the better class of cars.

H. W. ARMSTRONG
President, Reid, Murdock & Co.
Chicago, Ill.

It is literally not possible that a higher price can buy more today than the New Peerless offers in the way of complete and lasting motoring satisfaction.

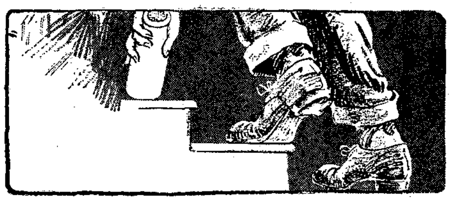
Peerless superiority is an *actual* superiority—not only demonstrable when first you ride in the car, but impressing itself upon you again and again throughout the whole of your Peerless ownership.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

New Prices

$2690 to $4090 f. o. b. Cleveland, dependent on the style of body you select. The Peerless line of bodies includes touring cars, coupes, sedans and limousines

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT



His responsibility ends at your doorstep —then it's up to you

YOUR milkman delivers pure, wholesome milk, but what happens after you open the bottle?

You never can replace a crumpled or punctured cap so that it is a real protection. Dust and dirt enter — but this can be avoided so readily by the use of Perfection Caps. No fork, ice-pick, or thumb is necessary.

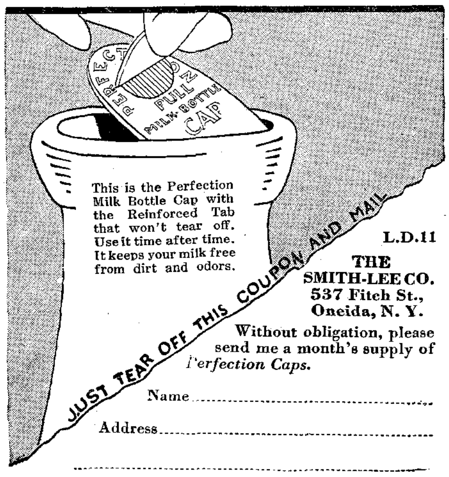
Send the coupon and let us send you a month's supply, free, of Perfection Pull Milk Bottle Caps. They will really protect your milk. They lift by a tab, reinforced to prevent tearing. You can replace them as often as you wish; no dirt can enter the milk because the cap is not mutilated.

After you have tried the Perfection Pull Caps, tell your milkman that you want him to use them. He will do it — he wants to please you.

Send the coupon now.

Drink more milk — AND PROTECT IT WITH

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP


PERFECTION PULL MILK BOTTLE CAP
JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

This is the Perfection Milk Bottle Cap with the Reinforced Tab that won't tear off. Use it time after time. It keeps your milk free from dirt and odors.

L.D.11

THE
SMITH-LEE CO.
537 Fitch St.,
Oneida, N. Y.

Without obligation, please send me a month's supply of *Perfection Caps.*

Name ....

Address ....

....

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

sheet of paper, folded within the pages of the diary, these words affected me strangely —probably the last Knight ever set down. They are a sort of brave jest flung into the face of Doom:

Here lies a Polar Explorer so valiant and bold
Who devoted his life to snowstorms and cold
All for prominence, so I've been told
And a few pieces of yellow filth called gold.
For nourishment he had snow and scenery
Which reminded him of the grim beanery
The grim beanery so greasy and grim
Would look like Paradise now to him.
Oh! Bring on your roast pork, apple sauce and pie
And some whipped cream before I die
Some of that wonderful potato salad, too
And sliced tomatoes with lots of goo-goo
And beans. Oh! Beans, that wonderful fruit
And then to end it all, just to make things suit
About a gallon of Mother's canned fruit
And then a wonderful bewitching smoke
For as tobacco is concerned I'm dead broke.
But I'm going now where it's always hot
Where blizzards ain't and cold is not
Where everyone's happy and anthems ringing
But having no voice I'll be out of the singing
Don't weep for me now, don't weep for me ever
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

So ends the story of the poor boy adventurers of Wrangel Island, comments Mr. Noice, and the rest of the story is Ada Blackjack's. She had seen the others writing diaries, and so, after Knight became too weak to make further entries, she started a diary herself. The record of her life on Wrangel Island, says Mr. Noice, "is as much an epic of suffering as the Book of Job." She conquered her fear of the gun, and, through scurvy and snow-blindness, she fought for Knight's life and for her own. For three days, shortly before Knight died, she was compelled to stay indoors because of her snow-blindness. To quote Mr. Noice's record:

She writes briefly: "I didn't go out nowhere to-day on account of my eyes on boam."

A BOY EXPLORER

Nineteen-year-old Milton Galle, from Texas, had never been North before. The youth and inexperience of the "colonizers" is held largely responsible for the tragic death of all four of them.

Realizing the necessity of becoming a good shot Ada practises even when she is not hunting. On June 17 she writes:

"This evening I made a target and shot two times with the rifle. And I took my target in and saw it to Knight and he says it's pretty good shooting."

On the twenty-first of June, the day before Knight's death, Ada writes: "Knight is getting very bad. He looks like he is going to die."

Curiously, there is no mention of Knight's death in Ada's diary. Her entry on that day is very brief: "Move to the other camp to-day and I wash my dishes and I get in some wood."

Her days of nursing are over. Her last act in Knight's behalf was to put up the barricade of boxes, which I was ultimately to take down, and thus to protect his body from marauding animals. She told me later that she could not nerve herself to bury him.

In the report of her entire trip, which she penciled laboriously in the tiny cabin we fixt for her on board the *Donaldson*, Ada wrote of Knight's death:

"I had hard time when he was dying. I never will forget that all my life. I was crying while he was living. I try my best to save his life but I can't quite save him."

On a single sheet of white paper picked out on Galle's typewriter, Ada made this official notation:

Wrangel Island
June 22nd, 1923
The daid of Mr. Knight's death. He died on June 22nd. I don't know what time he die, tho. Anyway I write the daid just to let Mr. Stefansson know what month he died and what daid of the month.
Written by Mrs. Ada B Jack."

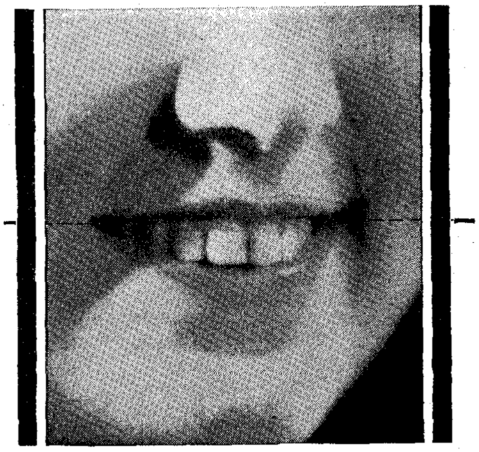
Earlier on that same day she wrote a letter to Galle, apologizing for using his typewriter. The pathos, the courage, the amazing sense of responsibility that permeate the entire story of this Eskimo woman speak through the lines of her letter to Galle:

Wrangel Island, June 22nd, 1923.

"Dear Galle,

"I didn't know i will have very important writting to do. You well forgive me wouldn't you. Just before you left I've told you I wouldn't write with your typewriter. So I made up my mine I'll write a few words, in case some happen to me, because Mr. Knight he hardly know what he's talking about I guess he is going die he looks pretty bad. I hope i'll see you when you read letter. Well, if nothing happen to me i'll see you. The reason why I write this important notice I have to go out seal hunding with the rifle. I was after seal on 18th of June. I shot two times to one seal but didn't hit the seal. And it was fogy to I think that's one reason why it's

Receding gums expose THE DANGER LINE *on your teeth*



Where Acid-Decay, Pyorrhea and many other serious dental troubles begin

DO YOU ever notice that your gums become inflamed and swollen at times? This is a warning that you should heed. It is usually due to trouble at The Danger Line—just below where the gum margin meets the teeth.

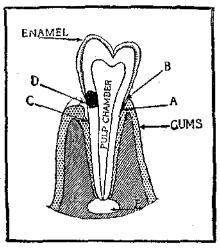
The hard, protective enamel on your teeth stops there. Below is the sensitive, soft, bony structure that easily decays.

A little triangular pocket

The edges of your gums do not cling flush to the surface of your teeth. They are rounded and form a little V-shaped crevice.

Tiny food particles are forced down into this crevice when you eat. They may cause irritation and inflammation, which result in a gradual recession of the gums.

Then these food particles ferment and acids are formed which eat into your teeth. This Acid-Decay may be the forerunner of pyorrhea.



Sectional Drawing of an ordinary tooth and gums
"A" is The Danger Line. "B" is the V-shaped crevice. "C" shows recession of gums. "D" is decay at The Danger Line. Abscesses form at "E."

Once decay begins in the soft, bony structure of the teeth it spreads rapidly. When the inside pulp of the tooth is affected, the tooth aches and may die. Bacteria from the diseased pulp and from The Danger Line are carried to the apex of the tooth, forming abscesses.

Poisons from diseased gums and abscesses are often carried throughout the entire body and cause rheumatism, heart-disease and other serious conditions.

Squibb's Dental Cream stops Acid-Decay

Brushing your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream is a safe preventive of Acid-Decay. This remarkable new dental cream is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—for years recognized alike by dentists and physicians as the efficacious antacid. It gets into crevices that your tooth-brush does not reach, and thus prevents decay. It gets into the gum-pockets at The Danger Line, neutralizing mouth acids there and protecting teeth and gums from disease.

Squibb's Dental Cream also cleans the teeth thoroughly, removing stained dental mucin and keeping the teeth as clear, bright and attractive as nature intended them to be. It also allays the sensitiveness of acid-etched or otherwise decayed teeth, and is soothing to irritated gums. You will like its pleasing flavor and the delightful clean sensation which follows its use.

If you cannot get Squibb's Dental Cream from your druggist, mail us the coupon below with 10 cents for a generous trial size tube.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

E. R. Squibb & Sons, P. O. Box 1215, City Hall Station, New York
Dept. LD-12

Enclosed find 10 cents to cover wrapping and mailing of a generous size sample tube of Squibb's Dental Cream.

Name..

Address...

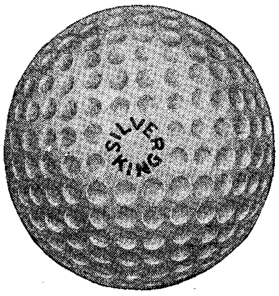
City..State..........................

Copyright 1923,
E. R. Squibb & Sons

This Christmas Give Golf Balls

This answers that perplexing question *"What shall I give him?"*—and nothing could please him more. Give him a box of Silver Kings, "king o'them all," the largest selling golf ball in the world—or Radio Crowns, the finest American made ball. Both are dependable and durable—and held in highest esteem by golfers all over America.

Silver King
REG U S PAT OFF



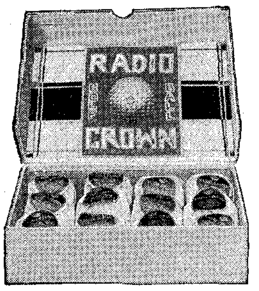
"King O'Them All"

Occasionally Challenged
—Never Equalled

Used by the winners of more than forty open championships.

By the Box—$12.00 *a Dozen*

Radio Crown



"Its Crowning Virtue is Distance"

A Popular Ball
Wherever Played

By the Box—$9.00 *a Dozen*

Sold by Club Professionals and all good Sporting Goods Stores—or sent by mail, postage prepaid, direct by John Wanamaker, Dept. 156 A, Broadway at 8th Street, New York. All orders promptly filled.

John Wanamaker
New York

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

more hard for me to hit the seal. . . . I didn't go out again because I didn't see anymore, but I try hard enough to get some eidar duck but I could not hit any eidar duck. On 19th of June I got one female eidar duck. Of course Knight wouldn't eat any meat he always say he's got sore throad. On 9th of June I found one seagall egg and I saw banch of seagals on one place and I found six more new nests but didn't have any eggs. When I was coming back there was flock of geese and I took a shot there. One drop My! I was glad. Came home with one geese egg and after four days I went up again and I found nine eggs, that is seagall eggs. Oh yes, the goose that I got had one egg and two smale ones the largest one had almost shell on it not quit through. That's about all I well say in this notice I write. I may write some more some times if nothing happen to me in few days.

"With lots of best regards to your self from me

Yours truly
Mrs. Ada B. Jack."

Other entries in her diary continue up to the day of her rescue. Evidently she left the sheet in the typewriter, says Mr. Noice, and each day added a line or two giving her whereabouts, in case Maurer, Galle or Crawford should return during her absence. The record runs:

"June 24th. I'm going over to the other side of the harbar mouth do some duck hunding.

"June 25. Going same as yest rday. I got seven eidars.

"June 26th. I'm going to take a walk to the smale Island. I saw two Polar bears going in shore from the ice way over west of the camp. I saw the Polar bears when come back from little Island. It's four oclock now. I write down when I saw them. I don't know what I'm going to do if they come to the camp. Well, God knows.

"June 27th. I'm going hunt seal today. I'm going after the seal that I saw when I went the old camp the other day. It was about two hundred yards from the beach I got a seal. I shot it with the rifle. Oh I was glad when I got the seal and when I come home I cut the seal and hang the meat to dry.

"June 28th. I clean the seal skin today and lat this afternoon Polar bear and one Cub was very close to the Camp and I didn't take any chances. I was afraid if I didn't hit it right I'd be in danger. I just shot over them and they wend away. I was glad thank the living God."

On July fourth she ends her description of an unsuccessful day's hunting when her gun went off unexpectedly with: "The seal went down and I stand up and say Fourth of July. It was a surprise rifle boom so I have my Fourth of July."

The next day she shoots at two seals and kills one of them. After hauling it home, skinning it, hanging the meat and stretching the skin, she exults a little in her efficiency with:

"All done in one day and this evening I took a bath. Thank the Lord Jesus."

Later Ada kills another seal, but polar bears take possession of it, and she sees them devouring her prize before she can haul it to camp.

Up to the very last record in the diary, which is dated August 19, the day before our arrival for rescue, Ada works early and late in her struggle for food. She makes a seal-net. She builds herself a canvas boat. When it is blown away, she makes another one, which she is careful to tie up.

"I finish new canvas boat. Oh yes, I made oars for my little boat. I thank God."

On the morning of August 12 she gets up to find that in the night, polar bears have eaten a full can of seal-blubber, left standing just outside the door of her tent. Conscious how narrow had been her escape, she writes: "I thank the Lord Jesus keep me from danger."

With driftwood Ada built a lookout above her tent and many times a day she climbed to the top of it and searched the ice with field-glasses for signs of open water.

On August 18 she sees that the ice is moving and records the fact cautiously:

"The wind blowing hard from the west and the ice is going out slowly. A few days ago I thought it was going out but it didn't go very far."

The following night, which was to be Ada's last alone on the island, she makes her final entry:

"I finished my knitted gloves to-day. I am on my last biscuit box. The ice is over the top of the horizon. I thank the Lord Jesus and God His Father."

The Eskimo woman had no sooner finished building her morning fire than a strange sound came through the walls of the little tent. It was vague at first, muffled by the fog, then unmistakable. Ada grabbed up her field-glasses and dashed from her shelter. She climbed to the lookout and peered through the fog until her eyes finally caught sight of a ship's mast.

Elsewhere I have described our meeting. "I was so glad that I cry," Ada wrote of it. "I hardly believe that it was a ship. And I thought I will see Crawford and Galle and Maurer. And they told me nobody knows anything about those three fellows. Gosh, that was sad news to me."

So ends the chronicle of Ada. She is now living in Nome, Alaska. Her harrowing experience did not shatter her nerves. She is as well as she ever was.

The boys are gone, concludes Mr. Noice, but—

The work for which they gave their lives goes on. Twelve Eskimos and one white man are now on Wrangel, carrying on the task which Mr. Stefansson began, inspired by his vision of a northward moving civilization. It is his resolve that never again shall this island be uninhabited. Wrangel has been definitely claimed from the wilderness, irrespective of what Government finally takes it over.

Altho now valuable chiefly for its furs, it is as a future airplane and airship base that Wrangel Island promises interesting developments. For it is a stepping-stone on the shortest route from England to Japan. Some day, perhaps, the shores where Ada wandered in search of food and where Knight died will boast gigantic hangars. Searchlights may sweep the heavens, playing upon great dirigibles. This region, desolate since the world began, may hum with human life.

Why you should use
GARGOYLE MOBILOIL ARCTIC
in your { STUDEBAKER ENGINE, BUICK ENGINE, MAXWELL ENGINE or OVERLAND ENGINE } during winter

WINTER makes fresh demands upon the lubricating system of your automobile engine.

It is essential that your lubricating system provide immediate and thorough distribution of the oil to all engine parts.

Some lubricating systems distribute the heavier-bodied oils under summer operating conditions, but due to certain features of design will require an oil of *special fluidity* now that winter is here. This is not true of all cars as some are designed to use the same oil both summer and winter.

Among others, the Studebaker, Buick, Maxwell and Overland lubricating systems employ certain features which make it imperative to use a winter oil which will not unduly thicken or congeal in cold weather. If you drive any of these cars the following information should not only be interesting, but helpful, if the recommendations are followed, in improving winter performance and reducing the troubles which cold weather operation produces.

STUDEBAKER

All Studebaker engines are lubricated by a Splash Circulating lubricating system. A gear type oil pump, located on the rear of the engine and on the cam shaft level, about 10 inches above the oil level, forces oil directly to splash troughs under each cylinder bore.

The connecting rods dip into the oil in these troughs, creating an oil mist which lubricates all engine parts.

Oils of good fluidity atomize more easily and more thoroughly than heavier-bodied lubricants.

Under the lower operating temperatures of winter it is important that the oil be of good fluidity in order to assure thorough distribution to the piston pin bearings, cylinder walls and pistons, as well as all other engine parts.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic meets these requirements.

BUICK

The Buick engine employs a splash circulating system of lubrication. In this system, lubrication of the cylinders, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings depends *solely* upon an oil mist created by the connecting rods dipping into the oil in troughs located in the crankcase.

In the 1923 engine slotted covers are placed over these splash troughs. These covers materially cut down the amount of oil mist created and limit the quantity supplied to the working parts.

Where the cylinders, pistons, piston rings and piston pin bearings are so lubricated, the lubricant used during winter must possess special characteristics.

It must be of the proper fluidity at the low temperatures encountered to be atomized immediately and thoroughly by the dipping action of the connecting rods. At the same time, its character should be such that adequate lubrication is provided under all operating conditions.

Unless a lubricating oil is used which meets these requirements, insufficient lubrication and poor distribution with resultant premature wear of the working parts may occur.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic perfectly meets these requirements. This oil is of such fluidity as to readily and thoroughly atomize at low temperatures and is of such character as to provide highly efficient engine lubrication.

At the same time, due to its clean burning character, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic will result in a minimum of carbon deposits and carbon troubles.

MAXWELL

The positive operation of the Maxwell Force Feed lubricating system depends upon the impellor type oil pump receiving an unfailing supply of lubricating oil.

As the pump is located at a considerable height above the oil level with both the oil suction and discharge lines outside the crankcase, it is important in cold weather to use an oil of exceptional fluidity. Otherwise circulation of the oil may be interrupted.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic possesses the proper fluidity to assure the thorough priming and distribution necessary under these conditions and has the proper character to provide adequate engine lubrication.

OVERLAND

The Splash Circulating lubricating system of the Overland differs radically from the conventional type. The flywheel is used as an oil pump. Running with its lower edge continually immersed in the engine oil, it throws the lubricating oil by centrifugal force into a small pocket where it passes through a strainer. From this the oil flows by gravity through a distributing pipe to the three main bearings to troughs located under each cylinder bore and to the timing gears.

The splashing action of the flywheel also circulates the oil in the transmission and clutch assemblies and thus provides for their lubrication.

Due to the immersion of the flywheel in the oil, sufficient quantities may not be supplied to the engine for its lubrication if the oil is congealed or of heavy body. Excessive fluid friction drag will also result. Then too, heavy-bodied oils cause clutch slippage. Oils when congealed or too heavy-bodied do not squeeze out from between the clutch plates as readily as the lighter bodied, free-flowing lubricants.

The lighter bodied lubricants, from a distribution standpoint, are most efficient in this engine. Due, however, to the fact that the engine oil also lubricates the transmission unit, the lubricant must have the character necessary for a proper cushioning of the gear teeth.

In winter Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is of the proper fluidity to provide immediate and thorough distribution in an Overland engine. It protects against an undue amount of fluid friction drag. It provides adequate transmission lubrication.

IMPORTANT

If your car is not among those discussed here, see our Chart of Recommendations for the correct winter oil. Leading dealers have the Chart, or our nearest Branch will gladly send you a copy.

Domestic Branches:

New York
(*Main Office*)
Philadelphia
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
Buffalo

Boston
Detroit
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Rochester

Chicago
St. Louis
Pittsburgh
Kansas City, Mo.
Dallas
Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

for Christmas
$2.50

A SUPREME
ELECTRIC LANTERN

—something new
—lasts for years
—useful everywhere
—always dependable
—no fire danger
—weatherproof
—economical
burns 12
continuous hours
or 6 months
intermittently

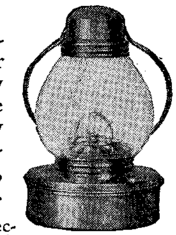
A most desirable
and unusual GIFT

Unexcelled for outdoor
and indoor uses

The Embury Supreme Electric Lantern is the handiest electric light ever invented. It throws a bright light in every direction, and you don't have to hold it. You can hang it up or set it down anywhere, or hold it on your arm, leaving both hands free. No smoke, no smell, no trouble.

Indispensable

for motorists, sportsmen, campers, boy or girl scouts. Exactly what is needed for the home — wonderfully handy for dark corners, cellar, attic, workshop and garage.



The Embury Supreme Electric Lantern is 8 inches high and 5 inches wide. Best materials and workmanship. Attractive as well as useful. Batteries renewed for 50c. a set anywhere.

$2.50
Complete
with Battery

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail postpaid on receipt of price. Get your order in early to insure prompt delivery before Xmas. Lanterns mailed direct with your name on an appropriate card, as Xmas Gifts to friends.

Mail the Coupon TODAY

Embury Manufacturing Co.
Warsaw Dept. M New York

Embury Manufacturing Co.
Dept. M, Warsaw, N. Y.

Enclosed please find check for $________
for which send_____ lantern to:

Name ____________________
Street Address ________________
City & State _________________

THE HARD-BOILED SONGS OF AVIATORS

THERE has recently come to light a collection of the songs really sung by American aviators. They all date back to the war, but they are still loudly chanted, wherever Army aviators foregather away from the public eye, or whenever there is a reunion of those now civilians who once flew in France. Looked at from this vantage point of time and space, the extent to which these "hard-boiled" songs stress one dominant note is astonishing. The underlying pathos of such cowboy songs as the "Lone Prairie" and such sailor chanteys as "Wrap Me up in My Tarpaulin Jacket" is there, it is true. But the more apparent note all through is a sort of rollicking half-cynical pulling of the beard of Death. It is the note of the "Dogie Song" in our West or "Blow the Man Down" at sea. Love of country, courage in the face of the enemy, and death with honor and glory may be taken for granted or not, but they are rarely mentioned. Fear of all sorts of things, on the contrary, is very frankly admitted, and the typical soldier way of grousing at everything is just as evident as it is in authentic soldier stories, or as in the popular songs of the various services, such as the Marines' "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous." For those interested in the psychology of men at war, these songs will give far more valuable information than a whole library of artificial war poetry of the "Death or Glory" school.

Like such books as Barbusse's "Under Fire" and Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," they must, however, be taken with a liberal grain of salt by readers who are not ex-soldiers themselves. It must be remembered that the soldier who has been in action is often unwilling to impute decent motives to himself or his officers, and is almost universally likely to conceal whatever real heroism or idealism may have moved him, under a veil of laughing cynicism or easy-going materialism. It must be remembered that while these songs were all widely sung at the front, it was due in some cases to the fact that they happened to be parodies of popular songs of the day, or to have a swinging rhythm of their own. Songs of a more serious sort were also written or evolved on the aerodromes, but none of them seems to have really taken with the men who flew over the lines. This may have been due to an instinctive fear of playing to the gallery, or the fact that no such song which happened to be written was actually worthy of the higher issues involved. Thus it was that feelings of the other sort which actually existed, and which might have welcomed some such expression, found their vent in the "Long, Long Trail," "Back Home Again in Indiana," and older sentimental ballads of a similar nature.

Utter sincerity and a scorn of false sentiment seems thus to have driven the flier, like other soldiers, to two opposite poles, neither one of which really exprest him. But for those who believe that rough-cut epics like "Casey Jones," the "Chisholm Trail" and "Frankie and Johnnie" represent genuine folk-songs, these air-service ditties will shed a new light on the flying-man. The aviator has been pictured as a "Knight of the Air" far too long for his own comfort. In the fatality tempered with humor of these songs we now see him fundamentally the same type as the cowpuncher, the lumberjack, the deep-sea sailor, and the lone, hunting pioneers of our own early West.

With liberal expurgations, omissions, and adaptations, here then are the songs:

THE BELGIAN WATERTANK

Beside a Belgian watertank
One cold and wintry day,
Beneath his busted biplane
A young observer lay.
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole,
He was not entirely dead,
And he listened to the last words
The young observer said:

Chorus
"Oh take me to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where the handouts grow on bushes
And we stay out all night;
Where you never have to work at all,
Or even change your socks,
And drops of Johnny Walker
Come trickling from the rocks."

THE OBSERVER'S SONG

I want to go home!
I want to go home!
The Jaycats they whistle,
The Salmsons they roar,
I don't want to ride in a Farman no more.

Chorus
Take me over the sea,
Where the wild pilots can't get at me,
Oh my, I'm too young to fly,
I want to go home.

I want to go home!
I want to go home!
The Sopwiths are bad,
And the Spads they are worse,
It's two minutes' ride from each one to a hearse.

Chorus
Take me over the sea, etc.

I want to stay home!
I want to stay home!
The D. H. is awful,
The Jenny's a dud,
And when you go up, you come down with a thud.

Chorus
Take me over the sea, etc.

THE D. H.

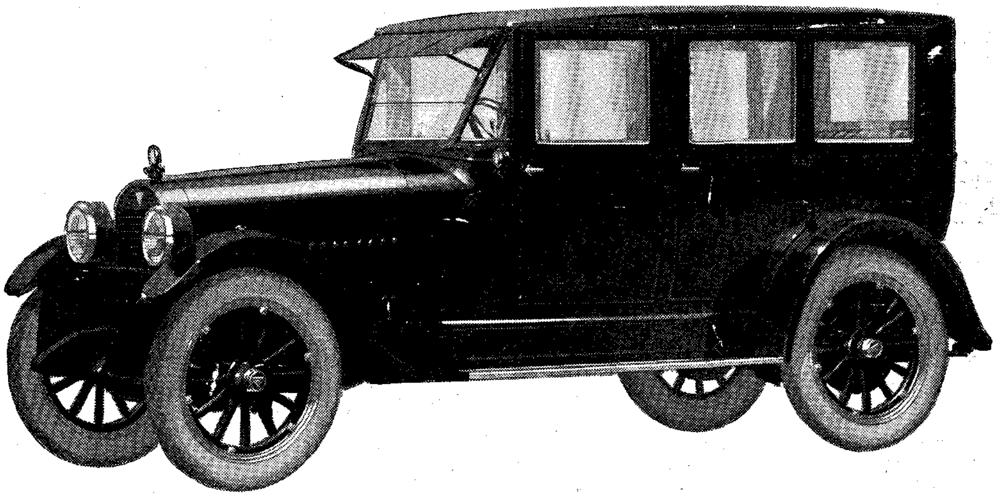
She has a pair of wings, tied on with strings,—
And everything.
And when you do a vree, the tail flies free—
And everything,
She's got a rusty cross-brace wire,
And she's a bear for catching fire,
This flying cootie, not built for beauty,
But looks ain't everything.

And when you set her down, she cracks her wheels
And everything,
And when the motor conks, you can hear the harps
In Heaven ring.
We have a smash-up every day,
And all our pay-checks roll away,
Just to help buy the hearse—
And the flowers—
And the hole in the ground—
And everything!

THE CADET'S SONG

Mother, put up your golden star,
Your boy's going up in a Sop.

The Sedan
$1895
Freight and Tax Extra



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HUDSON
SUPER
SIX

HUDSON has always been famous for the beauty of its closed bodies. But even among past creations, was none to rival the exquisite grace, luxury and charm of the New Sedan.

Heretofore a moderate-priced closed car has meant a low-priced chassis. Now at a saving of hundreds of dollars you buy in Hudson a car of positive reliability, chassis excellence and finest performance.

The new price takes the Hudson Sedan out of all competition with cars of comparable beauty, detail of body and performance worth.

Most Beautiful of the Hudsons

Finer in All Ways—
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On the Finest Super-Six Chassis Ever Built

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Only One in Five is Safe

Forhan's guards the teeth and health

Just before Pyorrhea starts — to undermine the teeth and health — kindly, knowing Nature sends a warning: the gums are tender and bleed easily.

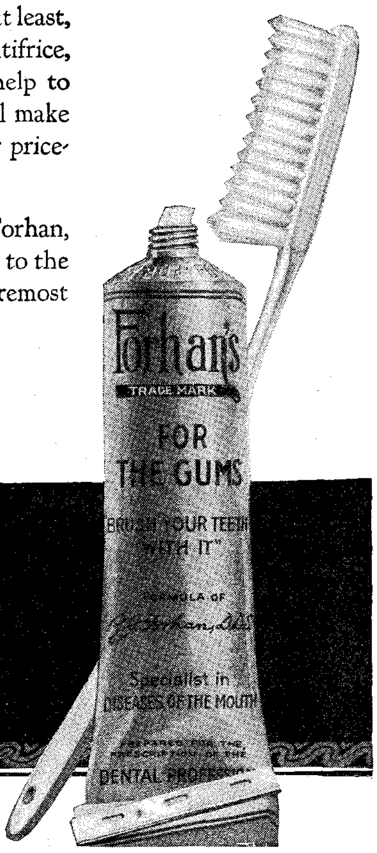
Take heed immediately, before it is too late, before the gums recede and the loosened teeth must be extracted.

Better yet, play safe. Don't wait for Nature's warning. Four persons out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea. This is the immutable law of averages. Your dentist will tell you that.

Go to him regularly, systematically, for tooth and gum inspection. And brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will make your mouth clean and healthful, preserve your priceless teeth, safeguard your precious health.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is time-tested, efficient, safe; pleasant to the taste and refreshing to the mouth. The foremost dentists recommend and use it.

Be on your guard. Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth with it regularly. Remember, in your case, the odds are 4 to 1 in favor of Pyorrhea. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

The wings are weak, the wires squeak
He's going to take a drop.
The motor's punk, the pilot's drunk,
The kid is sure to flop.
Oh mother put up your golden star,
Your boy's going up in a Sop

Mother take down your service flag,
Your boy's in the S. O. S.
He's S. O. L. but what the H—
He never suffered less.
He's weak and pale, but that's from ale,
Unless I miss my guess.
Oh mother take down your service flag
Your boy's in the S. O. S.

THE KIWI SONG

We don't have to—
Fight like the infantry
Shoot like artillery
Ride like the cavalry,
Oh
We don't have to
Fly over Germany
We are the Ki wi wi

Chorus—
We are the Ki wi wi
We are the Ki wi wi
Oh!
We don't have to—
Fight like the infantry, etc.

BOMBED LAST NIGHT

Bombed last night, bombed the night before,
Gonna be bombed tonight if we're never
bombed any more.
When we're bombed we're as scared as
we can be;

They can bomb the whole d—— army
If they don't bomb me.
They're over us!
They're over us!
One dugout for the four of us.
Glory be to God, there are no more of us,
For the four of us can fill it all alone.

THE BOMBER'S SONG

Frankie and Johnnie were bombers,
Lordy how they could bomb,
Frankie had a Croix de Guerre,
And Johnnie had a Palm

Chorus
These poor d—— fools
They done 'em wrong

Frankie he flew in a D. H.
D. H. it means d—— hearse,
Sent 'm over to the A. E. F.
Cause they didn't have nothing worse.
Chorus

Heinie sat up in his Fokker,
Fokker was built to fly.
Heinie pulled back on the joy-stick,
And she roared right up in the sky.
Chorus

Heinie slid south over Conflans
Some nice easy meat to spy,
Till way down below he saw the D. H.
A slow-ly flap-ping by.
Chorus

Heinie nosed down on the D. H.
His machine guns they went tick tack,
And the second burst of his Spandau
Caught Johnnie square in the back.
Chorus

Frankie he turned to Johnnie
And he said, "For God's sake, shoot!"
But Johnnie was up at the pearly gates
A-hearing the angels toot.
Chorus

Heinie dove straight on the D. H.,
And he held the Boudin back,
Till the D. H. vrilled in a cloud of smoke,
And the smoke was gol darn black.
Chorus

Forty-seven flea-bitten Heinies
And one burlap sack
Carried Frankie and Johnnie to the
boneyard
And they ain't a-coming back.
Chorus

THE PILOT'S SONG

A poor aviator lay dying
At the close of a bright summer's day.
His comrades had gathered about him
To carry his fragments away.

The airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His Hotchkiss was wrapped round his head;
He wore a spark-plug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket,
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
And then to his wondering comrades,
These brave parting words he did say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck,
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again."

THE DEFENSE OF PARIS

And when they ask us
How dangerous it was,
Oh, we'll never tell them
No, we'll never tell them.
We spent our pay in some café,
And fought wild women, night and day—
'Twas the awfulest job
We ever had.

And when they ask;
And they're surely going to ask us,
Why we didn't win the Croix de Guerre,
We'll never tell them
No, we'll never tell them.
There was a Front
But d——ned if we know where.

STUNTS

I can not do the old things now
That I've been used to do.
I'm all smashed up from doing stunts
And so must keep from view.
In doing tailspins near the ground,
I lost my nerve for sport.
I am not good for anything—
One leg's a trifle short.
In flying upside down one day
I turned the wrong direction,
So to the hospital I was sent
For rest and for correction.
For flying at high altitude
My life is quite undone;
My pressure gage is smashed and bent,
And I have lost a lung.
Up in a tree there hangs a wing
And on the ground a wheel,
While on the struts there rests an arm
That has no power to feel.

I left a wish-bone in the grass
And broke my collar-bone;
The major saw the ship and swore.
In purple rage he said
"We can not have these ships smashed up!—
While on the ground I bled.
In kindness keep my girl away,
Nor even send a rose.
I haven't any sense of smell—
I've lost my only nose.
Please tell the folks at home I'm dead,
And send to them my pension;
And you cadets take heed to this,
And from me learn prevention.

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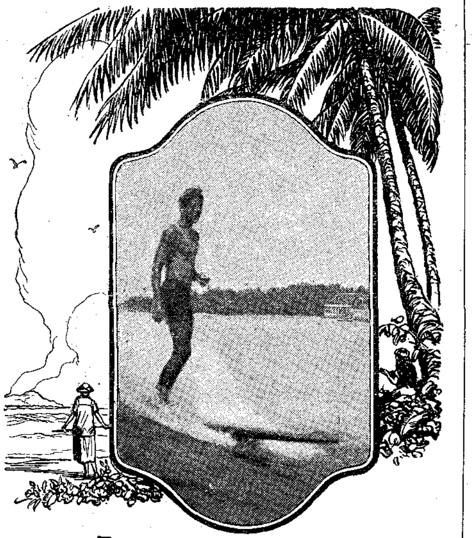
NEW YORK



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Romantically of the South Seas, Hawaii is a territory of the United States, with the same laws, customs, conveniences.

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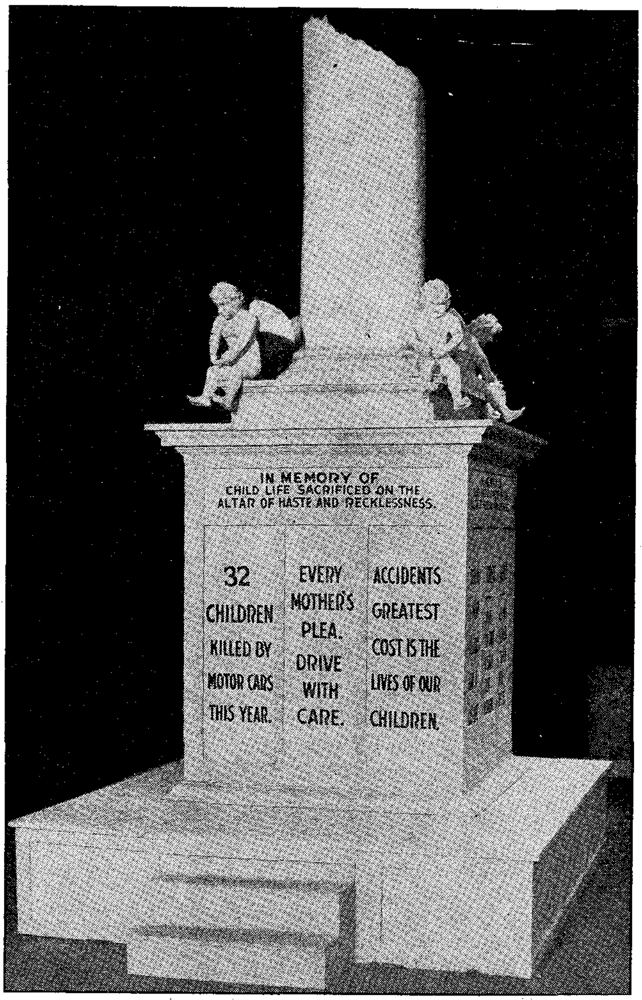
MOTORING AND AVIATION

ST. LOUIS'S MONUMENT TO CHILDREN KILLED BY CARS

DIRGES played and children scattered flowers while a broken column, on a huge white plinth, was dedicated, on one of the busiest street-corners of St. Louis, to the memory of the thirty-two children killed in the city this year by automobiles. "In Memory of Child Life Sacrificed on the Altar of Haste and Recklessness," the leading inscription reads, and the monument is so placed that it will be not only a memorial but a reminder for the present and future. "The impressive ceremony" with which the monument was dedicated, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* records it, was part of the "Safety Week" program carried out in St. Louis between November 19 and 26. On the first day of the Safety Week, the Monday on the afternoon of which the children's monument was dedicated, reports the same paper, four people were killed by automobiles in 24 hours, bringing the total to 129, six more than last year.


IN MEMORY OF CHILD LIFE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF HASTE AND RECKLESSNESS.
32 CHILDREN KILLED BY MOTOR CARS THIS YEAR.
EVERY MOTHER'S PLEA. DRIVE WITH CARE.
ACCIDENTS GREATEST COST IS THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN.

Photograph by courtesy of the St. Louis "Star"

A MEMORIAL AND A REMINDER

This monument, whose inscriptions tell of the tragedies that caused its erection, was dedicated on one of the busiest of St. Louis's street-corners during the city's recent "Safety Week."

Solemn requiem airs were played at the beginning of the ceremony which dedicated the unusual monument to the slain children, reports the *Post-Dispatch*, and crowds stood with bared heads. After the opening funeral march, continues the reporter:

> The benediction by Monsignor Tannrath followed. Speakers then urged carefulness by St. Louis drivers, parents and pedestrians. Small children dropt flowers about the base of the monument. Again the audience stood with heads uncovered as the ceremonies came to an end with a funeral dirge.
>
> During the ceremonies, the *AC-1*, a large dirigible from Scott Field, circled the spot, dropping "safety" literature. A grimmer reminder of the deadly results of carelessness was a large speedometer, near Twelfth Boulevard and Locust Street, its figures showing, not speed, but deaths in the city. One fatality was already up for Safety Week.

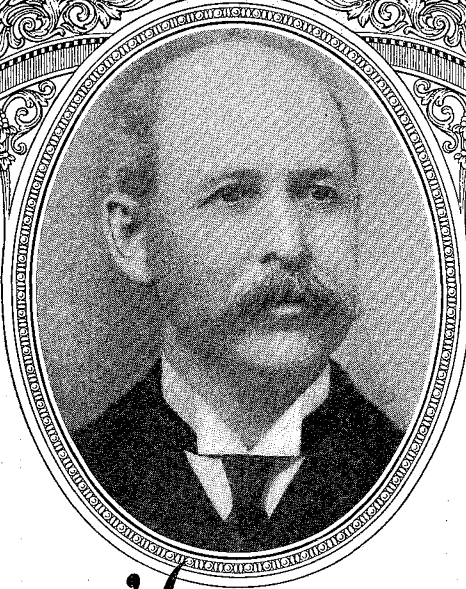
"Every child has the right to live," Rabbi Samuel Thurman, the first speaker, declared. "If not the right to play in the streets, they at least have the right to cross them safely. It is up to their elders to guard them. This monument cries out against the negligence of the people, against the cheap regard in which life is held." He urged that all individuals assume a personal obligation to guard and warn against carelessness at all times.

If every motorist each morning would offer up, in all sincerity, this prayer, "O Lord, help me this day to love my neighbor as myself," there would be far fewer accidents, the Rev. George A. Campbell, president of the Church Federation, asserted. A great responsibility lies upon the individual, he said, for no street or turn in the city can be "fool-proof."

"Hooch and gasoline don't mix," Mayor Kiel warned in an address. "Many an accident is caused by the mental condition of the driver. Careful driving should begin even before the machine is entered." He praised the work of the Safety Council, and hoped the curtailment of accidents in the future would give St. Louis one of the best records among the larger cities.

Herman Spoehrer, chairman of the council's Safety Week program, who presided,

W. L. Douglas' name and portrait is the best known shoe trademark in the world. It stands for a high standard of quality and dependable value. For economy and satisfactory service, wear shoes that bear this trademark



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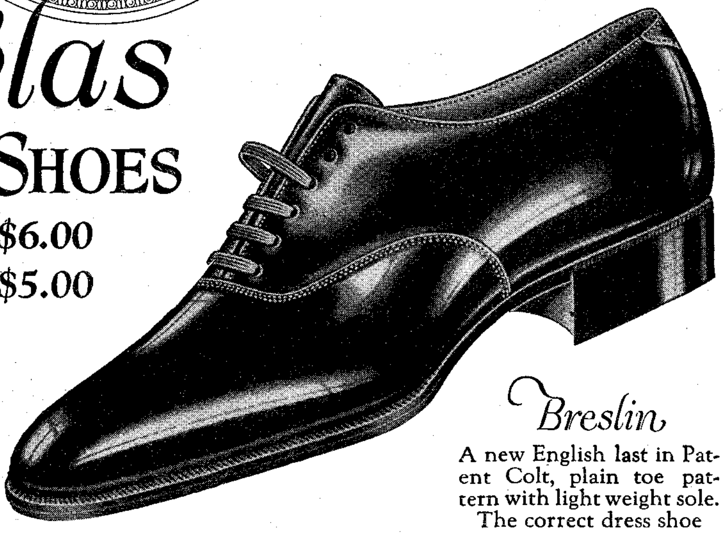
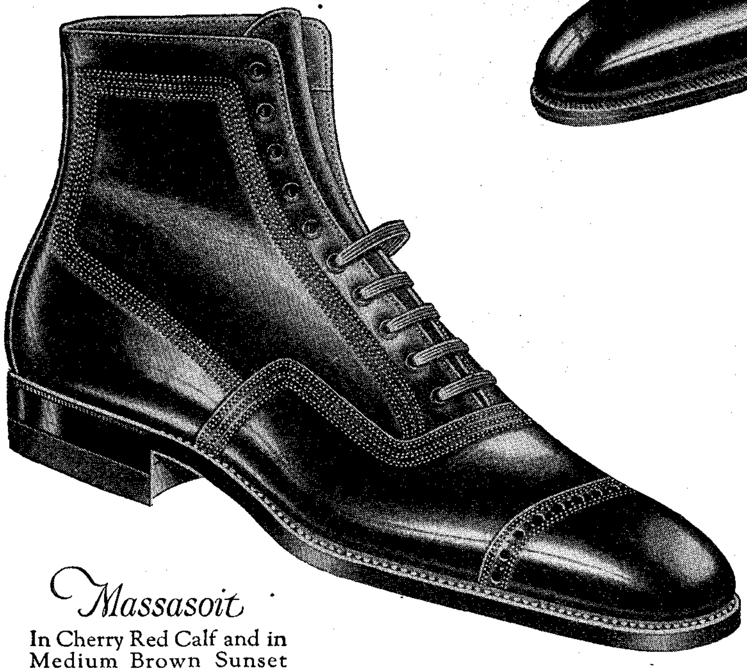


Breslin

A new English last in Patent Colt, plain toe pattern with light weight sole. The correct dress shoe



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MANY hundreds of thousands of people wear W. L. Douglas shoes. A great majority of these people buy them year after year. Shoe clerks say that they are easier to sell than any other make.

The reason for this is because the shoes look, feel and wear like shoes ordinarily priced much higher.

If you have been paying high prices, examine W. L. Douglas shoes and see if you, too, do not consider them exceptionally fine in materials, workmanship and in the smartness of the styles.

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A Merry Christmas and a Safe New Year from J. Jones
ONE PAIR
TIRE CHAINS
PAT. JUNE 8, 1916, JAN. 24, 1922
JULY 10, 1923
WEED DE LUXE
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CORD OR FABRIC
NAME "WEED" ON EVERY HOOK

For a Merry Christmas and a Safe New Year

GIVE him a set of WEED Chains—the gift which completely expresses the spirit of Christmas—*good will to men and peace on earth that comes from* SECURITY!

When roads are slippery he will smile in gratitude as he snaps the Weed Chains securely on by pressing the new Lever Locking Connecting Hooks.

He will appreciate your tribute to him as a careful, intelligent driver who puts on Weed Chains whenever they are needed to make motoring safe for himself, his family and all those who use the streets and highways.

The name WEED is stamped on the cross chain hooks and Lever Locking Connecting Hooks of Weed and Weed De Luxe Chains. It stands for Safety and Economy.

American Chain Co., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
In Canada:
DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario
District Sales Offices: Boston Chicago New York
Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

said that within the last three years the death-rate here from motor-vehicle accidents had been reduced from 37 per 10,000 cars to 14 for each 10,000 machines. "We are not concerned with statistics, however, but with the saving of human life," he asserted.

The monument, with its broken column to denote lives destroyed before maturity, will remain in place throughout Safety Week. It bears many inscriptions begging for safe driving, among them "Better Constant Vigilance than Ceaseless Remorse."

"The broken column dedicated in memory of child life sacrificed," comments the *Post-Dispatch* editorially, "ushers in Safety Week with a piercing poignancy." The editor continues, in a vein which may suit conditions in the country-at-large quite as well as in St. Louis:

> This dreadful slaughter must be stopt If necessary, regulations severe and searching enough to do it must be adopted and enforced.
>
> Regulations, however, must be supplemented by whole-hearted cooperation on the part of the public, both motorist and pedestrian. Such cooperation may occasionally involve any of us in disagreeable duty, but in conscience and honor that duty can not be shirked.
>
> We have certain regulations now, submitted very properly in the form of requests, which are often brutally disregarded. We refer to the signs conspicuously posted in the vicinity of schools and playgrounds where children foregather, petitioning the motorist to drive slowly and with care. The majority of motorists comply gladly and sincerely. There are persons, however, who do not. Every one of us, probably, at one time or another, has seen cars driven along those stretches heedlessly and swiftly. In the excitement of play a child darting into the street at such a moment simply has no chance. The plea of unavoidable accident in such circumstances is the perjury of a murderer.
>
> It is no easy task to protect children from such unspeakable creatures, but the task is ours. It can not be accomplished by ordinance, nor by any practicable system of official patrol. Every right-minded citizen must assist in this cause. We should all of us, men and women, deputize ourselves as protectors of children, and when we see any motorist wantonly or thoughtlessly jeopardize the lives of children, the offender should be reported. There must be adequate laws then to deal with the case and adequate character among our law-enforcing officers.
>
> The whole problem of safety in the motor age grows acutely year by year. Every city in the country faces it. Some cities have experimented with rigorous measures. Some cities have undertaken prevention of accidents by high standards demanded of applicants for licenses, along with forfeiture of the privilege of driving in the event of accident or misconduct. The results nowhere have been as fortunate as hoped for. The plan or method for effecting the acceptable measure of safety has not been found.
>
> It has been ventured that the whole scheme of municipal life will have to be reorganized, with separate levels for pedestrians and automobiles where segrega-

tion for one or the other is impracticable. And if financial and physical difficulties of such a proposal are enormous, the present status is intolerable. With an annual roll of dead and maimed that exceeds historic battles, despite coercive and constructive legal efforts, the automobile seems to be hurrying along to mechanical restrictions that will reduce its speed. Public opinion may not be ready yet to resort to this extreme, but growing casualty lists will eventually invoke that verdict. If reasonable safety of life and limb can only be had by impairing the motor-car's efficiency, the motor-car will have to pay that price.

AMBULANCES THAT FLY

THE possible use of the airplane in medical service in future warfare was discust recently in a presidential address to the War Section of the Royal Society of Medicine, by Air Commodore D. Munro of the British Army Air Service. The history of the air ambulance, he said, began necessarily with temporary use of an ordinary service airplane to carry sick and wounded, either with no special arrangements at all or only primitive ones. Says *The British Medical Journal* in a report of the address:

> During the retreat of the Serbian Army in 1915 the French made some arrangements for air convoy of wounded. At the end of 1920 the French in the Levant organized an air ambulance in which eighty cases were carried to hospital during a period of four months. For this purpose the machine-guns were removed from airplanes and the patients strapped in their place. In May, 1923, during an epidemic of dysentery among the British forces in Kurdistan, 198 cases were conveyed by air to Bagdad. The distance was 100 miles as the machine flies, and was much longer by mountain track, which would have had to be taken had the airplanes not been available. The operation was difficult owing to bad weather and the lack of suitable landing-places, but it was carried out quite successfully in 98 flights; the time occupied in the evacuation was 128 hours 45 minutes. Unfortunately the only airplane specially designed for this work had to make a forced landing and was put out of action, so that the task was completed by improvised machines. The special kind of stretcher used with the service airplane was of a naval pattern, adapted to airplane purposes by the use of an extra lining. It consisted of bamboo sticks in canvas, with a head cushion, a blanket cloak, and a head and face mask. The squadrons in Egypt and Mesopotamia were now supplied with these stretchers for use in emergencies. They were strapped on to the fuselage, and the machine-gun fitting was used for fixing in position. If necessary two patients could be carried in the one machine.

The adaptation of the airplane itself to accommodate the ordinary stretcher was carried out during the Somaliland expedition of 1919–1920, we are told, when a machine, known among the troops as the "blood-wagon," was altered so as to take one stretcher and an attendant. The French in Syria and in Morocco had a regular service of such adapted machines, and it was reported to the French Colonial Congress of Public Health in 1922 that in the former country 105 casualties, and in

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CHRISTMAS gave us the idea! A new loudspeaker with the Radiola V—instead of the headphones! Greater value than ever—and twice the fun! Tune in—and *everybody* listen!

A Radiola V—powerful and sensitive long distance receiver—is the Christmas present the whole family wants. Grandpa wants it. Father wants it. Mary wants the dance music from the big cities. John wants the sports news as it comes from the field. Everybody wants it all—news—lectures—plays—fine classical music—operas—church sermons and bedtime stories. Everything from everywhere! Radiola V gets it all, from hundreds—sometimes thousands—of miles away.

Radiola V

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a gift of Krementz jewelry. Men prefer Krementz, as they know it is stylish and distinctive and that each piece is guaranteed to give a lifetime of satisfaction or replacement free.

Two Krementz collar buttons in a case (price 75c) are a popular gift. For those who already have Krementz collar buttons, a pair of Krementz links would be welcome, indeed. Selection can be made from a variety of designs, in white, green or yellow gold. In a handsome gift case, from $2.50 to $7.50 a pair.

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CORRECT JEWELRY FOR MEN

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

the latter country 168, had up to then been conveyed in this manner without mishap To quote further:

> In 1921 the French Minister of War put into commission a type of machine which carried two stretcher cases, a doctor, and a nurse, and had a roomy cabin where emergency operations could be performed, for which apparatus and equipment were installed. In the British designs there was no provision for the performance of operations, but chief attention was paid to suitable seating accommodation. In the Vickers-Vernon airplane two stretchers were run in on rails through the nose of the machine, and there was provision for seating eight patients on deck-chairs arranged along the inner wall of the fuselage. There was provision also for an ice- and food-box, sanitary conveniences, and an electric kettle and sterilizer. The machine was well ventilated, smooth-running, and the engine note not disagreeable. There were three of these machines at present established, and the number was being increased; another type was in building, to take two stretchers, and to be specially suitable for going out to the scene of a crash in such a country as Mesopotamia. In future these air ambulances would have their own medical personnel, and mechanics, and pilots would be told off for them. In warfare it would be possible to form aerial convoys for use between the front and the base hospital, and the method would suggest itself particularly for the bringing in quickly of abdominal and head casualties.

BETTER ROADS FOR MORE CARS

THE road and the vehicle, as usual, are running a race, and in the contest between the automobile and the modern improved highway, the automobile is still leading, because of a splendid start, says Watson Davis, of Science Service, in the New York *World.* The old dirt single trackway to town was good enough for one-horse shays and such, and it took some time to reform it into a highway fit for motor cars. The revolution, he notes, has now passed into the stage when roads are designed as well as built. To quote the article:

> Sixty to seventy of the leading engineers and scientists of the country have just met in Washington to discuss and exchange data on the experiments in progress on roads. This advisory board of highway research, organized under the National Research Council, was told that over $1,000,000 is being spent on learning how to build highways so as to give the best and longest service per dollar. A million dollars may seem a large sum to be spent on research instead of actual roads, but it will pay interest of at least several thousand per cent. When people are digging down in their own pockets and mortgaging the future of their children to pay for roads, they deserve the best that can be built. Roads can not be allowed to "just grow" with safety.
>
> The highway problem consists of more than the mere cement, sand, clay, stone and bitumens that make up the physical

road. The road slab must be designed as carefully as floors in buildings. It receives rougher treatment. A five-ton truck's hind wheel often delivers a smashing kick of thirty tons.

It must be known whether the soil on which a road is built can be trusted when wet weather comes along. Railroads have spent thousands of dollars leveling hills, and altho trucks can mount where locomotives would stall, elimination of grades will often save gasoline.

Now that nearly every little boy who hoped to be an engineer when he grew up has achieved his ambition, the streets and arteries between cities have become busy railless ways with a lack of schedule that must hurt sensitive railroad veterans.

Because he pays for them directly, tires seem more costly than roads to the average automobilist. He will be interested in this statement to the conference: "Contrary to what seems to be the popular idea, the problem in tire building is not to make a tread which will wear, but to make a tire in which the component parts will stay together and at the same time distribute the various strains so that the strain will not be excessive at any point. As soon as any of the parts separate, chafing sets in, blisters appear at various places, and the life of the tire is gone."

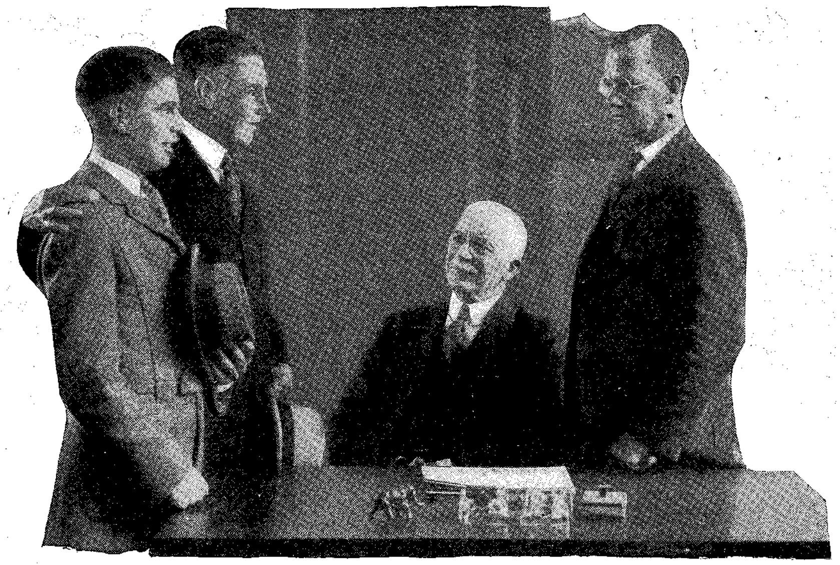
No road conference would be complete without a remark about speeding. One speaker recommended that drivers be arrested when they fail to exceed a certain speed limit at crowded times of the day. He said that "the slow-moving vehicle is often the cause of congestion upon a main highway and the importance of this fact is not at present generally realized."

Tell that to the judge next time.

CAN A MAN LIVE IN AN AIRPLANE FLYING 1,000 MILES AN HOUR?

HOW fast is it safe for human beings to fly? The question comes up as constantly increasing airplane speed records are set up by more powerful engines and more perfectly stream-lined planes. The question of the human element, sooner or later, must come in to put an end to increasing air speeds, even if no mechanical difficulties are encountered, predicts an Army medical officer. Major L. H. Bauer is Commandant of the School of Aviation Medicine, at Mitchel Field, Long Island, and it is his prediction that a speed of 1,000 miles an hour in an airplane, if any pronounced turning movement or change of direction is made, is likely to kill the flyer. Major Bauer, writing in the New York *World*, explains the reasons for his belief, beginning with the physical troubles now experienced by drivers of racing planes. He writes:

> The Pulitzer Trophy races called our attention forcibly to the terrific speeds which are now maintained by the racing type of ships. Most people probably read the statement made by Lieutenant Williams of the Navy. It will be remembered that he won the Pulitzer Trophy speed contest with a speed of 243.67 miles an hour. Lieutenant Williams said he became unconscious at the turns, or in his own words, "I went out cold as I turned the pylons."
>
> It will perhaps interest the readers of *The World* to know why he became



Gentlemen, this is my son

Just imagine that moment of glory—when you shall introduce that boy of yours to men of affairs—your boy, who so soon will step into the business swirl, to meet stiff competition, hard problems, dangerous temptations. To-day, your greatest joy is to "do something" for that boy of yours, and you ask: What Christmas gift will make him happiest—what will he appreciate most keenly—what will help him most?

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It gives them information about vital things in life that they can get in no other way —shows the value of character and initiative as well as ingenuity; gives them a look-ahead and some preparation for the work-world that your boy will be stepping into almost before you know it.

Your boy's feet are headed somewhere. What an opportunity you have, this Christmas season, to give him a friendly and trusted guide to walk with him while he gains the poise and stature of a man. Make him a present of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

Your boy needs THE AMERICAN BOY—to-day more than ever. It is a boy-building necessity! It is right that he should have it! Give it to him for Christmas. Subscribe to-day!

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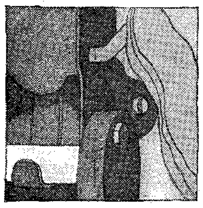
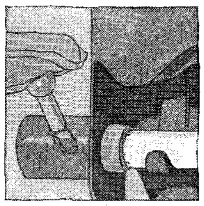
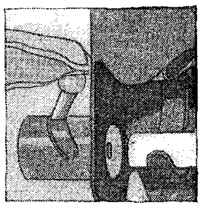


Raising lever at right drops cigarette from container.



Turning down lever at left "tuffs" and lights it.



Turning lever back releases cigarette lighted.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

unconscious, and what the possible chances are of serious trouble ensuing from such dazzling speed. I shall try to explain this so that those who have no knowledge of anatomy and physiology can understand it

First of all, our blood is distributed by means of our heart and blood-vessels all over the body. Our blood-vessels are controlled by a system of nerves that cause the vessels of one part of the body to become larger or smaller, depending on the amount of blood needed by that particular part of the body.

For example, after we have eaten, we need more blood in our digestive apparatus to aid in digestion. Consequently, considerable blood is diverted to the organs in the abdomen. When we are studying, we need more blood in our brain, so more blood is diverted there, and so on.

We have a system of blood-vessels in our abdomen that technically are known as splanchnic vessels. These vessels act as a blood reservoir, and are easily dilated to hold more blood. When we are lying down, our circulation is adjusted for that position. When we stand up, our circulation rapidly adjusts itself to the new position. Have you ever jumped quickly out of bed and felt dizzy, everything in front of your eyes becoming blurred? If so, your circulation, which was adjusted to the horizontal position in bed, did not adjust itself quickly enough to the upright position. As a result you had insufficient blood in your brain, causing temporary dizziness and faintness.

This will give you, perhaps, some idea of how Lieutenant Williams felt as he turned the pylons. However, there is another most important factor which was chiefly responsible for his symptoms. You are all familiar with the sensation of riding in fast trains or cars, particularly if you stand up. If the train goes around a curve to the left you fall toward the right. In other words, there is an action known as centrifugal force which pulls you in the direction in which the train was originally going. If before the train turned the curve you leaned to the left the force would pull you upright.

Now, a flyer when flying a straight-away course has his head upright and the plane is practically horizontal; that is, the wings are parallel to the ground. When a flyer makes a sharp turn, say, for example, to the left, he not only turns to the left, but also banks the ship so that the wings are now vertical. The position of the flyer's body is therefore horizontal, or parallel with the ground.

It will be seen, points out Dr. Bauer, that centrifugal force is acting in a direction away from the flyer's head, or toward his feet. So that we have two factors:

1, Centrifugal force, and 2, the change in position of the flyer's body. Instead of leaning to one side, as you might do in the train, the flyer has to bank his ship to prevent accident, just as a railroad track or automobile speedway is banked higher on one side.

The flyer is strapped into his machine so that centrifugal force can not pull him out of his seat, but centrifugal force does pull on his body, and as a result everything in his body that can move does so in the direction of the pull. This means that his blood, which is, of course, fluid, is carried away from his head into the easily enlarged splanchnic vessels already mentioned, and even into his legs.

This means that he has a lack of blood in his brain, or what medical men call anemia. When we have anemia of the brain, we become unconscious. Hence the flyer becomes unconscious when making a turn at terrific speed.

When a man is flying at the rate of four miles a minute, it will be seen that making a turn occupies but a moment. Anemia of the brain causes faintness and unconsciousness immediately. The flyer quickly recovers, because the circulation rapidly adjusts itself to the new position of the body, and the action of the centrifugal force quickly changes to the direction of the new line of travel. At slower speeds the pilot does not become unconscious, because the centrifugal action, being less, no anemia of the brain is produced, and furthermore, the circulation is more readily adapted to the change of the position of the body.

Now—how high a speed can the human being stand and still live? Is it possible to attain a speed so great that the anemia produced will be so marked and so prolonged that recovery will not take place? The answer is probably yes.

We can not say how great this speed will be, admits Dr. Bauer. Experiment only will show. However, we have another factor, not yet mentioned, on which we shall have to figure, continues the Army doctor, for—

Dr. Garsaux of France did some experiments with dogs. He rotated them on a wheel at speeds varying from four to six turns a second. Some of the dogs showed actual injury to the brain, from the brain being prest against the skull. Recovery followed in some, death in others. Autopsies showed there was an anemia of the brain and an engorgement of the vessels of the abdominal area, thus bearing out our statements about the aviator.

It is, therefore, not a wild theory to presume that a speed may yet be attained which, when a turn is made, would be sufficient to cause pressure on the stem of the brain in such a manner as to cause death. Furthermore, the force of such violent action would be sufficient to rupture blood-vessels both in the brain and in other parts of the body, which in themselves might be sufficient to cause death or lasting injury. So when we talk of attaining a speed of 1,000 miles an hour, let us not forget that, while mechanically possible, there is a human element which may make it impossible.

The sensations of dizziness, nausea and confusion that result from stunt-flying, continues Dr. Bauer, "is a matter that I believe is entirely apart from the cause of unconsciousness in speed-flying, but the two have been confused." He explains:

Equilibrium, or the ability to know the position of one's body in relation to space at all times, and to maintain the desired position, is a complex affair. We take it, perhaps, as a matter of course, but it is far from that. We receive sensations from our eyes, ears, skin, muscles, joints and tendons, which information we correlate. As a result we know instinctively (if we be healthy) whether we are standing up, sitting down, where our legs and arms are, and so forth, and in which direction we are moving, provided the motion is not too sudden or fast. Even if it is pitch dark, we

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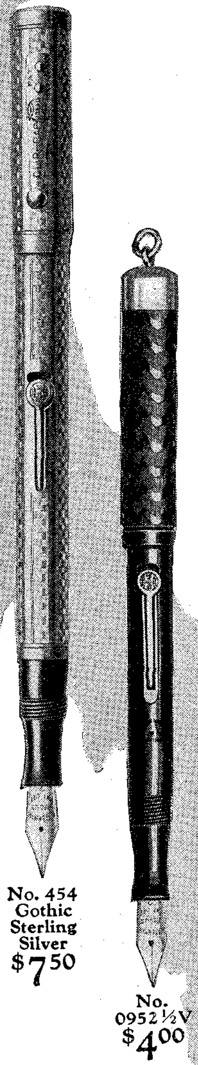

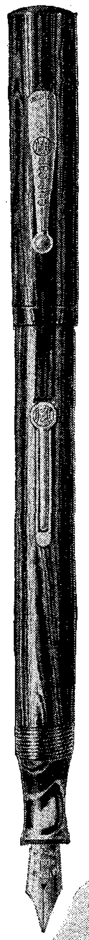

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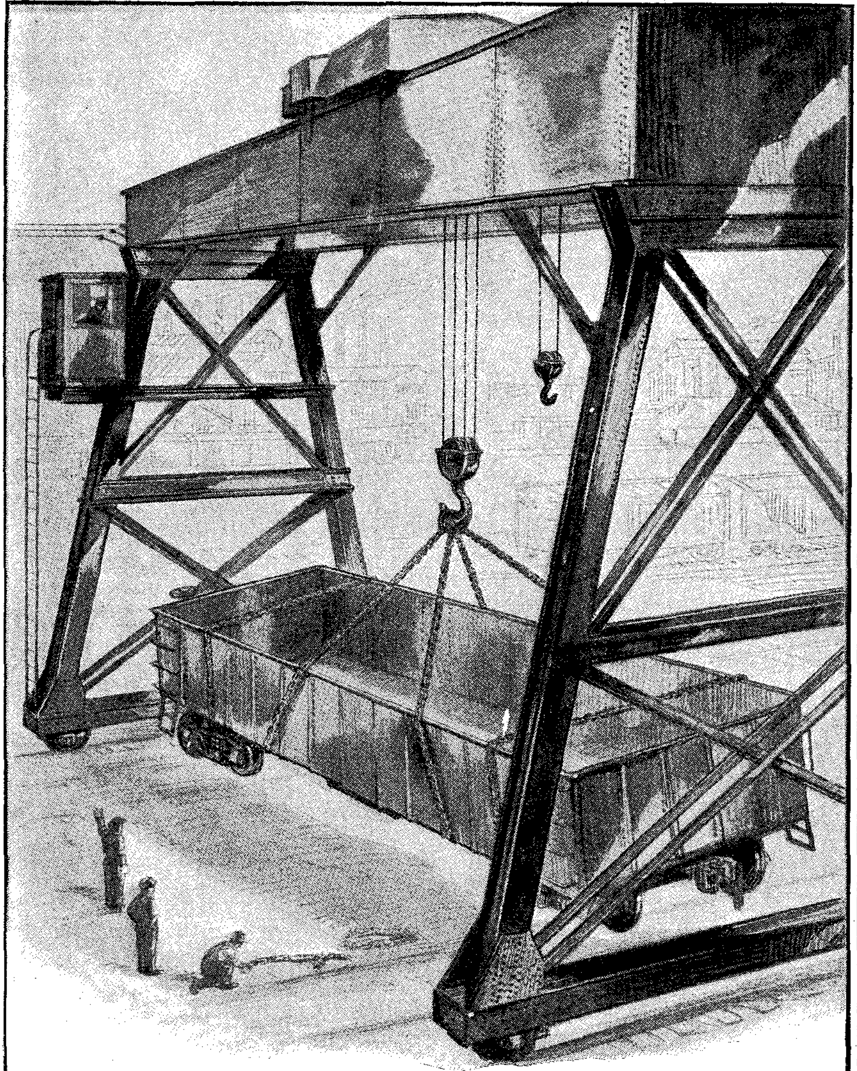

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

know whether our head is upright or turned to one side, because of the various sensations received, which we have learned correctly to interpret.

We are accustomed to motion chiefly in a horizontal plane, tho in an elevator we experience motion in a vertical plane. Movement in a circle, however, we are accustomed to in a moderate degree only in the horizontal plane.

Severe motion in that plane, or rotatory motion in the vertical planes, make us dizzy. Many of you have been seasick. This is because you are sensitive to motion. The up-and-down pitch and the side-to-side roll of the ship are motions to which you are not accustomed. Seasickness and airsickness have the same cause. People vary in their reactions to motion. Some are slightly disturbed, some are violently so. The latter can often be trained to get over their sensitiveness, just as, perhaps, you have got over your seasickness after two or three days at sea.

The flyer maneuvers in all three planes. He loops, he rolls, and he spins. His position with respect to the horizon is constantly changing. To one accustomed to these rapid changes of position, the sensations are very disturbing—nausea, vertigo and confusion resulting. What is it that causes these unpleasant sensations?

First of all, our eyes are partly responsible. The constant changing of the position of the landscape, or the horizon, is very disturbing to some people. Usually, flyers who are doing stunt-flying will tell you they keep their eyes fixt in the cockpit, or on some designated point, in order not to be confused by the revolving landscape.

However, our eyes are only partly responsible for our sensations. We receive information through our nerves from our muscles and joints that tell us our position. This does not make us sick, however. The element of sickness (aside from that caused by our eyes) comes from our ears. By ears, I do not mean the hearing part of the ear. There is an external ear, a middle ear, and an internal ear. It is the internal ear with which we are concerned, and with only a portion of that.

The internal ear is divided into what are known as the cochlea, which has to do solely with hearing, and a labyrinth which has to do with equilibrium. This labyrinth is divided into a vestibule with three semicircular canals connecting with it and through it with each other. These canals are known as the horizontal, which, roughly speaking, is parallel to the ground and has to do with sensation of motion in a horizontal plane; and two vertical canals, one of which, roughly speaking, is in a vertical plane from right to left and the other also in a vertical plane, but from before backward.

These have to do with sensations of motion in those planes. Thus all three planes are cared for by these canals. There are two sets of these canals, one set on either side of the head. The vestibule mentioned above acts as a central reservoir, and is supposed to be concerned with position rather than motion.

These canals and the vestibule are filled with fluid known as endolymph. There are certain areas in the canal that are exceedingly sensitive. Now, physiologists are not agreed as to how this fluid functions. One school claims that motion by the individual sets up a flow of this fluid in the canals that stimulates these sensitive areas and causes certain sensations. Another school maintains that there is no flow, but that the sensations result from change of pressure on these sensitive areas. With this dispute we need not be concerned, because it does not matter for our purposes which is correct.

At any rate, motion in any plane causes sensations that make us aware of this motion. Now, were this all, there would be no trouble, but unfortunately we receive misinformation from our vestibular apparatus. For example, if you close your eyes and are turned rapidly to the right you at first will feel as tho you were turning to the left, then you will seem to be standing still, and if you then stop turning you will feel as tho you were turning to the left.

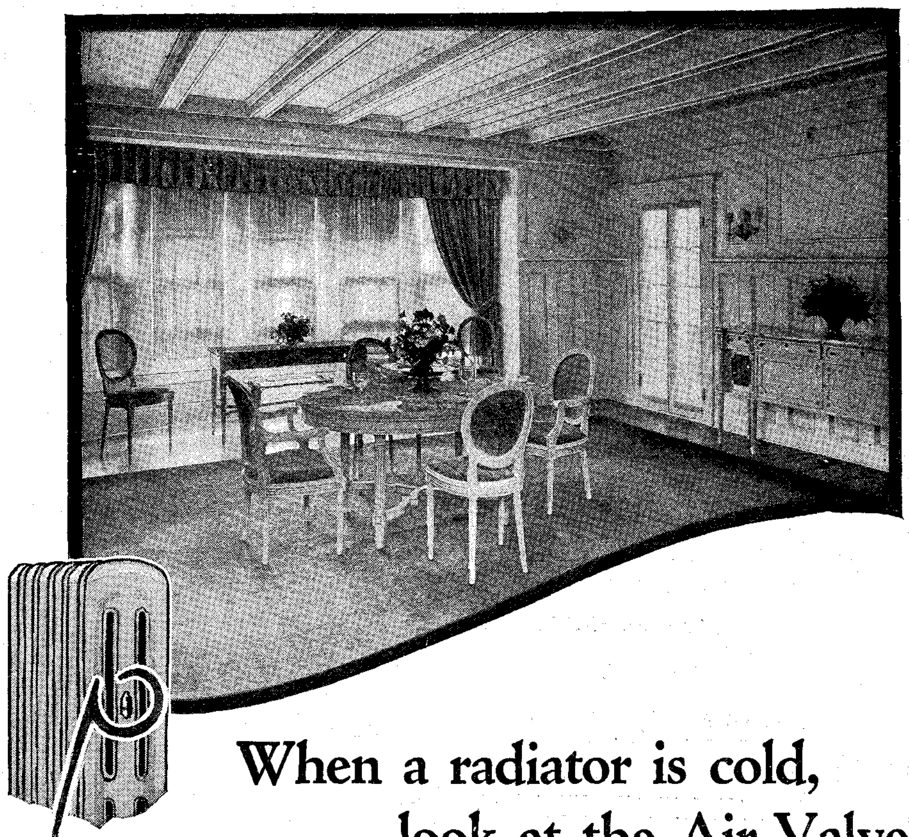
The reason for this is that the stimulation set up in your ears by this motion persists after the motion has ceased, and gives you therefore the sensation of continuing to move, but in the opposite direction. If you are turned to the right, with your head bent forward 120 degrees, and then the turning is stopt and you attempt to sit up, you will fall over to the right, because you have a feeling that your chair is tipping to the left and you lean to the right to overcome it. Of course, your chair is not tipping, and so you will actually fall to the right.

These false sensations are known as dizziness, or vertigo. The experienced flyer is troubled less by them, but a novice not infrequently is killed in stunt-flying because of the resulting vertigo he experiences.

FLIVVERS AND BANDITS ON THE ROAD TO MEKKA

BETWEEN Bagdad, city of Oriental romance and home, not so long since, of the magnificent Haroun Al Raschid, a road, of a sort, winds away to Mekka, shrine and cynosure of the Mohammedan universe. Since the dawn of Mohammedanism, not long after the birth of Christ, the feet of pilgrims innumerable, and of donkeys almost as innumerable, have followed the road down to the Holy Places, beside the Red Sea. Bandits, who flourish wherever there are pilgrims, lurked beside the trails. Nowadays, there are probably as many pilgrims and bandits as ever, for a pilgrimage to Mekka is included in the religious aspirations of every Mohammedan, but feet, human or otherwise, are not so frequent on the road. The American flivver has upset the routine of centuries. Stella Marshall Bogart, wife of a member of the recent American Financial Mission to Persia, took the trip last summer and she tells the story of one of these queer pilgrimages, brought up to date. A certain Hussein Ali was the Arab organizer of the convoy, "the biggest and the queerest that ever left Bagdad," she reports in the New York *Times*, and—

> With a shrewdness to match any Occidental stock manipulator, he had achieved, unaided, a corner in transportation.
>
> For the week past the Euphrates, influenced, no doubt, by the bad example earlier in the year of the Tigris, had been overflowing its banks and acting in a way unheard of in history. The bridge at Feluji



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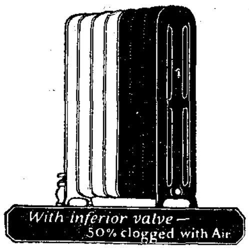

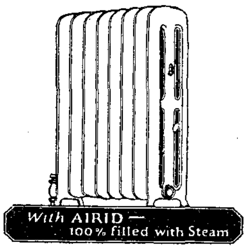

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

had gone the way of the Maude at Bagdad. The flooded district included many miles between Bagdad and Aleppo, blocking the usual four-day automobile route between those places.

When the spirit of Mohammed moves, it moves regardless of flood and tides. Upon this watery scene there had gathered, unwarned, large numbers of Persian and Arab pilgrims on their way to Mekka, fretting to leave Bagdad and begin the second lap of their journey. With typical Arab patience Hussein Ali waited until their numbers had swelled to 100 strong. Meantime he collected Fords, good and bad, as many as twenty-six.

With admirable elasticity of mind the pilgrims had shifted their allegiance from the faithful donkey of the East and their fathers' fathers to the trusty flivver—mute (!) symbols, shall we say, of the old and the new civilization? As I looked, I forgave them this sop to modernity, for it was the one weakness in an otherwise perfect whole. Pilgrims fat and pilgrims thin, pilgrims old and bearded, red or black, all were bent upon sharing Paradise with the good Mohammed in the next world. Many were already *mollahs* (priests), with white turbans around their heads. The direct descendants of Mohammed wore bright green turbans or sashes. Flowing *abbahs* (kimono-shaped cloaks), Persian caps (skull effect), and Arab headdresses completed the most Oriental of pictures. Always in the background of their thoughts was the hope that they were about to attain the holy state of *hadj*, a state granted to every true believer who makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mekka. To this end the purposes and savings of a lifetime were being devoted.

Concentration on the next world had not prevented care for the comforts of this one, however, records Mrs. Bogart, and they had piled their cars with mountains of luggage until their feet were on a level with their noses—

Huge bedding-rolls of pillows and coverings were in evidence, together with cooking untensils and food, samovars for making tea. Each pilgrim had his Koran to read and his prayer-rug on which to kneel and—

My curiosity was suddenly transferred to Mahmoud, our Arab driver, making frantic signs for us to get placed in our own car. The most noteworthy thing about Mahmoud was his square shoulders. There was something suggestive, too, of will-power in the tall, well-knit frame, deep-set eyes and strong jaw, as he stood proudly like a captain beside his ship ready for the race. These trips from Bagdad to Aleppo were his Marathon. A little shiver of presentiment went over me as I saw those shoulders and heard some one whisper that here was the master driver of Bagdad before whom all others bowed.

We were the only Europeans in the party and the only Christians, with the exception of two Armenian families, who joined the party later. The "we" included "Sahib," myself, and daughter of seventeen, and son of nine. Oh, yes, there were three other women (Mohammedans), and, altho they kept their faces closely veiled, their feminine garments were always a comfort. "Sahib," as Mahmoud always called him, was our chance traveling companion, both

French and English, having a French father and an English mother. Take your choice! We learned to be grateful for both, especially for the French father, whose spirit lent gaiety and vivacity to the journey and surely inspired the whistling when things went wrong. The best thing about Sahib was his Browning, and the fact that after many years in the trenches he knew how to use it lent more comfort even than the veiled women. The pilgrims were unarmed, but the Arab leaders wore daggers and carried long, awkward-looking guns. The roads beyond Feluji were very bad. It was a case of unselfishness being the best policy, for if you did not get out and help the other fellow's car, there would be no one to help you when your turn came. Sahib was always willing to lend a hand, but Mahmoud's one idea was to show his skill in driving. As he knew little about the engine, he swiftly learned, through necessity, that quickest of teachers, the convoy idea of sticking together through thick and thin.

Within two hours of leaving Feluji, thanks to the guiding of the police officers, the convoy lost its way in a wheat-field. When the Arab leaders realized what had happened, an angry conference was held, and it was decided to go back and try our luck on the main road. Many small bridges were broken down along this route, but we made some progress. Five o'clock came and with it the knowledge that Ramadi could not be reached that night. There were too many brigands lying in wait behind the hills! It was necessary to camp on the banks of the Euphrates.

An open spot at the base of some low mountains was selected. The banks were formed of a clinging clay-like substance, and it was a work of art to extricate your foot if you made a misstep. The Pilgrims were willing to take the chance and, removing their ghivas (a Persian sandal), bathed feet and hands in the river before kneeling in prayer. It was a wise prophet who insisted upon cleanliness before godliness!

We pitched, not the tents that we should have had with us, but our army cots near our favorite group. We were not altogether disinterested in our friendship. "Our favorites" not only chanted their prayers the most fervently, but they made the most elaborate preparations for their meals. We enjoyed the fragrant odors from the cooking, and then there was always the hope that, like Dives of old, they might let fall a few crumbs from their table. They had built a fire and were cooking rice for their *pilauf*. It was a happy moment in their lives. After the delights of the flesh came the higher joys of the spirit. I can see them yet. There were other groups and other fires, but I shall always see these, as they alternately stood and knelt in the firelight, absorbed in the thought of the world to come, feeling no need of sleep, only the great need of all men to commune with something higher than themselves. Wrapt in this sentimental thought, plus a blanket, we fell fast asleep, not even to dream of the four Arab guards, stalwart and picturesque in the moonlight, as they paced back and forth, keeping armed guard over our camp.

Refreshed by our night's sleep and a hot glass of tea to top our canned breakfast, we felt ready for anything, even brigands. So we thought as we broke camp in that early dawn. About seven o'clock we were not so sure of our valor. It happened, when the convoy reached the top of one of the hills, that three of the cars were missing. We waited a half hour for them. Then they

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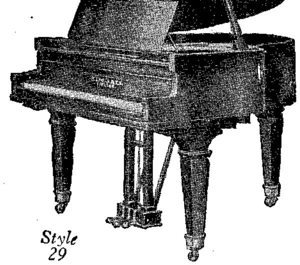

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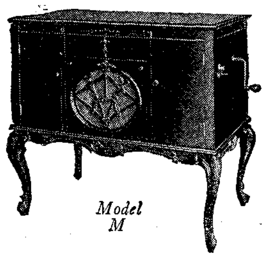

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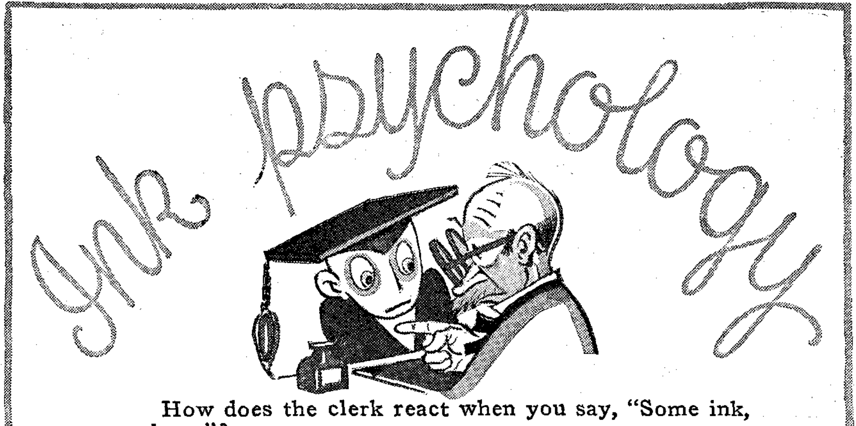

How does the clerk react when you say, "Some ink, please"?

As he reaches for the nearest bottle he wonders if he can't sell you some stationery. While he is wrapping it up he thinks that he will have mince pie for lunch. When he hands you your change he has forgotten whether it was ink that you bought, or mucilage.

But when you call for Carter's—what a difference!!

"Here," thinks the clerk, "is a man of decision. He has asked for an ink that is fault-free—an ink that won't all come up when he blots it—an ink that won't gum up his pen. He has asked for the best and he shall have it."

And about paste—call for Cico (pronounced "Syko") —the liquid paste that never dries up —that never needs water.

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Cico Paste
Inky Racer
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CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Carbon Paper
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Colored Fountain Pen Inks

MOTORING AND AVIATION

Continued

joined us in great excitement, all talking at once. The twelve unarmed Pilgrims had been held up by two armed brigands and robbed of £500.

Something had to be done to pacify them. The prospect of becoming *hajjis*, remarks the reporter of the pilgrimage, could not take the place of the stolen money. An awful dispute arose as to who should have the privilege of pursuing the villains. Finally:

The Armenian's machine was commandeered under protest, and when the Armenian wished to drive his own car, he was hit in the jaw by Mahmoud. Mahmoud was determined that, no matter who went, he would do the driving. Of course, the fat Sheik, drest in a white riding-suit and Arab headdress, had to go. His sudden energy was surprizing, since he was never seen to get out of his car, however deep the sand or steep the hill. Of his social supremacy, there could be no doubt, for it was said (one may gossip even on a holy pilgrimage) that he and his sister were the last of their family. They had refused to marry, because there was no one considered good enough for them. Besides Mahmoud and the Sheik, the two armed police officers and an Arab engineer filled the car.

The two hours they were gone passed in a wave of excitement and chatter. Three times the alarm was given. A large band could be seen in the distance, advancing upon us. The hands of the Arabs carrying the longest guns shook as they called out in trembling tones "*Chittys, chittys!*" (Arabic for brigands.) We waited in suspense. The *chittys* did not deign to move, for the simple reason that they became bushes before our eyes.

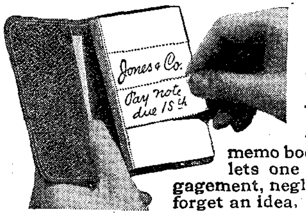
The officers returned with a small, hard-faced Arab who might easily have been one of the robbers if he had not been a passing shepherd. However, he did nicely for a scapegoat. He was first threatened by a long gun, and then, having nothing to confess, was severely flogged by the fat Sheik, who broke his cane in the act. In describing the scene afterward, the small boy of the party, probably thinking of school-days, said: "You know, it didn't really hurt, he had on so many clothes." The prisoner was taken handcuffed to Ramadi. In order to satisfy any future curiosity, I will add that he was released by the authorities and the real culprits escaped with the booty.

On account of the floods we had to enter Ramadi on donkey-back, after having been towed, along with the donkey, part of the way by a gentleman who objected to having his picture taken. His reason was that he expected to be coming to America soon. Every enterprising man one meets in the Orient expects to come to America inside of two months.

Unlike the passing shepherd, we were glad to be taken into custody by the district Chief of Police, who rescued us at nine at night from the inn and took us to his comfortable home. It is hard to classify a hostelry where the proprietor sends up word that he is very sorry, but there is no water left for boiling the eggs, as you have exhausted the supply (three pailfuls) earlier in the evening.

We were entertained the following night

Gifts that are appreciated



—and constantly remind one of the giver.

Robinson Reminder—the coupon memo book that never lets one miss an engagement, neglect a task, or forget an idea.

Just jot it down—do it—tear it out—leaving live notes only

In eight kinds of leather, and styles for men and women, at this wide range of prices.

Name in gold on cover 25 cents extra	Vest Pocket size 5 x 3 in.	Ladies' size with Pencil 3¾ x 2¾ in.	Coat Pocket size 7 x 3½ in
Pearl Grain Leather	$1.00	$1.25	$1.50
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Cowhide	2.00	2.00	2.75
Morocco	2.50	2.25	3.50
Calfskin	3.00	2.75	
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Robinson Readipad—Its handsome appearance wins it a place in any office or home. Rubber feet prevent scratching or slipping. Pencil and a fresh coupon always handy. Saves paper. Perpetual calendar Brass, or Art Green $1.50. Bronze Finish, $2.

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Use a coupon
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At All Leading Stationers

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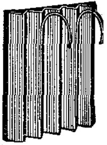

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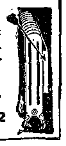
The SAVO will save your fine furniture, paintings, plants and cut coal bills 25%. Write for Free booklet.



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Please Men This Way

If you want to make a pipe smoker happy give him a Locktite Pouch. That's a real gift for a man. Attractive leathers, durably lined. Ingenious top opens easy, closes tight. No buttons or strings. ***Locktite keeps tobacco right.*** A wonderful gift for little money. Sold at cigar, drug and leather goods stores. If dealer can't supply, sent on receipt of price.

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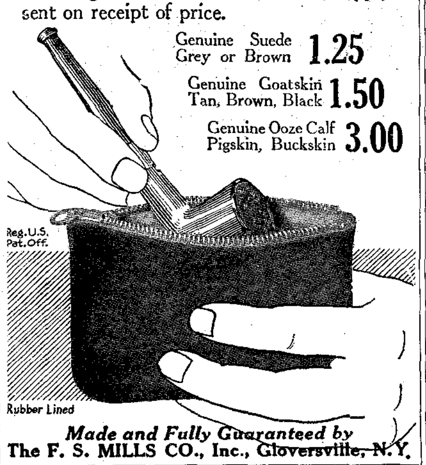

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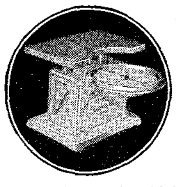

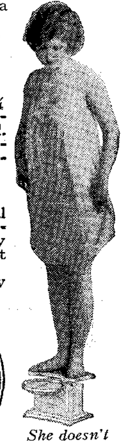

She doesn't guess —she knows

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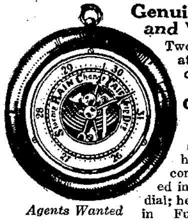
Special Combination Offer!



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Two indispensable articles at a price so low no one can afford to be without them.

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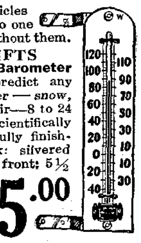
Genuine Aneroid Barometer will accurately predict any *change in weather — snow*, rain, cloudy or fair—8 to 24 hours in advance. Scientifically constructed; beautifully finished in Mahogany or Oak: silvered dial; heavy beveled glass front; 5½ in. Fully guaranteed. Invaluable to motorists, shippers, farmers, tourists, yachtsmen, etc. **Guaranteed Window Thermometer,** 8 in. white enameled finish, red spirit. **Both** postpaid to any address for 5.00



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Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment *gently* over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

at the home of an Arab police officer. Just to look at his wife gave us a thrill—she was so like the old nursery rime, "Rings on her fingers and rings on her toes." There were also rings in her nose and mysterious tattoos on her arms and neck. Poor as they were, our hosts were the souls of Arab hospitality, which accepts no pay and no gift in return. We had other hosts on other nights, but none more well-meaning and kindly.

Luckily, there is an end to all things, even to the need of hospitality. In spite of stifling winds, pests of locusts, and a long night of yelping jackals, there came a last stretch of road. It was the morning of the ninth day. As we entered the gates of Aleppo, Mahmoud said, half-assertingly, half-inquiringly, for the *n*th and last time: "Me very good driver?" For the last time I pounded those shoulders (patting seemed so mild after watching the Sheik) and said: "Mahmoud very fine driver." It was said without reservations, for had not twenty-six cars left Bagdad and only one entered Aleppo that day? The others arrived in the days following.

In the meantime we could not wait for the whole convoy before sampling the blessings of civilization—food and a bathroom, a bathroom and food! (I can not decide which to place first.) Then and there I resolved to spend the rest of my days practising that English phrase the Prussian Crown Prince once boasted of having acquired, "Boy, ice-water, please!"

ROOM FOR MORE CARS "DOWN ON THE FARM"

FARMERS own almost one-third of the total number of automobiles in the country, but this is not enough, considering the number of farmers compared with the total population. There are only 70 cars per thousand persons in rural districts, as against 127 automobiles per thousand in towns and cities of 1,000 population and upward. This is not fair, announces the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, to the farmer, who certainly needs the facilities offered by the automobile as much as any other section of the population. The percentage also indicates, remarks the writer of a recent bulletin issued by the Chamber, where motor manufacturers may look for a market. The bulletin contains several other interesting bits of statistics, based on car registration for 1922, as prepared by the Motor List Company. The writer announces that:

> The ownership of motor cars is proportionately heaviest in the villages of 1,000 to 5,000, which have but 9 per cent. of the U. S. population, and yet own 20 per cent. of the total automobiles. Stating it another way, these communities have one motor car for every 4.4 persons, or 230 cars per thousand persons
>
> It may be that the rural use of the cars is more intensive than would appear from the figures, because it is probable that thousands of cars actually owned on farms are registered as from the nearest small town. This, too, would account for the extra heavy registration in the village group. The modifying factors, however, can hardly be sufficient to shake the conclusion that the farm market in relation to population is still the least developed, since the difference between the registration per

P-A-X TRADE MARK

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The P-A-X is increasing production for nearly 2000 dominant business organizations.

It does this by co-ordinating all individuals and departments to the elimination of useless delays and duplicated efforts; by relieving the switchboard of all interior calls and so improving city phone service; by providing quick, accurate and convenient inter-communication 24 hours a day without the service of an operator.

In studying your organization for a P-A-X installation, our engineers reckon with your future as well as your present needs. Their foresight and the adaptability of P-A-X services make it easy and economical to expand P-A-X equipment to meet the demands of increased business.

Our book, "The Straight Line," contains facts highly interesting to executives of forward moving concerns. Will you use the coupon or write for your copy?

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ENGINEERS, DESIGNERS & MANUFACTURERS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE IN USE THE WORLD OVER
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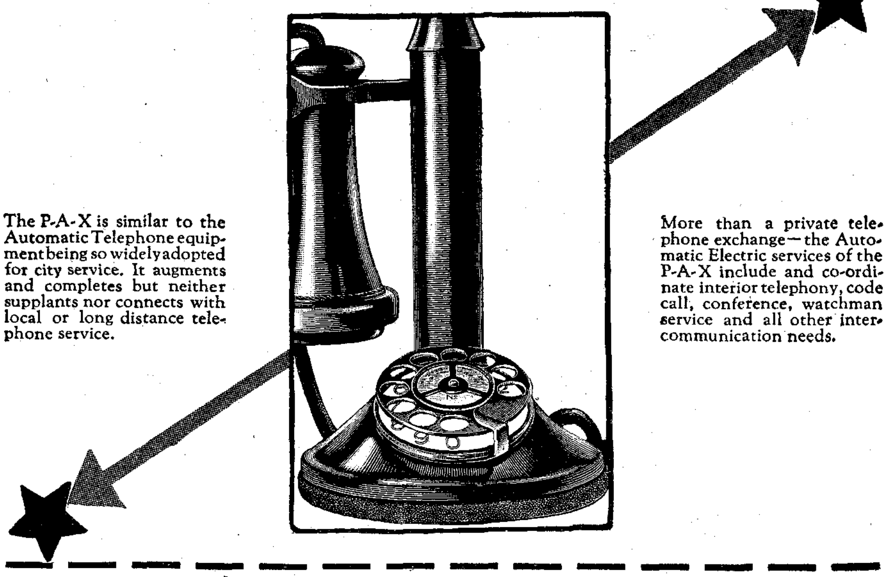

The P-A-X is similar to the Automatic Telephone equipment being so widely adopted for city service. It augments and completes but neither supplants nor connects with local or long distance telephone service.

More than a private telephone exchange—the Automatic Electric services of the P-A-X include and co-ordinate interior telephony, code call, conference, watchman service and all other inter-communication needs.

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY, 947 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me "The Straight Line." LD-7
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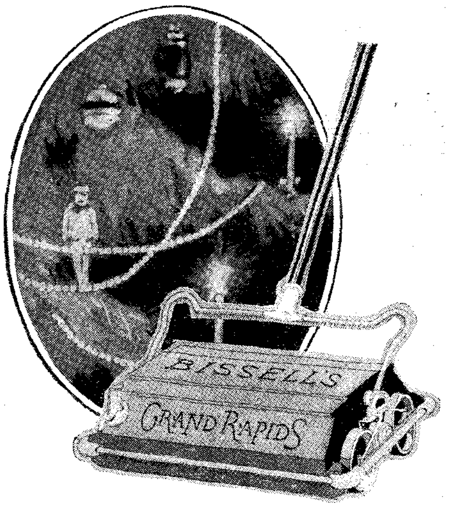

A Work-Saving Gift For Mother

There is work for the Bissell even on Christmas morning, under the tree where the needles are shedding on the rug, and in the wake of the holiday disorder.

But it's no task at all when she is sweeping with a ball bearing Bissell with the famous "Cyco" principle that gives better sweeping, smoother operation, longer wear, Christmas day and every day.

Ten or fifteen years of perfect operation is the result of buying a Bissell instead of "just a carpet sweeper."

Even where there is an electric *cleaner*, Bissell's is always the easy, efficient *sweeper* for *every day*.

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" Ball Bearing
Carpet Sweepers
$5.50 and up. Other patterns for less

Play-size Bissells make delightful presents for little girls. They make tidiness a game. At a quarter and up. All Bissells a little more in some sections. At furniture, hardware, house furnishing and department stores.

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Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

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Cactus Candy!

The Desert's Sweetest Gift.

WHAT more welcome Christmas gift than a box of rich, golden Cactus Candy from the Sunny Southwest!

Luscious hearts of Bisnaga Cactus from the Arizona desert--freshly crystallized by a special process in our modern candy kitchens--packed in attractive gift boxes to carry a message of sunshine and cheer.

One taste of this delicious confection will win you. Its delicate flavor --hitherto unknown to you--is exotic, delightful.

Send for a box or two--Christmas will soon be here. $1.00, $2.00, $4.00 and $5.00 per box. Postpaid.

Dealers write for proposition.

DONOFRIO'S
23 Cactus Way, Phoenix, Ariz.

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

capita in the country and in the city is so large.

From these figures, it would appear theoretically that the farming territory offers the best future market, and in the long run this is probably the case. No occupation gets more value out of the motor car than does farming, and the figures indicate that a large percentage of this market remains unsupplied.

There are other points to be taken into consideration than population, however, such as income and roads. As much of the farmer's income is in elements other than cash, it is difficult to make a comparative study on this basis. The rural highway situation is rapidly improving, as is evidenced by the fact that Federal, State, and local road construction is going ahead at the rate of more than 20,000 miles per year.

It may be that the small town will continue to be the easiest selling field, since wealth begets wealth. That is, those who invest in power machinery and other modern appliances, such as motor transportation, conserve their energy and raise their efficiency so that they can afford to buy more.

From a long-range standpoint, however, there is a vast field for motor transportation in the millions of farmers who are not yet supplied with this modern convenience. The distances are great, giving consequent importance to the saving of time. The farmer must have a vehicle to get back and forth to town. The uses of the car are manifold in rural regions, and the country owner has little expense or worry about parking and garaging.

With the exception of rural use, the density of motor cars to population decreases as the towns increase in size. For instance, cities between 5,000 and 25,000 have 150 motor cars per thousand, as compared with 230 in the 1,000 to 5,000 class. The cities ranging from 25,000 to 100,000 have 119.6 cars per thousand persons, and the largest cities, those over 100,000, have 84 cars per thousand.

These general averages do not apply in all sections. In the corn-belt and wheat States, also in California, one finds a very high percentage of motor cars on farms, as for instance, in Iowa and Nebraska, where there are more than 150 motor cars for every thousand people.

In the Middle Atlantic States, where there are many of the largest cities having a high percentage of office and industrial workers who live within the crowded city limits, the ratio of cars in municipalities is low. Conversely, the farm ownership of cars in this territory is fairly high, due to the productivity of the farming land, the degree to which highways have been improved, and the extent to which the city markets call for local transportation, market gardening and dairy products.

Picking the Sinners.—"You think Crimson Gulch has a great future?"

"Yep," answered Cactus Joe. "All the boys want to get rid of the undesirable element. It's takin' time, tho, and some rough work, owin' to the differences of opinion as to who he is."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Friendly Agreement.—COMEDIAN—"Look 'ere! I objects to goin' on just after the monkey act."

MANAGER—"Well, perhaps you're right. They might think you were an encore."—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Across the Atlantic

FRANCE via Cherbourg
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C2 Junior Sales Division
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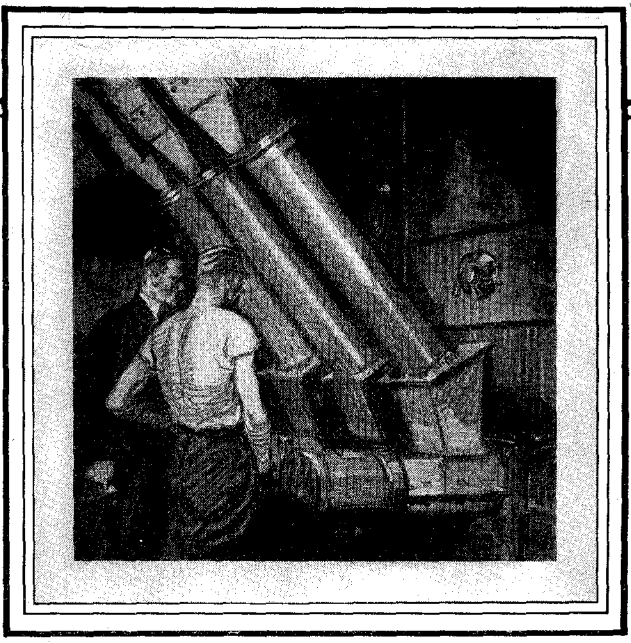
SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

WHERE TEETH STAY SOUND

DECAYED teeth are conspicuous by their absence in the island of Porto Santo, in the Madeira group. This had long been the reputation of the island, and Dr. Michael Grabham, of Madeira, who has been recently investigating the facts, finds that it is justified. Not only so, but there is a remarkable freedom from digestive troubles and absence of malignant disease, especially of cancer. Dr. Grabham is inclined to attribute this to the traditionally simple diet of the islanders, so that those who would be inclined to try it as a health resort may be disappointed, unless they are willing to put up with mush and a little fish and onions, three times a day. At least, Dr. Grabham thinks that additional investigation is desirable, altho he is inclined to the belief that the mineralized water of the island plays some part in preserving the islanders' teeth. We read in *The British Medical Journal* (London) of Dr. Grabham's conclusions, which were stated in a short paper read before the Physiological Section of the British Association. Says this paper:

> The local springs are highly mineralized, in contrast with the sweet waters of Madeira. The climate is fresh and sunny, and less humid than that of the main island of the group. The features of the diet of the people at Porto Santo are that they take no milk or green vegetables and nothing involving grinding mastication. They take their food cold, and their main sustenance is derived from maize boiled with a modicum of lard, with a fitful addition of fish and an onion or two. Dr. Grabham saw no case of scurvy, but many instances of pulmonary disorder. The absence of diarrhea and alimentary ailments was remarkable, and the mineralized waters seemed inimical to intestinal parasites. Dr. Grabham found no existing instance of malignant disease. Traditionally some cases have occurred, but no form of cancer has taken root at Porto Santo, and Dr. Grabham is inclined to associate this exemption with the simple feeding of the people and with the absence of animal fats. Nearly 3,000 people live at Porto Santo, and the main object of Dr. Grabham's visit was to inquire into the boasted immunity of the inhabitants from dental caries. Six hundred natives were examined, and yielded 28 cases of well-established caries. All of these people except seven had come from Madeira, and only two of the seven showed the sign which characterizes the Porto Santo dentition. This sign consists of a slight yellow band which develops in early life on the upper incisors. It occurs with a regularity which, in Dr. Grabham's opinion, clearly indicates a vitalizing permeation of the blood fluids among the columnar structure of the enamel, associated with an influence protective against the access of caries. Both the stain and protective influence are almost certainly conveyed in the highly mineralized water of the island, which is growing in repute and application in the colonies of Portugal, but Dr. Grabham wishes to be regarded as a pioneer whose work and inferences should be confirmed before any steps are taken to



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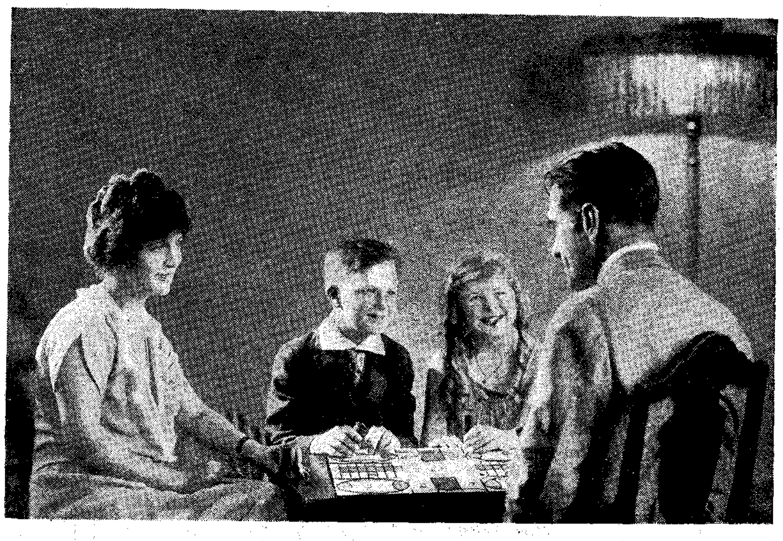

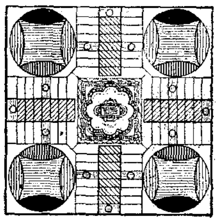

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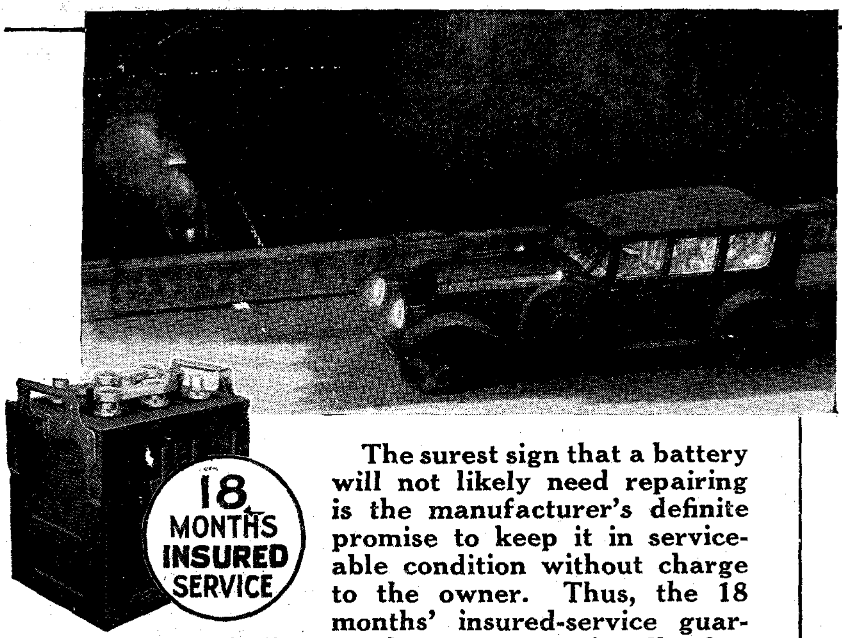

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

make the district available as a spa in a winterless region. Dr. Grabham showed a skull of a Porto Santo man of about sixty years of age, taken promiscuously from an exposed grave; the teeth in this skull (which is now deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England) were all sound; he exhibited besides many specimens of the soil, the vegetation, and the mineral water, with analyses.

NATURAL HISTORY AS SHE IS LEARNED

THE fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the school of natural history on Penikese Island, Massachusetts, by Louis Agassiz was celebrated at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, in August last. The chief address, delivered by Prof. Edward S. Morse, is now printed in *Science* (New York) and proves to be rich in anecdotes bearing on the state of biological knowledge at that time, and on the general uses of biological training. Said Professor Morse:

"Some of the teachers had brought their families with them, and my little boy, four years old, was fond of wandering through the laboratory and curiously examining the contents of the dissecting pans. At one table Miss White, a teacher from New Bedford, was studying the gross anatomy of a cat. The creature was eviscerated, and Miss White was hard at work on the body with her dissecting scissors and needles. The boy came along and looked over the disemboweled creature, and the teacher, expecting some exclamation of disgust, leaned back in her chair, curious to know what observation the child would make. Finally, after a critical examination of the remains and the dissecting implements, he turned to her and asked, 'Miss White, are you trying to mend that kitten?' Certainly a most natural question, as the cat was evidently in need of extensive repairs.

"It is interesting to observe that among a class of zoological students a number seem to absorb intuitively the salient points in every investigation, and others seem totally blind to the significance of what they study. Simple figures even escape their memory. I recall a story told of Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin. He always showed irritation at the inattention of students, and in one of his lectures on chemistry he interrupted his discourse by peremptorily asking an inattentive boy, 'How many elements did I say there were?' Of course the student did not remember a figure that he had probably heard a hundred times and nudged a student next to him who whispered 'sixty-two,' the number of elements then known. All he caught was 'two' and this number he called out promptly and loudly. The professor gave him a contemptuous glance and resumed his lecture. The student realizing that the professor had been greatly annoyed went down to the platform after the lecture, and in order to placate him asked him, 'How poisonous did you say cyanide of potassium was?' The professor with much emphasis said, 'I told you that cyanide of potassium was so poisonous that a drop on your tongue would kill a dog.' Certain students attend courses of lectures and are utterly unable to carry away a single fact. Sir Michael Foster told me of an experience he had in a course of lectures before the Royal Institution on human anatomy, illustrated by diagrams and objects. At the end of his course, one of his auditors asked him whether the cerebellum was inside or outside of the skull! and he further added that Huxley had told him of a similar experience. He was also lecturing on human anatomy, and at the close of one of his lectures an auditor came to the platform to ask him some question, and noticing a human skull lying upside down on the table incidentally remarked, as he poked his finger into the *foramen magnum*, 'Many a good chunk of bread and butter has gone through that hole!'

"Naturalists are born, not made. Sir David Gill, the director of the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, in a review of a memoir on 'Double Star Observations,' in speaking of the authors, said, 'It is a special faculty, an inborn capacity, a delight in the exercise of exceptional acuteness of eyesight and natural dexterity, coupled with the gift of imagination as to the true meaning of what he observes, that imparts to the observer the requisite enthusiasm for double-star observing.' These words may truthfully apply to the work of the naturalist."

LIQUID FUEL FOR STEAMSHIPS

BOATS large and small are more and more giving up coal as a fuel, and turning to oil, we are told by J. J. Kermode, who summarized at the recent International Navigation Congress the developments that have taken place in connection with the use of liquid fuel for marine purposes. Less than thirty years ago, he said, very little was known about liquid fuel for steam-raising in the furnaces of marine boilers; while to-day it promises to revolutionize marine engineering and shipbuilding where very large ships of high power and great speed are involved. Says *The Nautical Gazette* (New York) in a summary:

So far as ships of the mercantile marine are concerned, most of those which have been changed over from coal to liquid fuel are to a very large extent compromises, and shipowners could not afford the cost even if they had the inclination to adopt all the measures which would be required to make a ship which was built for the use of coal as satisfactory and as economical as one which has been specially designed for the use of liquid fuel.

The superiority of liquid fuel over coal for steam-raising in marine boilers is due to the superior calorific value, plus the superior control which can be exercised. This results in obtaining from 80 to 83 per cent. of heat value against 60 to 65 per cent. with coal.

When considering the use of liquid fuel for steamships, there are several points to be kept in view besides the cost of the fuel as, for instance, bunkering facilities, the gain in cargo space, the gain in space for passenger accommodation, the reduction of the personnel of the fire-rooms, less space occupied by the bunkers, no stand-by losses, no dirt and dust which has always accompanied the operation of coaling, no interference with the handling of cargo, which can go on simultaneously while taking in liquid fuel, less wear and tear of boilers, and thus fewer repairs to them, no firing fittings, etc., required, no repairs to

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Leave winter behind and follow the summer sun to the age-old cities of the Caribbean. See gay Havana, Trinidad, Bermuda, Kingston, San Juan. See the Panama Canal. Twenty-nine glorious days of interesting relaxation.

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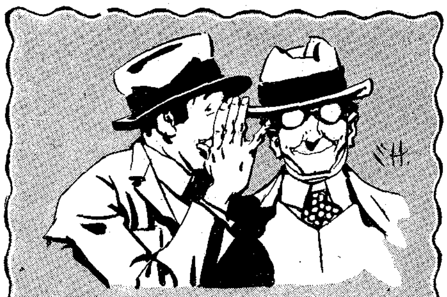

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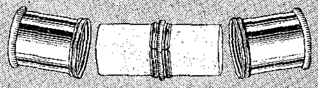
This new Williams' Doublecap Stick works from both ends—when one end is used up — begin on the other. And look at the way it fits your hand! Plenty of space for a man-sized grasp, no mere finger hold.

Second place, *it's economical!* When the stick is used up, it can be reloaded in a jiffy—and with reasonable care the holder can be made a family heirloom.

And finally you get the same comfortable, enjoyable Williams' shave you've always had.

P. S. Yes, we'll be glad to send you a free "working model" of Doublecap Stick. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. D-5, Glastonbury, Conn.



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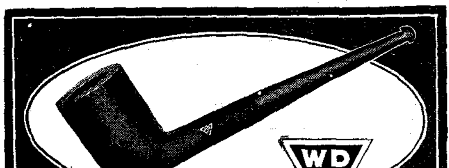

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

bunkers, no trimming of coal, and no renewals of boiler-room floors.

The absence of ash, soot and smoke, absence of the need for boiler-tube sweeping, ease of manipulation of the fires, the advantage of being able to store liquid fuel in compartments or recesses difficult if not impossible for use for coal. A small steam-pump will do more work in an hour putting liquid fuel aboard than a team of coal-heavers employed for 24 hours to supply the ship with the equivalent amount of coal.

Owing to the fires being clean and constant throughout the voyage, better speed can be kept and the length of time is lessened. Lloyd's report on the subject discloses the fact that coal is a greater danger than liquid fuel. Spontaneous combustion may occur with damp coal, while no such happening can occur with liquid fuel.

The advantages of liquid fuel are shown in the following table, giving the results for a fast, high-powered channel steamer:

	Coal	*Liquid Fuel*
Number trips in 72 hours	10	12
Hourly bunkering rate	15 tons	80 tons
Fuel consumption per trip	31¾ tons	20½ tons
Fire-room personnel	14	4
Average passage	3 hr. 44 m.	3 hr. 31 m.
Average speed	18¾ knots	20 knots

HUGE WASTES OF OIL AND GAS

LOSSES of oil and gas through encroachment of water in oil sands in the different fields of the United States have been enormous, and the entire oil and gas fields have been damaged irreparably by flooding, states the Department of the Interior, following a study of the problem of oil and gas conservation made by engineers of the Bureau of Mines. Encroaching water traps underground oil that probably never will be recovered, and causes losses of gas and natural-gas gasoline. Water in an oil-field so increases lifting costs that many wells are abandoned before the normal recovery of oil and gas is obtained. The report is thus quoted in the New York *Times:*

"Corrosive waters, which attack casing and eventually eat holes in it, are found in many oil-fields," the department continues.

Perhaps one of the most spectacular wastes of natural gas occurred in the Cushing field in Oklahoma in 1912 and 1913. Conservative estimates place the waste of gas in this field at 100,000,000 cubic feet or more per day for a time. Large, flowing wells which produced from 1,000,000 to 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily were allowed to flow unchecked; the oil alone was collected and the gas escaped into the atmosphere.

In the Salt Creek field in Wyoming large amounts of natural gas are produced with the oil. Bureau of Mines engineers estimated the gas production to be about 58,000,000 cubic feet a day in November,

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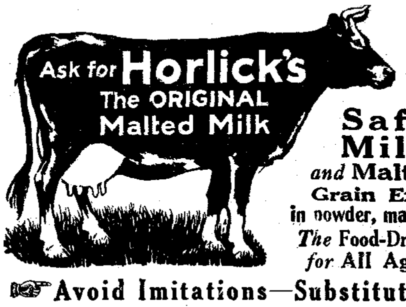

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in powder, makes
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1922. The estimated amount of residue gas used as fuel in this field is about 14,000,000 cubic feet, and in addition about 1,500,000 cubic feet of raw gas from oil-wells is used in field operations. Until recently no use was made of the rest of the gas produced, and the daily loss of gas in the Salt Creek field was probably about 42,500,000 cubic feet.

The evaporation of natural-gas gasoline into the air has been one of the greatest preventable losses in oil-field history. As in the case with most oil-field losses, the waste can hardly be estimated, either by barrels or by money values.

Oil-water emulsions result in large wastes of oil. Bureau of Mines engineers estimate that in 1920 and 1921 more than 100,000,000 barrels of crude oil was produced in the Mid-Continent and Gulf coast fields. Approximately one-half of this oil was treated, but the other half, worth about $100,000,000, was lost.

Experiments made by Bureau of Mines engineers in the Mid-Continent field indicated that the annual evaporation losses of crude oil from a 55,000-barrel tank amounted in value to $9,900 as gasoline, or $2,140 as crude oil. The loss from seepage and evaporation in large well-constructed earthen reservoirs, holding as much as 500,000 barrels and covered with good roofs which prevent air currents from sweeping over the surface of the oil, varies from 1,500 to 4,000 barrels per month for California crudes of fairly light grade. A loss of several thousand barrels per month has been known to occur.

The Federal Government, as the largest lessor of oil and gas lands in the United States, is vitally interested in the conservation of those resources, and it is pointed out by the Interior Department that the oil industry has progressed steadily. Present operating methods are much more efficient than those of a few years ago. Public interest requires that improved methods, which will result in obtaining the greatest possible amounts of oil and gas from the natural deposits, shall be developed and used. Furthermore:

> "Conservation" has almost become slogan of the American people. Conervation of natural wealth is unquestionbly one of the most vital issues confronting he country, for the future growth, prosrity and success of the nation depend argely on natural resources.
>
> The proper interpretation of the conervation of natural resources, however, is ot non-use, but use with minimum waste. greater gift to prosperity than undevelped supplies of raw minerals is the adanced utilization made possible by the houghtful use of a necessary portion of hese minerals.

A Sinner that Repented.—A school resided over by a very harsh and bad-mpered teacher had a visit one afternoon om the bishop of the diocese.

The bishop, a genial soul, called before m a white-faced urchin who was very uch cowed and deprest by an undeserved unishment he had received that morning.

"My boy," said the bishop, in eloquent nes, "who made this great and glorious rth of ours, and set the sun, moon, and ars in the wonderful firmament?"

The white-faced boy began to blubber. "I did," he said, "but I won't do it ain."—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cinnati*).

Husbands so often are careless of their diet

HUSBANDS after all are only grown-up boys, and like their sons in knee pants, they thrive best under a woman's care. Since, as a wife, you are the family's food guardian, you will surely be interested in recent discoveries pertaining to three important food elements in Pillsbury's Health Bran.

Of course you are familiar with the laxative value of Pillsbury's Health Bran. You know how the large, coarse, crisp bran flakes encourage normal, healthy intestinal activity through supplying the bulk and roughage required by Nature.

But did you know that Pillsbury's Health Bran also supplies food iron which is converted into rich blood? The average person today obtains only 80 per cent of his iron requirement. This deficiency can be largely corrected by using Pillsbury's Health Bran; it is second only to egg yolks in iron content. (See the chart).

This food also supplies strength- and health-promoting vitamines—as well as lime which builds bone and aids the teeth. It has been said that America today is suffering from lime starvation. Feed your family lime—and vitamines—and iron—and "roughage"—through generous use of Pillsbury's Health Bran.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is nothing more nor less than the jacket of the wheat kernel—Nature's food and cleansing roughage. It is natural bran—nothing added, nothing taken away—just sterilized and packed air tight—the cleanest, purest bran produced. Less expensive, too. The large 20 ounce package gives 50 per cent more for your money than any other package of flaked bran.

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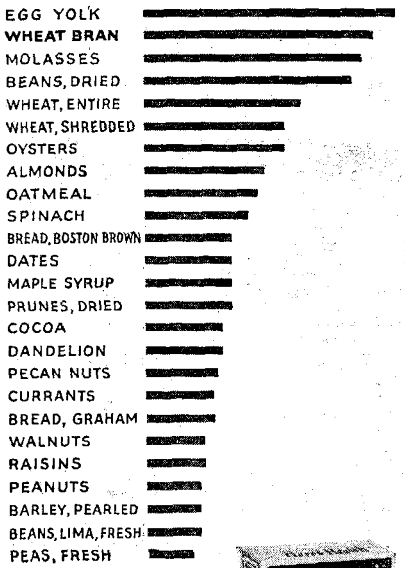
FOOD-IRON

Note in the official chart below that natural bran holds second place among all these foods in its food-iron content.



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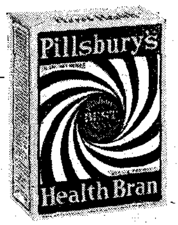

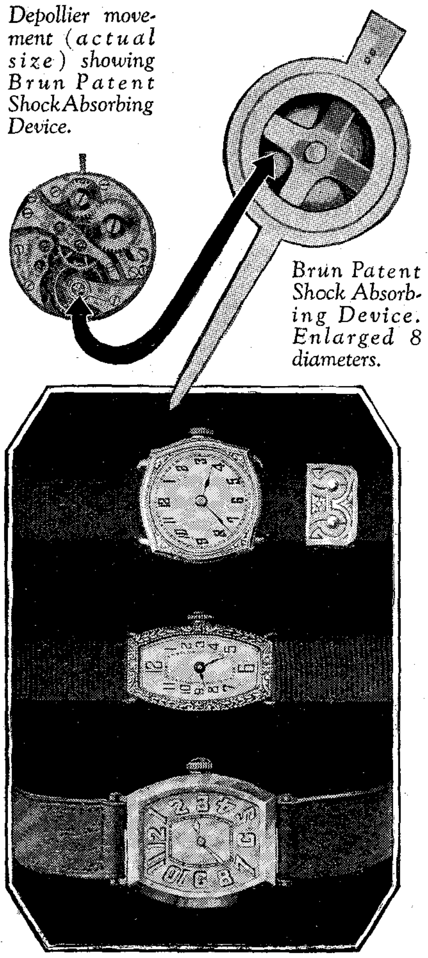

Depollier movement (actual size) showing Brun Patent Shock Absorbing Device.

Brun Patent Shock Absorbing Device. Enlarged 8 diameters.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

MORE WINTER BUILDING TO STABILIZE COSTS

EVERY year there is a shortage of labor in the building trades during the summer, and unemployment in the winter. And so authorities on building are suggesting more winter building to offset this seasonal employment situation and to stabilize wages and cost. Herbert Hoover has appointed a committee to investigate seasonal operation in the construction industries. As the New York *Evening Post* quotes from an announcement of the Department of Commerce:

> Previous surveys have indicated that most construction activity is concentrated in seven to ten months of the year, which means that building trades workers can not find work in their trade during several months, and that contractors' organizations and equipment, architects, engineers, building-material producers, and others connected with construction, must usually remain idle for similar periods. This idle time represents waste and direct losses to the construction industries themselves, their workers, and the public.

A contracting firm which specializes on late autumn and winter building in the vicinity of New York is quoted in the same paper as being convinced that:

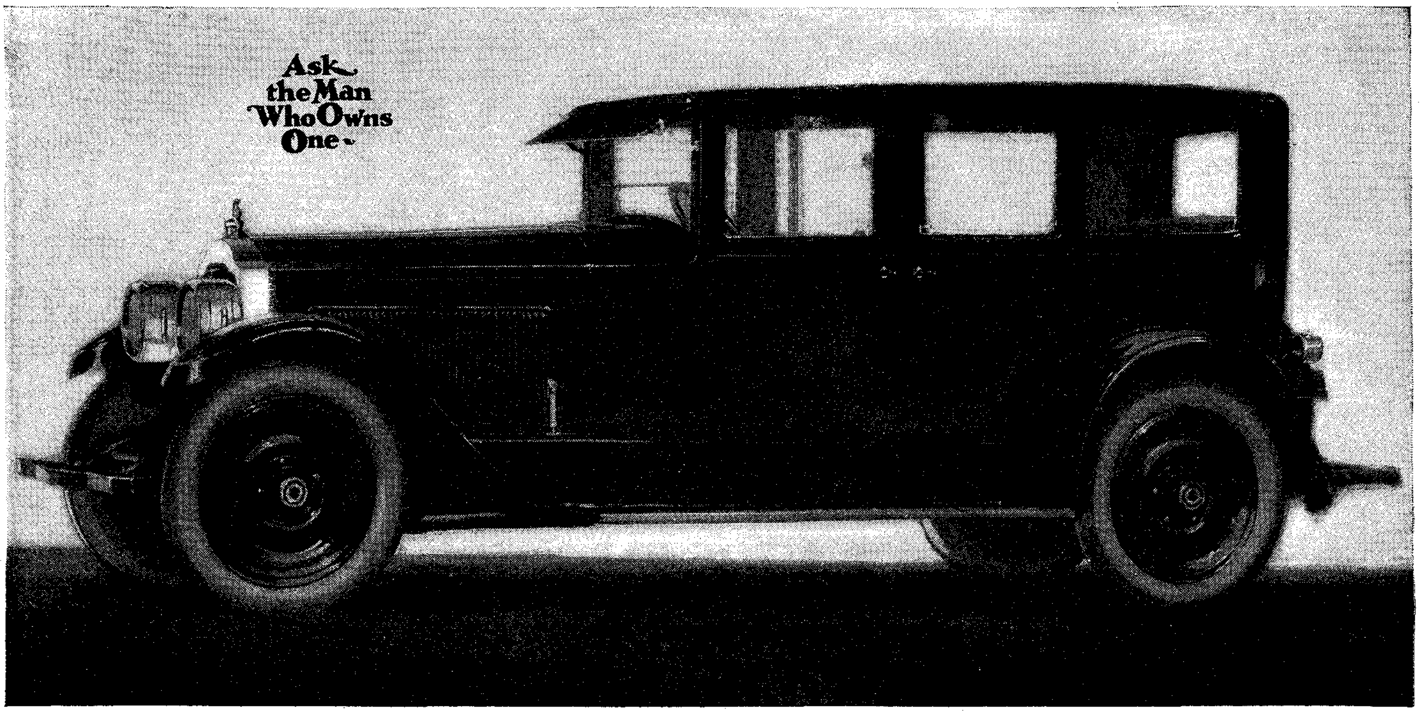
> Winter construction is the ideal building season, due not only to the obvious economies of securing labor and materials during the slack season, when the material dealers are willing to make contracts on a basis which will merely carry their overhead, and when labor can be handpicked, and a much higher degree of efficiency secured because of the anxiety of the men to hold their jobs, but also because a house started during the winter months can easily be brought to completion in the early spring, thus being ready for occupancy when the country house is most in demand.

In their current bulletin on the building situation, Monks and Johnson of Boston assert that, from the labor angle the "violent seasonal fluctuation in employment is probably the greatest deterrent to recruiting in the building trades": The argument is continued:

> Workingmen's expenses of living run through the whole year and it is the annual earnings that are of vital concern in meeting these expenses. If employment is lumpy, with periods of idleness, the wage rate must be correspondingly high. If the fluctuations and periods of idleness could be eliminated or materially lessened, wage rates would naturally seek a lower level, which labor unions would be powerless to prevent inasmuch as the annual earnings would be equal to or greater than those at present. Other things equal, building costs would be materially lowered. But elimination of seasonal fluctuation means building in winter. Is it possible? Is it economical?
>
> Experience has shown that winter building is possible, and in most kinds of construction without sacrifice of quality. There remain therefore only considerations of economy. It would cost more to build in winter, were other factors the same, than in the warmer months. Materials must be heated and protection provided to prevent fresh concrete and mortar from freezing. Numbed fingers are not nimble. Snow must be removed. There is a well-recognized additional expense involved in these factors. But there are factors on the other side.
>
> In the winter there is ample supply of labor. Wage premiums and overtime assurances are unnecessary. Selection of artizans is possible and competition spurs them to greater efforts. The market for building materials almost invariably eases up in the late fall and winter. Shrewd purchasers can buy for midwinter delivery substantially below spring and summer prices. Contractors anxious to keep their organizations functioning and thus meet the cost of that bugaboo of business executives, overhead, are often glad to forego in the winter months further profit. These factors all favor winter building and may balance or outweigh the cost of heating and protection. We believe that a larger volume of winter building may economically be undertaken.

The same conclusion seemed to be popular at recent meetings of the New York Building Congress. According to the New York *Times*, "the consensus of opinion of engineers, contractors and builders who attended the meetings was that winter building can not only be carried on successfully from November to March, but a very large saving can be made in the cost of labo and materials." The president of a construction company went on record a saying:

> More winter construction is the acknowledged remedy for seasonal unemploymen in the building industry.
>
> This is but the sharp foreground of th picture; its larger background shows tha where the mechanic is unemployed also i unemployed the contractor, material manufacturer, the architect and all others involved in our great industry—we one an all suffer from this curse of seasonal variation in the volume of our business, an finally in the horizon you see the publi paying during the period of intense activit higher wages, higher prices and larger fee to compensate for the period of enforce idleness, during which the mechanic mu live on his earnings' savings, the co tractor carry his overhead, the archite maintain his staff, and the material man facturer offset his plant investment an factory overhead.
>
> I have had our estimating departmen take from their files typical estimates, an using these various factors, the same buil ing would have been estimated by us August at $208,000 and estimated by t to-day for winter construction at $203,00 showing a saving to the owner of at lea $5,000, or 5 per cent., this including all co of winter protection. Therefore, und present labor and material conditions, it i certainly conservative to say that winter construction costs no more than summer work



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Because Packard's reputation for building only the best assured its instant and enthusiastic reception.

Now, however, Straight-Eight drivers know from experience that this new Packard surpasses all other cars, both domestic and foreign.

This endorsement of the Straight-Eight exceeds any claim Packard has ever made.

Owners tell us the Packard Straight-Eight gives more in performance than any other car, and in addition—

"Unequalled smoothness of power flow;

"Ability in acceleration which no other type of multi-cylinder car can equal;

"Accessibility of parts which readily explains why Packard no longer builds V-type motors;

"Simplicity which no comparable car can claim;

"The easiest control of any car on the road."

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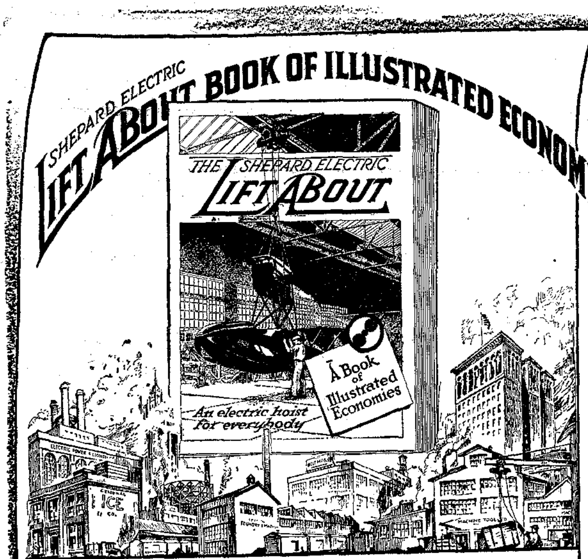
STRAIGHT-EIGHT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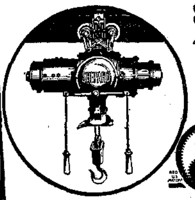

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 21.—The Allies reach an agreement on the German situation under which the former Crown Prince is to be allowed to stay in Germany, provided he abstains from politics, and Germany is ordered to make possible the resumption of Allied military control.

November 22.—Because of the refusal of branches of the Reichsbank to accept the local emergency money that has been issued by communities, private banks or public businesses, tremendous demonstrations of unemployed are reported in various communities of the Ruhr.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies votes confidence in the Government, the Catholic Right and the Liberals supporting the Government against the Socialists.

November 23.—Chancellor Stresemann's ministry falls when the Reichstag, by 155 to 230, refuses a vote of confidence in his cabinet. General von Seeckt, military dictator, orders the dissolution of the Communist and National-Socialist parties.

Industrial leaders in the Ruhr, headed by Herr Vogler, representative of Hugo Stinnes, sign an agreement with the French authorities whereby the mine-owners will pay $15,000,000 as back coal taxes for the first ten months of thi year, and deliver 18 per cent. of thei production free to the Allies as reparations, also paying ten francs per ton for the other coal sold. Stocks accumulated in the Ruhr on October 1 become the property of the Allies.

All directors of the Krupp plant imprisoned last spring on charges of resisting the French have been released, according to a dispatch from Cologne.

Premier Poincaré receives a vote of confidence of 526 to 15 on his concessions to the Council of Ambassadors regarding the ex-Crown Prince and the Allied military control in Germany. He is quoted as saying that the dissolution of the Entente would mean an immense catastrophe to France.

November 24.—The Greek Government abolishes martial law, which has been in effect since the outbreak of the recent revolution.

Russian Soviet leaders ask the All-Russian Union of Scientists, convening in Moscow, to forget the past and come to the aid of Russia, economically and for the benefit of her military defense in the future.

November 25.—Dr. Heinrich Albert accepts the Chancellorship of Germany, on condition that he be empowered to dissolve the Reichstag should it fail to support his ministry. Dr. Albert is non-partizan. He is the man who succeeded Dr. Bernhard Dernburg as head of the German propaganda system in the United States in 1915.

Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood vetoes the bill passed by the Philippine Legislature providing for the remission of penalties for the nonpayment of the land tax during the calendar year of 1923.

November 26—Obstructionist tactics by Reichstag leaders prevent Dr. Heinrich Albert from winning sufficient support to form a new cabinet.

The time limit for payment having expired, the Belgian Government seizes a hundred locomotive tenders in the Ruhr in place of an indemnity of 1,250,000 francs demanded for the assassination of Lieutenant Graff near Duesseldorf last March.

DOMESTIC

November 21.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, one-time Arctic explorer, who some years ago made a false claim that he had discovered the North Pole, is sentenced in Forth Worth, Texas, to the penitentiary for fourteen years and nine months and fined $12,000 on conviction of using the mails to conduct oil swindles.

Commander Lewis T. Davis, the sixth defendant to be tried in connection with the Point Honda destroyer disaster of September 8, is acquitted by the general court-martial investigating the affair.

November 23.—J. W. Walton, ejected Governor of Oklahoma, is indicted on six felony and one misdemeanor counts by the Oklahoma City Grand Jury. A. E. Davenport, State Health Commissioner, is also indicted in connection with one of the charges against the ex-Governor.

November 24.—The Italian and Spanish consulates in Philadelphia are bombed and badly damaged, presumably as a protest against the recent Fascisti agreement between Premier Mussolini of Italy and General Primo Rivera, dictator of Spain.

The railroad consolidation committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States recommends the enactment of a law permitting existing railroads and the systems contemplated under the consolidation plans voluntarily to take out a Federal charter.

November 25.—A piano played in Liverpool is heard clearly at a Garden City, Long Island, radio receiving station, in the first attempt to broadcast across the Atlantic Ocean. "Hello, America!" is heard several times at a receiving station in Tarrytown, New York.

Increases in wages for approximately 5,500 railroad telegraphers and station agents, and aggregating approximately $364,432, are awarded in a decision by the United States Railroad Labor Board. Twenty-six railroads are affected by the decision.

The *Tomaka*, an alleged rum-runner flying the British flag, is captured six miles off the Jersey coast by United States Customs agents aboard the Coast Guard tug *Lexington*.

All Changed

We wish to Announce to the Public AN OLD STORE—BUT A NEW POLICY.

After years of square dealing and faithful service to the people of this city and surrounding community—We announce to the public a change in policy.—*Classified Ad in the Charleston (S. C.) Gazette.*

Art, with a Moral.—PICTURE DEALER—"A picture for a wedding present? Yes, sir! Here's the very thing, most charming, 'The Coming Storm'!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

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BRIDE'S ORIGINALITY SHOWS THROUGH HER WEDDING COSTUME

—*Rocky Mountain News.*

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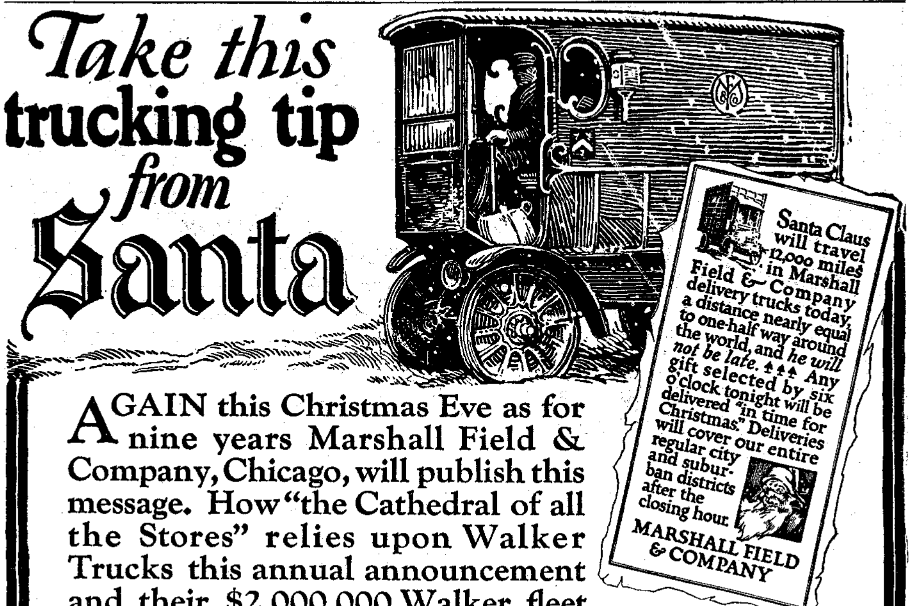

Santa Claus will travel 12,000 miles in Marshall Field & Company delivery trucks today, a distance nearly equal to one-half way around the world, and *he will not be late.* Any gift selected by six o'clock tonight will be delivered "in time for Christmas." Deliveries will cover our entire regular city and suburban districts after the closing hour.
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

AGAIN this Christmas Eve as for nine years Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, will publish this message. How "the Cathedral of all the Stores" relies upon Walker Trucks this annual announcement and their $2,000,000 Walker fleet indicate. That they find Walkers supremely economical is indicated by both their investment and their signed statement:

"The electric car costs very much less to operate than the gasoline car. We estimate the cost of electric cars per day, regardless of mileage, including depreciation, insurance, license, etc., as a trifle more than one-half that of gasoline."

Department Store fleets of Walkers that will bring Christmas on time to millions include: Gimbel Bros., Bloomingdale Bros., Stern Bros., James McCreery, Lord & Taylor, R. H. White & Co., Hamburger's and the Broadway of Los Angeles, L. Bamberger, Mandel Bros., and Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Leaders in all lines are steadily, increasingly, replacing horses and gas trucks with Walker Electrics for their city routes—because in economy and reliability the Walker decisively leads. Especially efficient on winter routes—get the facts today.

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The Literary Digest

INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW

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Illustrated
VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

Giving the American Classics a Chance
Illustrated
BRANDER MATTHEWS

The Book as a Christmas Gift
Illustrated
HERBERT S. GORMAN

The Greatest Story Ever Retold
Illustrated
JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D.

Books That France Is Reading
Illustrated
LLOYD MORRIS

Certain Novels Pleasant and Unpleasant
Illustrated
JOSEPH COLLINS

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The International Book Review has created a new and effective approach to many thousands of book lovers and book buyers. During the past twelve months, 2,436 books have been listed and described in the department of "Important Books of the Month." Special reviews of 696 books have appeared, written by 168 reviewers—an average of fourteen new contributors each month. Among these contributors are scores of the greatest literary authorities of America and Europe.

Among the special features for the coming year is a series of short articles by Archibald Marshall on the Old Favorite Books, such as "Huckleberry Finn," "David Copperfield," and many others. In the January Number, Frank Swinnerton, the distinguished British author and critic, contributes an article viewing "American Literature from the Outside."

The rich treat in the December Number, now on sale, is fairly indicative of the continued literary feast to be enjoyed by our readers throughout the coming year. Could anything be more piquant and illuminative, for example, than Vicente Blasco Ibáñez writing on Don Quixote, or more racy than Mrs. Atherton's modernization of Ouida?

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

APPEAL TO READERS.—Can any reader of THE LITERARY DIGEST give the real name of one who wrote, under the pseudonym "Chelifer," reviews and literary articles published in *Godey's Lady's Book* or *Magazine* in New York, about 1897 and 1898?

"L. F. Z.," New York City.—"Which is correct, 'the *Hebrew* race' or 'the *Jewish* race'?"

"The terms *Jew*, *Hebrew*, and *Israelite* are sometimes incorrectly used as synonyms. *Hebrew* is the ethnological and linguistic name, *Israelite* the national name, and *Jew* the popular name of the people; as, 'The Egyptians oppressed the *Hebrews*'; 'David was the typical king of the *Israelites*'; 'The *Jews* revolted under the Maccabees.' The three names have their special application to the people in the premonarchical period (*Hebrew*), in the monarchical period (*Israelite*), and in the period subsequent to the return from the Babylonian captivity (*Jew*)."—Vizetelly, "Desk-Book of Errors in English."

"B. H. N.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"How is the following thought expressed correctly, I mean particularly in reference to the word *to*—whether it should be spelled *to*, *too* or *two*?—'There are three 2's in the English language.' I am using the numeral *2*, as I do not know how to spell the word in such connection."

In English we have *to* as an adjective, as a noun, as an adverb, as a preposition, and as a conjunction. The correct way of rendering the sentence to which you refer is, "There are three words in English pronounced like the preposition *to*; namely, the preposition *to*, the adverb *too*, and the numeral *two*."

"C. W. S.," Memphis, Tenn.—"Please give me the correct pronunciation of the terms *de Valera*, *Dail Eireann*."

The terms are pronounced "de Valera": *da va-le'ra*, first and third *a*'s as in *final*, second *a* as in *artistic*, *e* as in *prey*; "Dail Eireann," *do″il′er′an*—*o* as in *or*, *i* as in *police*, *e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final*.

"J. M. S.," Walcott, Ia.—"Is this sentence correct—'Conjugate the transitive verbs *love* and *take* in the indicative mode, in both the active and the passive voice?' (2) In the sentence '*Mine* is worn out' how should *mine* be parsed?"

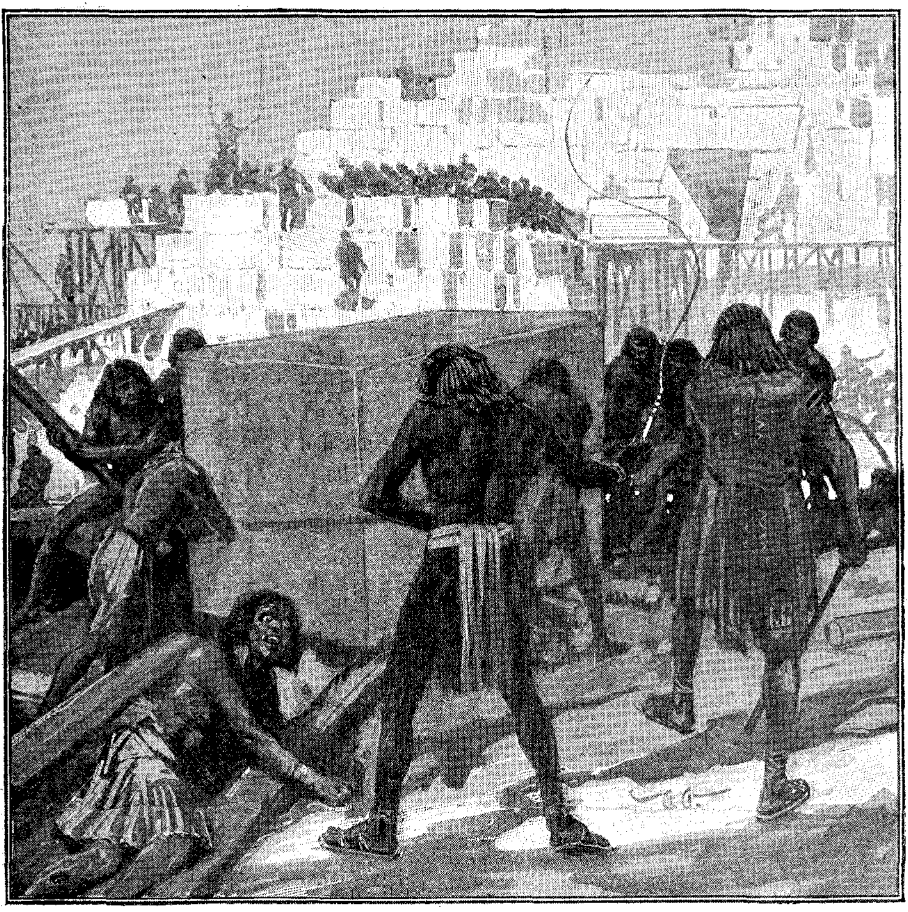
(1) The sentence is grammatically correct. As you fail to state in what particular you think the sentence may be incorrect, the Lexicographer assumes that it is on the point as to whether the definite article *the* is properly repeated before the word *passive* in the closing words of the sentence. If this be the point of your inquiry, it is answered by the following rule of grammar: "When two or more *adjectives* belong each to a *different object* of the same name, the *article* of the noun is put with *each* adjective; as, '*A red and a white rose*' [that is, *two* roses, *one* red and the *other* white.]" See Bullions' *English Grammar*, p. 203, paragraph 218; Longmans' *English Grammar*, p. 121; Greene's *English Grammar*, p. 225; Goold Brown's *Grammar of English Grammars*, p. 226, paragraph 5 (2) In the second sentence cited "mine" is usually parsed as a possessive pronoun of the first person, singular number. See the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, *s. v.*; Maxwell's *School Grammar*, page 93; Swinton's *English Grammar*, p. 29–30; Greene's *English Grammar*, p. 73; Longmans' *English Grammar*, pp. 24–25.

"P. H. R.," Salt Lake City, Utah.—"Kindly advise whether you subscribe *to* or subscribe *for* a magazine."

One "subscribes *to* a fund; *for* a magazine." To subscribe is to promise to pay, as a contributor, *to* some cause or enterprise or *for* some publication, by writing one's name beneath a written or printed pledge; as, "He subscribed five hundred dollars *to* the building-fund"; "He renewed his subscription *for* THE LITERARY DIGEST."

"W. R. R.," Geneva, N. Y.—The plural of *court-martial* is *courts-martial*.

"H. A. H.," Boston, Mass.—The word *scallop* is pronounced *skol'ap*—*o* as in *not*, *a* as in *final*.



Men died like flies

The Great Pyramid was built, according to Herodotus, by the bitter toil of 100,000 men for twenty years. Men died like flies.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Named.—She—"What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?"

He—"A magician."—*Banker.*

A Common Custom.—Golf is not mentioned in the Bible, tho we learn of Jehu that he drove furiously.—*The Lyre.*

Where They Help.—"Do motor-cars make us lazy?" asks The Digest. Well, not if we're pedestrians.—*Roanoke World-News.*

Going It Alone.—Farmer—"Well son, what are you doing up in that tree?"

Son—"Just got a letter from the Sophomores in correspondence school telling me to haze myself."—*The Lyre.*

Finished Job.—"So you have seen Krempel's wife? I hear she is a complete beauty."

"Complete? Why, she is nearly concluded!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich).*

Oh, Joy!—Scientist (to his housekeeper)—"Hannah! You have been in my employ twenty-five years, so as a reward for your faithful service I have decided to name after you this species of water-beetle I have just discovered."—*London Opinion.*

That Kind of Pocket.—The word "thief" was on the blackboard, but Dick could not spell it. "Surely you know what that spells," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, suppose I put my hand into your pocket and took out a penny, what should I be?" "A conjurer," replied Dick.—*London Post.*

Flavoring the Cake.—"Susie," said the girl's mistress, "go and see if the cake's done. Stick a knife in it. It's done if the knife comes out clean."

Susie departed. Some minutes later she returned beaming.

"The knife come out as clean as a whistle," she said, "so I stuck the rest of the knives in it, and the forks and spoons, too."—*London Opinion.*

Classified.—Recently a woman depositor entered a Boston bank to make a deposit. She had some bills and checks to deposit, so she procured a deposit slip which required the listing of bills, specie, and check She listed her bills and checks in their respective places, but was somewhat in doubt as to what to list under specie. After a few moments' thought she wrote after the word specie "Female" and turned in her deposit.—*Forbes Magazine.*

A Pathetic Case

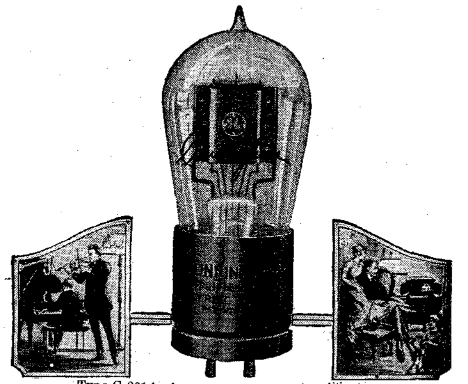
A big burly man called at the rectory, and when the door was opened, asked to see the rector's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses.

"Madam," he addrest her in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill too work, and the nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the street unless some one pays their arrears in rent, which amount to £10 or £12."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the lady. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes.

"I'm the landlord," he sobbed—*London Opinion.*



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C-12--Similar to C-11 with standard base	6.50

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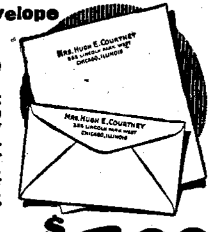

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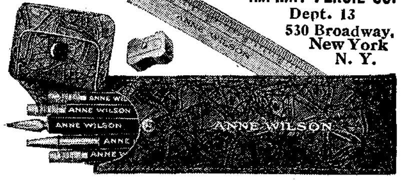

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